THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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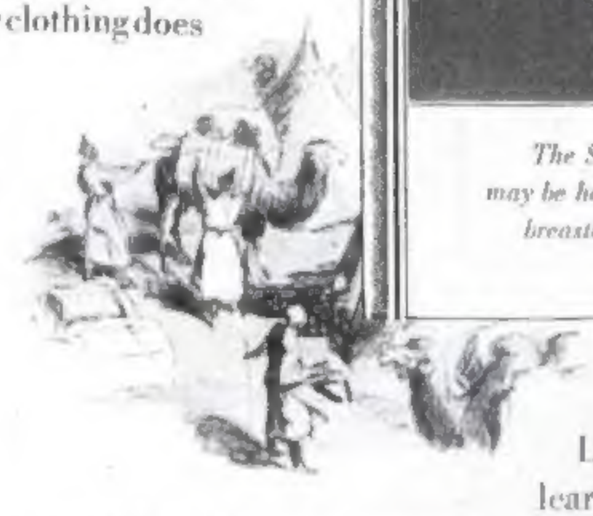

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The Show-Down on Reparations

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

TEN years ago the Armistice was signed in the private car from which Marshal Foch directed the decisive phases of the greatest of all armed conflicts. That historic document silenced the great guns, but it was only a momentary hush. There followed another war—bloodless, to be sure, but none the less bitter and disruptive.

Throughout the whole period of unrest—and it lasted until the autumn of 1924, when the Dawes Plan went into effect—reparations were the storm center of controversy. The Treaty of Versailles, born of nationalistic hate and therefore unsound, laid down the formula that immediately perverted every vital Continental economic question into a political issue.

Chief among the victims of distorted mood and perspective was the German indemnity, penalty of the supreme folly that changed the map of the world. In the first flush of hard-won triumph it loomed as the one immediate fruit of a somewhat delusive victory. The vanquished would pay the colossal bill of damages—a fantastic figure like 132,000,000,000 marks was chalked up—and everybody but the loser would be satisfied. The reverse obtained for a considerable time. German currency collapse on one hand and the French fear complex on the other blocked progress. The will and the capacity to pay were conspicuously lacking beyond the Rhine.

It took precisely six years, studded with default, defiance and intimidation—the Ruhr invasion was only one evidence of the turmoil that ensued—to put war reckoning on a businesslike basis.

Today, exactly four years from the time the experts' scheme began to function, reparations are again to the fore. Now, as then, it is the most pregnant of European problems, with fresh ramifications that touch the pocketbook of every American citizen.

PHOTO BY WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, BERLIN

S. Parker Gilbert, Agent-General of Reparations

The Dawes Plan is on trial and in all likelihood will reach the crossroads within the next twelve months. This does not mean that its operative integrity is menaced in the slightest degree. The scheme is a model of its kind and could go on functioning until kingdom come but for a human desire on the part of the Germans to change it from an indefinite serial into a story with an end. Although our stake—excluding the comparatively small cost of our Army of Occupation—in the proceeds is only 2¼ per cent, we are concerned in a tremendous way.

The project which once more focuses the Dawes Plan in the spotlight develops because on September first Germany entered upon her fifth annuity year, during which she must pay 2,500,000,000 marks—or $625,000,000. This is the peak load. If no revision is brought about it remains the annual payment; because the Dawes Plan, although devised as a transitional measure primarily to stabilize the mark and balance the German budget, has no fixed termination. The first annuity was 1,000,000,000 marks, the second 1,220,000,000, the third 1,500,000,000 and the fourth 1,750,000,000. Nominally the enforcement of payments has been through the Allied Armies of Occupation, which have performed the service of a bailiff within the gates.

Reparations would not stand at a critical juncture today but for a little-known stipulation on the part of the French. Many people have wondered why the experts who framed the famous plan did not determine a fixed total. It would have removed the element of uncertainty which has largely contributed to the present agitation.

The reason for the omission was the determination of the French to keep the Germans in financial bondage as long as possible. It was animated solely by fear. Remember that Poincaré dominated the reparations scene just as he became the colossus of the more recent stabilization of the franc. His persistent iteration was: "France must have compensation and security." To decide upon a lump sum would be to give the Germans a goal which, once achieved, might mark a new offensive for revenge.

France, bled white and gasping for breath, was war-weary. She was naturally inclined to look upon the box office rather than the sword as the source of respite as well as restitution. And she could hardly be blamed for such an attitude. Under French stimulation, no final indemnity amount was agreed upon and the annuity scheme became effective.

With this matter of a fixed total indemnity we reach the heart of the question. Germany has arrived at the point where she wants to know just how much she must pay. During the four years since the Dawes Plan became effective she has faithfully

met every annuity demand. Through the maelstrom of currency depreciation and incidental fiscal chaos, she has resolutely made her way to an economic recovery that makes her, in many respects, the most vital of all the European countries. She has initiated every international trust and is therefore a member of each one of the twenty-four groups more or less aligned against American production in the markets of the world. Her shipping is 60 per cent of its prewar figure. During the late spring of this year she reached her 1913 trade average. Once more she is mistress of an efficient penetration that knows no geographical limitations.

Germany has become restive under what amounts to an international receivership. She wants the bailiff off the premises. She feels that the kind of stewardship embodied in the Dawes Plan is irksome and humiliating. She maintains that an aggressive white population well past the 60,000,000 mark should have fiscal elbow room. The first step in the new freedom is fixation of reparations.

Right here it may be well to point out one reason why determination of reparations total is imperative. Since 1925 we have loaned Germany more than $1,000,000,000. Altogether our financial interest, including branch factories, in Germany reaches $3,000,000,000. We cannot keep pouring capital into the country without knowing what its ultimate obligations are. To continue to do so under the present conditions would be like dumping money into a blind pool.

The Joker

IN THIS connection is a pertinent comment made by S. Parker Gilbert, agent-general of reparations, in his latest report, issued June seventh. He said:

> In order that essential foreign credits shall be forthcoming, it is necessary that the confidence of the foreign investor be fully maintained. This implies an obligation on the part of the German borrowers not to overloan the foreign market. It also raises the question as to what appraisal the foreign investor will make of Germany's reparation obligation in the present form. As the German foreign debt rises, the foreign investor is bound to ask with greater and greater insistence for a clear definition of the ultimate extent of the reparation obligations. If this question is not answered in due time, it may be assumed that investors all over the world will become less willing to lend their savings to Germany and will do so only at rates high enough to insure them against the uncertainties involved. In this sense, if for no other, the final determination of the reparation obligations becomes a matter of growing practical importance.

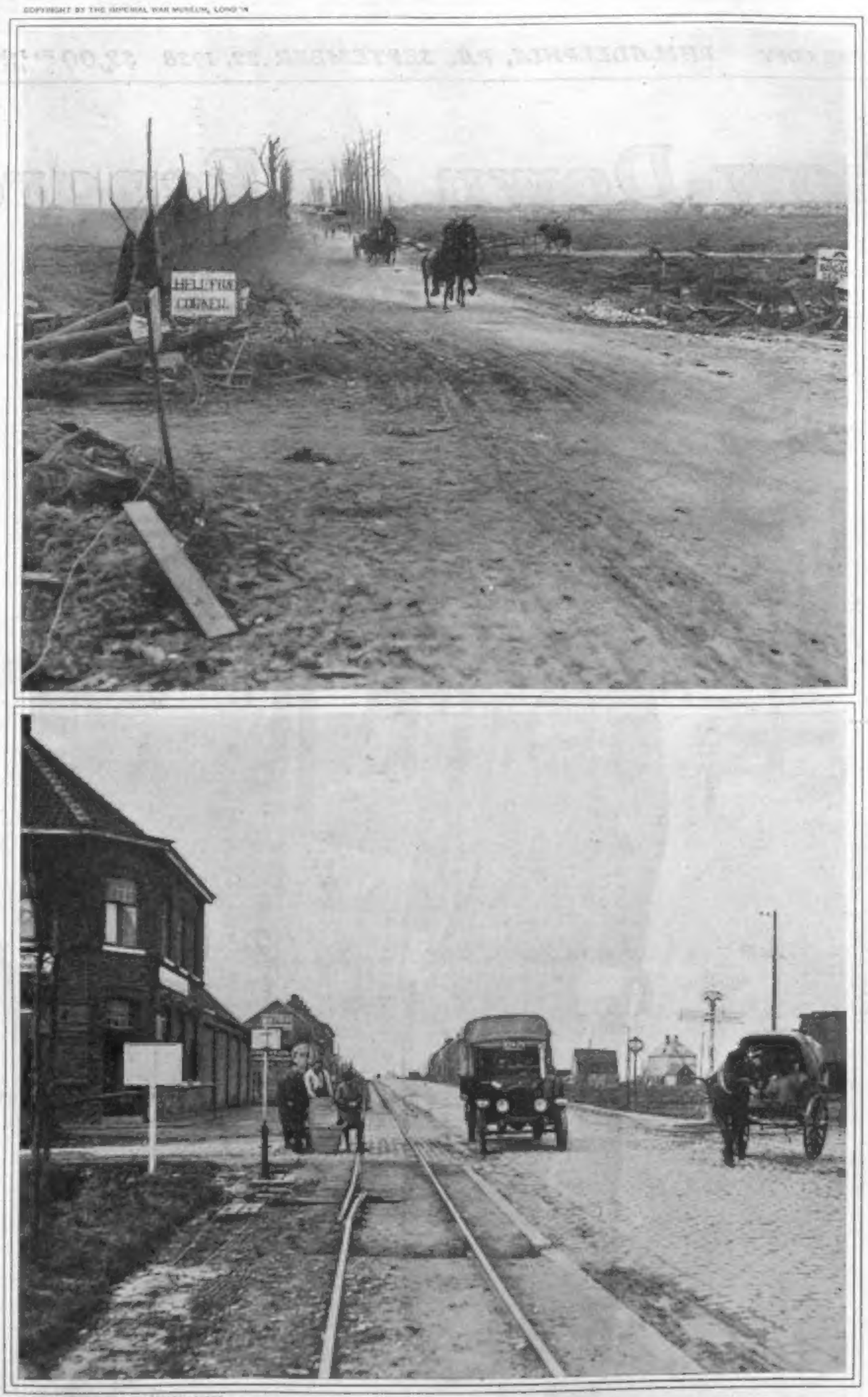
If the show-down in the indemnity total constituted the only new reparations issue, it would not be an insuperable matter and would merely reveal another phase of the return of Europe to normalcy. Unfortunately there is a joker—in other words, the usual string that seems to be attached to practically every post-war international financial relationship.

It grows out of the movement now in process of crystallization, notably in France, to link the Allied debts to us with the fixation of the German reparations, throw them into a common jack pot and have a final clearance. If carried out according to the proposals incubating in various foreign cabinet rooms, it would mean the joint unscrambling of two momentous arrangements arrived at through sweat, travail and agony, involving nearly $20,000,000,000.

These settlements—that is, reparations and the debts—have provoked more bitter antagonism than any negotiations of modern times. Failure to achieve them set back the European economic clock. Their stabilization inspired the movement for recovery. Ill-advised tinkering—especially any attempt to dislocate the debt agreements—might possibly disrupt a vast machinery now geared to harmony and coördination, and likewise imperil the interests of the host of owners of Liberty Bonds, who are the real creditors of Europe.

Stated in the briefest terms, the frame-up is like this: Our European debtors, chiefly France, are willing to agree to a smaller reparations total from Germany if they, in turn, can get new debt concessions from us. The final reparations figure is still in the twilight zone and may be anything from $6,000,000,000 to $12,000,000,000, with $8,000,000,000 as the possible compromise. It seems that hereditary French fear of Germany goes into eclipse in the face of the debt to the United States. Reparations, which mean income, are assured. It is the outgo in our direction that agitates the French anew. Their concern in joint unscrambling is obvious, because the Mellon-Bérenger agreement remains unratified.

Incidentally, the French think they have another string to their bow in the matter of possible surcease from debt anxiety. Many Frenchmen, even in high places, are inclined to root for Smith for President. First of all, and with characteristic Continental ignorance of the operation of our political system, they see in his election a return to the old American demand for their wine exports. Furthermore, they believe that a change in national administration would mean a complete reversal of our foreign policies, the debts included.



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Hell-Fire Corner as it is Today. Above—Hell-Fire Corner in the Ypres Salient During the Worst Period of the War

Holding the Bag

THE argument in favor of a joint reparations-debt show-down sounds quite plausible on its face. Our European friends maintain that 60 per cent of the reparations already flow into our coffers for service and otherwise on the war debt. Therefore Uncle Sam is the ultimate creditor. Why not let him sponsor the German obligations? But by the proposed reshuffling he is also likely to be the ultimate goat as well.

The frame-up which I have summarized is only an angle of the projected new deal. Once the German reparation total is finally fixed, it must be commercialized. Bonds would have to be issued in lieu of indemnity. This would mean the flotation of an immense volume of securities secured by the German railways, industries and direct obligations of the German government. Again you have the link with the United States, because in the natural course of marketing we would be expected to absorb a considerable portion of these bonds. Thus reparations again become a bargaining asset and move into a vicious circle.

The linking of reparations and the debts is no new manifestation. In the past the alliance was more or less unholy because it invariably impeded traffic. The Caillaux negotiations for a settlement of the French debt to us will illustrate. They foundered because the French wanted to make their settlement contingent upon payment in full of German indemnity. Caillaux insisted upon what he called a safeguard clause, which fixed the French capacity to pay upon her income from Germany. Any decrease in German payments under the annuity amount would mean a readjustment of the Franco-American debt settlement. Washington refused to countenance any arrangement contingent upon German reparations because it might be interpreted in devious ways and we would be left to hold the bag.

At this point it may be well to state unequivocally that there is no legal or moral reason why reparations and debts can or should be jointly disposed of. They are distinct and independent propositions. Germany's obligation to the Allies is a European problem, pure and simple. The

Allied debt to us is an American issue. Each settlement was a separate negotiation put through on its own merits. Final settlement must follow the same procedure.

Every outstanding economic and political statesman in England, Germany and France with whom I discussed this matter was frank in saying so. The admission, however, was invariably countered by the persistent propaganda that it would be to that larger and well-known international interest to dispose of these two irritating problems once and for all on a common basis and wipe out the troublesome backwash of the war. Nobody questions the propriety or wisdom of getting a clean slate, but the slate is not to be wiped out at the expense of American savings accounts that responded so generously to war needs. Europe may not want to pay for a dead horse, but it is well to keep in mind the fact that she had that horse when it was alive and kicking.

Stripping aside all sentimental and therefore emotional trappings—they are piling up apace—it would mean in the end that the United States would exchange a claim on the Allies for a lien on Germany and Uncle Sam develop into the universal bill collector. We are not interested in this kind of bookkeeping or performance.

The one and only liaison between reparations and debts sanctioned by sane, just and constructive American judgment would divert proceeds of reparations commercialization automatically into the coffers of the United States Treasury to advance debt payments and thereby reimburse our Liberty Bond holders ahead of schedule. In this procedure we would simply follow ordinary business practice which takes cash down instead of holding long-term notes, the notes in this case being embodied in the various sixty-two-year debt arrangements. Whatever discount might be demanded for the cash is another matter, to be adjudicated when the time comes.

New Health

THE important fact to be emphasized therefore in rounding out this approach to a detailed examination of the situation is that the fixation of reparations, and any possible reopening of the debts to us, must be achieved in due order and sequence and as separate undertakings. Once the indemnity is settled and commercialized, the debts can have their new day in the sun, but only then, and on a basis that will facilitate American payments.

Such are the high spots in the new trend of reparation and debt events. It involves the economic harmony, and to a lesser degree the political interrelationship, of all the major European countries save Russia. Likewise, let me repeat, it has a material significance for us.

Happily, any acute upset is out of the question. Times and conditions have changed since reparations first reared their head. In that early aftermath of the war, when wounds were still open and hate reigned supreme, both France and Germany—the principals in the drama of the new Europe then in the writing—lay prostrate. Europe was infected with the poison of distrust and antagonism.

Today, sanity, coöperation and the growing realization of the need of economic self-preservation make for a community of interests—the Franco-German commercial entente is a case in point—that brooks no evasion of the issues. Currencies are stabilized, budgets balanced and production is normal. Moreover, France and Germany are again prosperous. Europe is no longer sick. A healthy body always makes for a normal mind. Whatever the outcome, reason is likely to rule.

You cannot comprehend the significance of the inevitable show-down on reparations without first fixing the fundamentals of the Dawes scheme in your mind. A bird's-eye view of the approach, as well as a swift glimpse of operation, is essential for a variety of reasons.

To begin with, people are apt to forget today the history-making events of yesterday. The Dawes Plan has functioned so smoothly that this side of the Atlantic has practically forgotten that a reparations crisis ever existed. It was not until the Dawes committee held its first meeting in January, 1924, that the word "conference" abroad came to be synonymous with concrete results.

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Owen D. Young

The Dawes scheme therefore set up the first milepost in the recovery of Europe. Inception of the plan reared the machinery for economic and political stabilization, because it restored confidence, reëstablished the mark, paved the way to Locarno and made the return to the gold standard possible.

But the Dawes Plan did much more. It emphasized the new alignment of world economic forces, in which the United States emerged as the dominating factor. Before the war we were a natural debtor country and Europe a natural creditor domain, because she had the bulk of export surplus. Today we are the natural creditor country, with a surplus upon which the sun never sets. Europe is the debtor.

From the Treaty of Berlin

IN A LARGER sense, revision of the Dawes Plan is likely to perform a service scarcely less momentous. Fixation of the reparations total will be the antidote for German restiveness and consolidate the growing economic coördination between the nations. It will enable the Teutonic republic to accelerate its expansion, which is to the interest of her creditors, the United States included. Thus the new deal will, in all likelihood, mark another epoch in the European advance.

Few people need be told at this late day that all the post-war troubles of Europe, particularly the reparations mess, grew out of the fallacious structure of the Versailles Treaty. I refer to it in order to point a parallel which bears on the present situation.

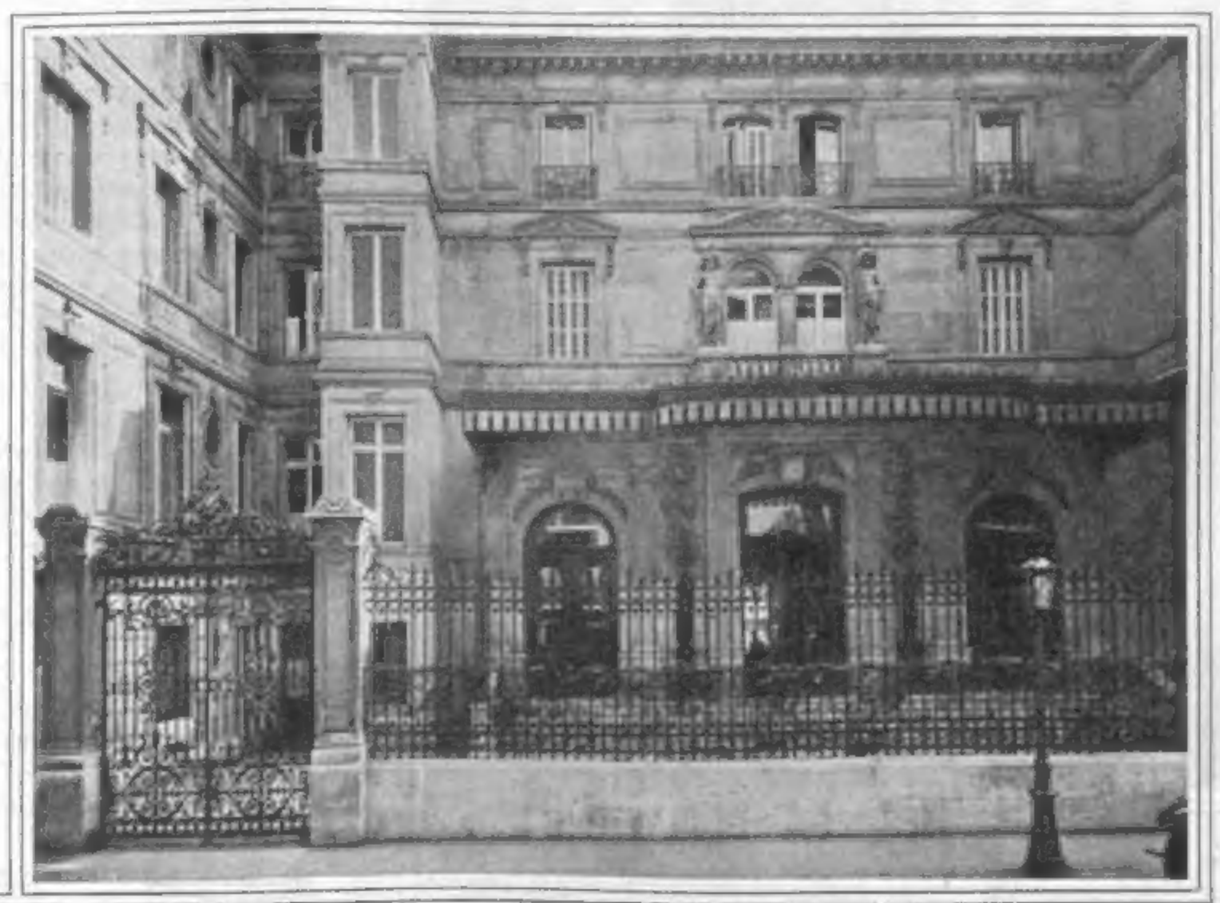
Precisely fifty years ago the Treaty of Berlin was signed. It resulted from aggressions of the old Ottoman Empire in the Near East and staved off the conflagration which thirty-six years later blackened a considerable part of Europe. For once in their long and turbulent history the Balkans were the offended and not the offending parties.

In that fateful gathering, over which brooded the bulk of Bismarck, the astute Disraeli reached the apogee of his career. There he extracted "peace with honor," because he had to overcome the handicap of pro-Turkish leanings.

Berlin marked the end of the era of congresses in which secret diplomacy operated. It was the great imperial hour. None of these empires survives and not a single stone of the treaty remains as it was laid.

The Treaty of Berlin planted the train of dynamite which exploded in the war of wars. The racial animosities engendered drew Austria and Germany together, providing the nucleus which, with the inclusion of Italy, became the Triple Alliance. An aggrieved Russia, thwarted in the Near East, turned to France, and the Entente Cordiale, with England as third member, was the result. Europe became divided into two armed camps. They plunged the universe into confusion in 1914.

(Continued on Page 114)



PHOTO, BY WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, PARIS

The House Where the Locarno Conference Was Held. Above—The Headquarters of the Reparations Commission in Paris

Just as the American dollar and the weight of the American push turned the tide in the war, so did the application of American vision, economic statesmanship and go-to-itiveness as enforced by General Dawes, Owen D. Young, Henry M. Robinson and their associates bring order out of the tangle that threatened to engulf Germany, France, England, and to a lesser extent Belgium and Italy, in a fresh vortex of disaster.

CRUSADERS

LAST April I gave the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST some idea of how I went about picking the men who will go with me to the Antarctic. This present article is, I think, a sequel. It tells of the men I have picked.

A year or two from now I hope to turn out a third yarn to complete the series and show with some candor how close I came in each case to hitting the mark. It isn't a matter of proving my judgment, which is very fallible, but only of revealing human character in an entertaining way.

With pudding, the proof is in the eating. So with men, the proof is in their doing—the performance each gives, whether he be qualified or not.

My last article itemized most of the virtues to be looked for in a competent man; then ended with the blanket alibi:

"As for making rules, there is probably no other activity in the world that lends itself less to regulation for choosing those who engage in it, than exposure to the pains and perils of exploration by air."

When I look over my crew I realize how close that finishing paragraph came to the truth: There just isn't a formula for a good man.

I am proud of my men. In a sense, they are the pick of 110,000,000 American citizens. Literally, they are the cream of more than 20,000 of the nation's finest manhood who have been eager to go with us. Yet they no more measure up to dimensions or formulas than a peck of potatoes do.

Of course you can generalize about potatoes. They are vegetable ellipsoids that grow in the ground. Likewise my people seem to be healthy human males with character, loyalty and good digestions. But in age, weight, size, shape, pigmentation, temperament, personality and background, they vary as widely as their cousins the vegetables.

Hundreds of men and boys in the past year have asked me: "Is there any reason why I can't go with you?"

And hundreds of times I have replied: "You know the answer to that better than I do."

One Factor Common to All

RESULTS have confirmed my words. For my men are all ages—actually varying between nineteen and fifty-seven. One man weighs over 200 pounds, another less than 120. One man is six feet four in his stockings, another a scant five feet. I have blonds, brunets, and four men with red hair. Several men are married, and most of these have children; of those who are unmarried, I am told that two claim never to have been in love. Eight races, five religions and three political parties are represented. Some have degrees from several colleges; others—and they are among the most valuable—have never been to high school. Ukulele Dick Konter is a born musician; Dick Brophy can't carry a tune. And so on.

The empirical statistician would have a tough time pulling metaphysical facts out of a hodge-podge like ours. Yet there is one trait that marks all our men, different as they are—a trait that is profoundly important to civilization as well as to me. As I am coming to know our men better and better, I realize more and more clearly that one powerful force animates them all. This force is a deep inner conviction that there is something better in life than just sitting back with a blind equanimity and accepting things as they are.

My men are crusaders.

A crusader is a man who loves battle and is willing to drop everything and fight for the good of his kind, the rescue of the chalice of knowledge.

There is McGuinness, first officer of our ship, the City of New York. He is Irish, short, thick, powerful, a little grim and always ready to work.

"Why do you want to go to the Antarctic?" was the routine question McGuinness met on application.

He leaned forward on his chair, a savage glint in his sky-blue eyes and his elbows pugnaciously akimbo.

"If there'd 'a' been a dacent war goin' on, I wouldn't!" was his astounding reply.

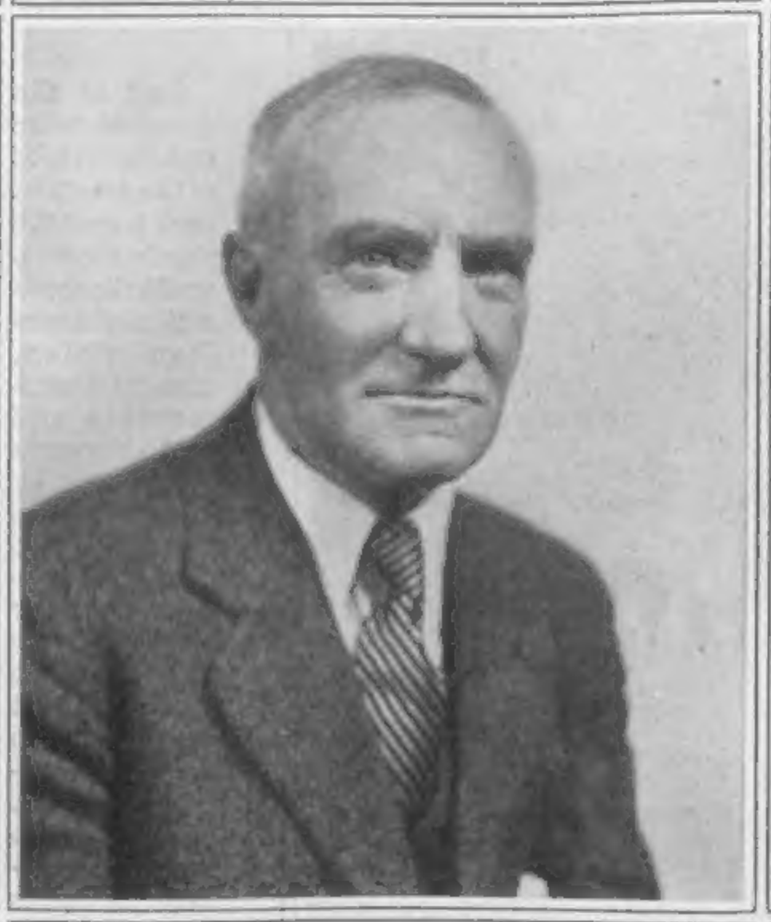
PHOTOS, BY WIDE WORLD STUDIO, N. Y. C.

Bernt Balchen, Pilot

Charles J. McGuinness, Chief Officer "City of N. Y."

Richard G. Brophy, Business Manager

William C. Haines, Meteorologist



Arthur T. Walden, in Charge of the Dog Teams

Dr. Francis D. Coman, Medical Director

By Commander Richard E. Byrd, U. S. N.

"You fought in the World War?"

"Sure! British East Africa. We had a private war all to ourselves—and it was a good one."

"And afterward?"

"Oh, I got to be a brigadier general in the Irish Army."

"But I thought you had had seafaring experience."

"Sure! In the British Navy."

"Ever been shipwrecked?" I like to get a line on the adversity my men have been through.

"Sure! Four times."

I took him.

A few days later I got Tom Mulroy on the telephone. He was in charge of putting new boilers and cargo into our ship, which was then lying in a Brooklyn dock.

"By the way, Tom, did you ever get those three men you were howling for?"

I thought I heard a chuckle at the other end of the line. Then he said, "Yes, I'm all right."

"Who were they?"

Another chuckle. Then: "McGuinness," he said. "Three men, but all rolled into one!"

These old-timers who have "felt the Dark Angel's breath" are our ballast. They have been hungry and cold. They know what sleeping wet feels like. They thrive on duff, slumgullion and lobscouse. They love the stink of the forepeak bilge and never call a line a rope or cut a mousing when it can be saved. They have big, capable hands and know how to swing their shoulders into a capstan. They have heard the deadly rattle of young ice and know how to dodge a growler's hind foot. They can shovel coal and sew, cook and splice and spoon out physic. They can light a pipe in a blizzard and spit to windward in the trades. Yes, they are our ballast, these old-timers.

Old-Timers as Ballast

THERE is Arthur Walden, who has been training our dogs at his place in New Hampshire and will have charge of them on the Barrier. He got his baptism of arctic cold up the Yukon in 1896. In 1897 he hauled freight by dog sledge up the Klondike. He took mail over the terrible Skagway trail in 1898.

"Our ration consisted of bacon, frozen beans and tea," Walden told me the other day. "But when I took a passenger with me back to Dawson over the pass, I found that he had worked in a lot of luxuries for himself, such as canned milk, butter and pickles."

Not very luxurious, at that, was my thought.

"This was too much for me," Walden went on. "So I put the butter into the dog food, threw the pickles away and helped drink the milk."

The bitter cold that Walden met in the interior of Alaska, sometimes as far down as 70 degrees below zero, was like that on the Antarctic Barrier, which is a good deal colder on the average than the Polar Sea.

"Sometimes we had no thermometers up there that would register as low as the air," Walden said. "I remember one of the miners invented a patent thermometer of his own. It consisted of a set of vials fitted into a rack. One contained quicksilver, one the best whisky in the country, one kerosene and one a pain killer. These congealed in the order named, and a man starting on a journey started with a smile at frozen quicksilver; still went at whisky; hesitated at the kerosene, and dived back into his cabin when the pain killer lay down!"

Tom Mulroy isn't an old-timer by years. But he has crammed a lot into the last decade. He was chief engineer of the Chantier on our North Pole trip—took that old crock up into the ice and back without a breakdown. He has the worrying end of things—old engines in old ships and green men to tend them.

"I'm interested in your engineer," said a big shipping man to me the other day. "I like the worn face of a fellow who has nursed his high-pressure cylinders through a crisis when he didn't know what minute he and his men would be blown to eternity."

"But ——" I began.

(Continued on Page 169)

PHOTO, BY HARTSOOK
Commander Richard E. Byrd, U. S. N., Retired

Thomas B. Mulroy, Chief Engineer

Dean C. Smith, Pilot

PHOTOS, BY WIDE WORLD STUDIO, N. Y. C.
Harold I. June, Pilot

Prof. Lawrence M. Gould, Geologist and Geographer

"Ukulele Dick" Konter, Seaman and Musician

THE BIG ENDURANCE TEST

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
MAKERS OF EARTHWORM TRACTORS

Earthworm City, Illinois,
September 5, 1922.

Mr. Alexander Botts, Hotel McAlpin, New York City.

DEAR MR. BOTTS: We want you to take charge of our exhibition at the Marblebury, Vermont, County Fair, which takes place Thursday, September 14, to Saturday, September 16, inclusive. We have already shipped to Marblebury the ten-ton tractor, tent, literature and various supplies which we have used in recent fairs in Western New York. Our service man, Mr. Samuel Simpson, has been ordered to be on hand to take care of the mechanical work.

You had better go up several days ahead of time to make all necessary arrangements. You will be in complete charge, and it will be your duty to see that our exhibit is made as attractive as possible, to talk to possible customers, to stimulate interest in the Earthworm tractor and to make any sales that you can.

Very sincerely,
GILBERT HENDERSON,
Sales Manager.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: Saturday, September 9, 1922.
Written from: Marblebury, Vermont,
Written by: Alexander Botts, Salesman.

I got your letter day before yesterday. I arrived here yesterday morning. And after two days' hard work I am pleased to advise that I am getting ready to put on what will be the most stupendous exhibition ever staged by the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company, or any other company—and this in spite of the fact that I am entirely new at county-fair work.

When you gave me this job you no doubt expected that I would handle it in my usual competent manner, but when I tell you what I have been doing here you will be amazed. You will see that I have gone far beyond anything that you could have asked or hoped. Besides our regular exhibit, I am arranging added sensational features which will make the eyes of the natives pop out of their heads. I will give them action, suspense and the highest kind of aesthetic appeal.

In the first place, I have arranged a thrilling endurance test, and I have arranged it so cleverly that it will cost the company nothing. When I first got here I found that there is a man by the name of Eben Lockwood living about a mile from town who owns one of our five-ton Earthworm tractors. I at once called on Eben and was pleased to discover that he is an enthusiastic booster for the Earthworm.

"Yes, sir," he said, "that machine of mine is two years old, and it's better now than the day I bought it. It has just been overhauled. Tomorrow I am going to start two hundred and fifty acres of fall plowing, and in about two weeks I'll be through. When I plow with that machine I do the work quicker and easier than any other farmer in the state."

As I listened to these words my subconscious mind all at once gave birth to a brilliant idea.

"Mr. Lockwood," I said, "you ought to go after the world's nonstop tractor endurance record."

"What's that?" he asked.

"Last year," I said, "a tractor in Minnesota, driven by two operators, working in shifts, ran five days and five nights without stopping. This was a world's record. The owner at once became famous. He made thousands of dollars in vaudeville and is now running for Congress."

[Note: As far as I know, there never was a tractor in Minnesota or anywhere else that ever made any such record or caused any such stir in vaudeville or congressional circles. But I had to set up some sort of mark to shoot at.]

"I'd like to see you go after that record," I continued. "But probably it wouldn't be much use. You wouldn't have a chance in the world."

"You're crazy," said Mr. Lockwood. "What they can do in Minnesota, we can do in Vermont—and a whole lot better."

"Well," I said, "instead of running in the daytime for two weeks, why don't you run day and night for one week? It won't cost you any more."

"I'll do it!" said Mr. Lockwood. "My son and I will drive in shifts. We'll run seven days and seven nights without a stop."

"Fine!" I said.

And before he had a chance to change his mind I made final arrangements with him. We fixed up some tanks on one of his wagons so we could drive alongside the tractor and run in gasoline, water and oil without having to stop. We installed a battery under the tractor seat and connected it to an old automobile headlight which we mounted on the front of the tractor to give light for night driving. Then I went into town and persuaded the county farm agent to act as starter and timekeeper. This will give our record-breaking performance a very scientific and official aspect.

This afternoon at five o'clock the great run began. It will end at five o'clock on the afternoon of next Saturday, which is the last and biggest day of the Marblebury Fair. I have agreed to give Mr. Lockwood all the publicity I can.

At Once I Climbed Upon the Roof of the Cow Shed and Delivered One of the Most Eloquent and Successful Speeches of My Entire Career

And if he succeeds I will send notices to all the papers and put up a large placard at the county fair proclaiming that he is the tractor endurance champion of the world. That is all I have to do. Mr. Lockwood does all the work and pays all the expenses.

I do not know whether Mr. Lockwood intends to go into vaudeville or run for Congress. But I am practically certain that he will be able to keep going for the full seven days and nights. We have run tractors at the factory much longer than a week. And the only reason nobody has ever made a record like this in actual field work is because no one except myself ever had enough creative imagination to think of it.

I am naturally very proud of having conceived this splendid endurance-record idea. But I am even more proud of the fact that I have gone on and evolved other plans of even greater brilliancy. My logical mind at once perceived that this endurance test will not give us any great amount of publicity unless people come out to see it. And in order to attract the crowds I have made up my mind to inaugurate the First Annual Marblebury Bathing-Beauty Contest. I have discovered that there has never before been such a contest in this region—possibly due to the fact that there is no water here and that the natives erroneously suppose that you must have water in order to have bathing girls. Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth.

It is my intention to open this contest to any girl in the whole county who wishes to enter, to appoint a judging committee of leading citizens and to offer prizes of as many hundred dollars as the company will authorize. I will then hire the local Marblebury brass band for an hour on each of the three days of the fair. This can be done at a total cost of only thirty dollars, which is very reasonable when you consider that the band, although perhaps not very good, is tremendously powerful and can make a lot of noise.

The first two afternoons of the fair I will have a parade from the fairgrounds out to the farm where the endurance test is taking place. The brass band will march in front, next will come a float with the bathing beauties, and following this I confidently expect to have a large and representative crowd. The citizens of this town seem to be a splendid lot—interested to an unusual degree in the higher things of life. They will be attracted into the parade because of the educational and artistic appeal of the bathing-beauty contest, and they will follow along to Mr. Lockwood's farm, where they cannot help being impressed by the big nonstop endurance test.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of the last day of the fair, when the tractor has completed seven days and seven nights of running, it is my intention to have it come into the fairgrounds and run two or three times around the race track, preceded by the brass band and followed by the bathing beauties. Anyone can see that this exhibition will completely back off the map anything that has heretofore been attempted. It will give us more favorable publicity than any ten ordinary tractor shows put together.

When I first thought of the bathing-beauty idea I was all eagerness to proceed with the arrangements at once. But as the contest will cause a certain amount of unusual expense, and as the company in the past has sometimes seen fit to protest certain items in my expense accounts, I have decided to wait until I receive permission from the company. As soon as this report is received I would like you to telegraph me authorizing the expenditure of thirty dollars for the brass band and five hundred dollars as prizes in the First Annual Marblebury Bathing-Beauty Contest. And as soon as I receive your wire I will go ahead and put on one of the greatest and most magnificent tractor exhibitions that has ever been known.

Yours,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: Monday, September 11, 1922.
Written from: Marblebury, Vermont.
Written by: Alexander Botts.

It gives me great pleasure to report that the endurance test is going swell. The tractor is pulling a four-bottom plow and turning over between thirty and forty acres each twenty-four-hour day. Mr. Lockwood is driving the night shift from five in the evening until five in the morning, and his son is driving from five in the morning until five in the evening. They change shifts without stopping the machine at all, and the arrangements for putting in gas, oil and water are working perfectly.

The tractor is running splendidly and there is no reason why it can't keep on for the rest of the week. The only trouble is that practically nobody is coming out to see this magnificent record-breaking performance. But by the time the fair opens on Thursday I confidently expect that I shall have received a telegram from the company authorizing me to go ahead with my bathing-girl program.

As yet I have made no definite arrangements. But in my quiet way I have been talking the matter up with various people in the town. I have interviewed a number of the leading merchants, and they have admitted to me privately that they would like nothing better than a chance to be on the board of judges in a bathing-beauty contest. I have also talked with a good many prominent citizens whom I met informally standing in front of the post office or loafing around Baxter's Garage. They all assured me that the bathing-beauty contest would be a splendid thing. It was the unanimous opinion that it would be one of the high points in the cultural and æsthetic life of the community.

This afternoon I mentioned the matter to the very good-looking young lady who runs the soda fountain in Hopkins' Drug Store. As soon as she heard that there would probably be five hundred dollars in prizes she said that she would most certainly enter. My plan has also received favorable comment from a number of other pretty girls, including the bookkeeper at Johnson's Hardware Store, the young lady who runs the telegraph office and a number of waitresses at the hotel. We are sure to have a large and very classy entry list. And as soon as I receive your telegram of authorization the excitement will begin.

Yours,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: Tuesday, September 12, 1922.
Written from: Marblebury, Vermont.
Written by: Alexander Botts.

The big tractor Marathon is still running along as steady as clockwork. I have put placards all over town advertising the great event, and I have had a splendid notice in the local paper, but very few people come out to see it. I am still anxiously awaiting your telegram.

Mr. Samuel Simpson arrived in town this morning, but the exhibition tractor, the tent and other supplies which were shipped from Syracuse, New York, ten days ago have not yet showed up. And although the endurance test and the bathing beauties will be the most important part of our exhibit, we want this other stuff too. The freight agent is sending out telegrams in an attempt to trace this shipment and if possible hurry it along so as to have it here when the fair opens day after tomorrow.

I stopped in at the fairgrounds today and noticed that the Steel Elephant Tractor Company is going to have a very large and pretentious exhibit. It seems that Mr. George Crossman, who has the local agency for the Steel Elephant Company, is one of the big business men of the town and is president of the Marblebury Fair Association. He has fixed it so that the Steel Elephant people have the most prominent position, right opposite the main gate, and he has given us a very obscure plot of ground away off in one corner of the fence. I saw Mr. Crossman today and protested against this favoritism, but I regret to say that he only laughed at me. He seems like a very disagreeable person and actually presumed to make some rather sneering remarks about the great endurance test. Furthermore, he made some dirty remarks about my other plans.

"I hear," he said, "that you are planning to put on a bathing-beauty contest."

"What if I am?" I said.

"Nothing," said Mr. Crossman, "only this: As a decent and respectable citizen, I am against any such vulgar and degrading exhibition. And as president of the fair association I will refuse you permission to hold it on the fairgrounds."

"All right," I said, "I will hold it outside. And it will not be vulgar or degrading. It will be beautiful, artistic and inspiring. The trouble with you is you are jealous because you didn't think of it yourself. . . . Good afternoon."

After thus putting him in his place I withdrew with my usual dignity. And as soon as I receive your telegram I will go ahead without paying any attention to the evil-minded old buzzard. If I can't have my bathing-beauty contest at the fairgrounds, I will have it at Mr. Lockwood's farm and draw off half the crowd from the fair.

Yours, ALEXANDER BOTTS.

(Continued on Page 121)

SOULFUL SOUTHWORTH

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

She Halted and Said, "His Name is Southworth, Young Man"

MRS. JAMES SOUTHWORTH BROWN was a sentimental mother. To her the behaviorists' explanation of child psychology was "simply bestial" and the Freudian hypothesis "unspeakable." Mrs. Brown stood staunchly for Wordsworth and his "trailing clouds of glory."

She named her son Southworth Brown. It was done over the protest of her husband, who always wrote his name James S. Brown and liked friends to call him Jim. She insisted that little Southworth should be born at home and not at a hospital, envisioning that the big brick house on Sunset Boulevard would some day be visited as a shrine. She had even picked out the spot beside the door where the bronze plaque would rest.

Providence was kind to Mrs. Brown. Little Southworth looked like one of Raphael's more badly drawn cherubs. He had a chubby turned-up nose, dark curly hair, and round blue eyes of a secretive, bland cast which his mother easily mistook for angelic innocence. His mouth was a bit larger than the classic; at the age of four Southworth could insert a five-cent-size all-day sucker in it with room to spare, but Mrs. Brown had read somewhere that large mouths denote generosity and was consoled. He had a fat chin and when it was shadowed with dirt his mother imagined she saw a dimple. Anyway it vaguely resembled the chin of the boy Shelley. Mrs. Brown early discovered the resemblance and pointed it out to a score of friends who hadn't noticed.

Southworth reached the age of twelve without seriously disappointing his mother. She was by this time a matronly woman of forty, a trifle stout but, to the inarticulate appraisal of her son, beautiful. Mrs. Brown could no longer speak of her son as beautiful or angelic. Nature was reorganizing Southworth's face in a haphazard fashion which sometimes worried Mrs. Brown, and rapid growth had caused his body to lose its cherubic rotundity. Mrs. Brown now spoke of Southworth as handsome and soulful.

Her belief in the soulfulness of Southworth was her mainstay. There were times when she was forced to admit to herself that unless his nose grew up to his mouth and his chin halted its progress toward angularity, her boy would have only a strong, virile face like his father's. But Southworth could and must possess soulfulness no matter what scurvy tricks heredity played on him physically. Thus far the preponderance of evidence had satisfied Mrs. Brown. Southworth did have soul.

True, Mrs. Brown had suffered certain shocks. Southworth had not made the progress expected of him in the choir at St. Mark's. Mrs. Brown felt that Southworth should be promoted to altar boy or crucifer. She went to see the choirmaster and the rector about it. The rector was diplomatic, the choirmaster less so.

The rector said: "I will consider Southworth as soon as there is a vacancy, Mrs. Brown." Later, the rector said to his wife: "I'll not have the grinning little imp in my chancel. He's the worst-behaved youngster in the choir."

The choirmaster, a man much harried by mothers, winced when Mrs. Brown told him she hoped to see Southworth leading the procession some Sunday.

The choirmaster said: "H'm, but—wasn't Southworth the boy who stepped on the present incumbent's cassock going up the aisle during the recessional Palm Sunday and caused him to stumble?"

"I'm sure you are mistaken," said Mrs. Brown coldly.

Whereupon the choirmaster got out a notebook with FINES printed on the cover.

"My records show that Southworth was fined ten cents for tripping crucifer Palm Sunday," said the choirmaster, "and there are three fines of five cents each here against him. Let's see—one for throwing spitball at second tenor during choir practice a week ago Friday night; one for snickering during Te Deum second Sunday after Trinity; and he was fined twenty cents and suspended for two Sundays for putting a toy mouse in the collection plate on——"

Mrs. Brown dimly recalled that Southworth had suffered extremely bad colds two Sundays and had been excused from singing in the choir. The coincidence was damning, but she retreated in good order.

"I am glad my son is a real boy," she said, "and if he is to be penalized continually for mere exuberance of spirits I shall withdraw him from the choir."

"Oh, no, I hope you won't do that," said the choirmaster, partly because he felt sorry for Mrs. Brown and partly because he realized how he had played into Southworth's hands.

Mrs. Brown did not withdraw Southworth from the choir. Never to see Southworth in his white cotta with light from the rose window on his head! She did not tell Southworth's father of her interview with the choirmaster. James S. Brown had old-fogy and brutal ideas of child rearing.

Instead, she had asked Southworth one afternoon, "Son, why didn't you tell mother you had been suspended from the choir two Sundays for misbehavior?"

Southworth gave her one of his indefinite looks. If analyzed unsentimentally it would have been found to contain two parts chagrin at being discovered and three parts respect for this unusual display of acumen by his mother. Mrs. Brown identified the look as one of sorrow, penitence and affection.

"Aw—aw gee, mom," said Southworth. "Aw—aw, that old Dorsey—that old Dorsey's just down on me. He's always after me. He blames me for everything. Aw, gee; wish I didn't have to be in the old choir."

"This accusation is true, isn't it, Southworth? You were suspended for putting a tin mouse in the collection plate?"

"Aw, Dan Stevens and Rollie Marsh, they were in it as much as me, and old Dorsey didn't do a thing to them. He just jumped on me because I owned up to it and ——"

Mrs. Brown felt a glad thrill of pride. Her son had told the truth.

"You are sorry, aren't you, Southworth?"

"Aw, ye-es, I'm sorry, but gee, gosh, mom, I don't see why I hafta sing in that old choir. It makes me sick."

"Never mind, Southworth. You have told me you are sorry. We will say no more about it."

"Well, do I hafta sing in that old choir? Do I, mom?"

"We'll not discuss it, Southworth. Mother is glad you were man enough to confess your guilt while your playmates lied about it. Come, give mother a kiss and then run along."

Southworth had departed with a rapt look on his face. His mother interpreted it to be the effulgent glow of that benefit which confession brings to the soul. But Southworth was only wondering why, if his mother had been smart enough to get the story of his misdeed, she wasn't smart enough to realize that he had been caught in the very act of putting the mouse in the plate.

Then there was the time Mrs. Brown passed Southworth and a group of friends playing marbles in the street. One of the other boys had sung out: "It's your shoot, Pie-face." Mrs. Brown was horrified to see her son respond to the horrid appellation as a matter of course.

She halted and said, "His name is Southworth, young man."

The boys had stared, and Southworth with them. Then he had reddened in an agony of embarrassment and had said "Aw, mom, that's my nickname."

Southworth Endured Having Her as "His Girl" Only Because She Made an Always Loyal Audience for His Show-Off Capers

Stung by his acceptance of such an opprobrious term, Mrs. Brown said: "Well, if your friends can't find a nicer nickname for you than that you will have to find other friends, Southworth."

That night she had tried to impress upon her son the ignominy of such a nickname. She had tried to arouse his pride, his resentment at being called Pie-face.

"Aw, mom," said Southworth, "that's my nickname. Lots of the kids have worse nicknames than that. They call Armand Page, Sis, and they call Pete Manney, Slewfoot. You can't help what they call you, mom."

But with these and a few other notable exceptions Southworth Brown had done nothing to disturb his mother's faith in his soulfulness. He had got excellent grades at school. He had taken dancing and music lessons without more than passive resistance. The boys he brought home, at least, were boys of whose families Mrs. Brown approved. He had shown, outwardly, the proper young Galahad attitude toward little girls and had even suffered his name to be linked with Gladys Merriam. Mrs. Brown, with the usual adult propensity for thinking romance into the sexless and savage regard small boys have for small girls, thought it "too sweet for anything" to have Southworth interested in Gladys Merriam.

"Is she your girl, Southworth?" she had asked, and Southworth had said "Aw, I guess she is," thus far conceding to the adult world its right to think that romantic attachments begin at ten or twelve. Gladys was a leggy, tow-haired child and Southworth endured having her as "his girl" only because she made an always loyal and tireless audience for his show-off capers.

This, then, was the state of Southworth's soul when, in the spring of his thirteenth year, an amazing change occurred.

Southworth announced one evening at dinner, "We've got a ball team at school. I'm going to catch."

"Catch? Catch what?" asked Mrs. Brown, going pale.

Her husband, who was prospering in the wholesale hardware business, laughed.

"A baseball, dear," he said, "not measles." And then to Southworth, "That's the stuff, son. I thought maybe they'd stick you in the outfield."

"Aw," said Southworth, "they stick the sissies in the field, where they won't get hurt."

"Southworth."

"Huh?"

"Is this catch you're going to do dangerous?"

Southworth, sure of his father's support, gulped a forkful of mashed potato and exulted: "I'll say it's dangerous. You get all the foul tips and you get your shins cracked up when they slide into you. In the big leagues catchers get spiked and have split fingers. Bob O'Farrell got an awful split finger yesterday. And I guess Muddy Ruel and Jimmy Wilson are laid up half the time and ——"

"James, are you going to permit this?"

"Oh, he won't get hurt," said Southworth's father. "I'll get him a mask and stomach protector. Stop trying to keep the kid in cotton batting, Madge."

"I guess I really ought to have shin guards, too, dad. But I guess I can get along without 'em though and run the chance of bein' spiked."

"James, Southworth is not going to play this dangerous game. Do you want your son disfigured for life by a lot of young toughs?"

Mrs. Brown cried and Southworth cried and Mr. Brown fled to his evening paper, saying "You fight it out with your mother, kid." The upshot of it was that Southworth must get his catcher's armor and show his mother that it would protect him completely and promise to wear it every minute of the game. There was another scene the next evening when Southworth donned his catcher's outfit.

"Oh, James," wailed Mrs. Brown, "that cage on his face will ruin his features. It will drag his chin down and perhaps permanently injure his neck."

"Rats, mom—oh, rats," yelled her son, making an imaginary peg to second, with a living-room rug as home plate. He walked about the house thumping a fist into his big mitt, while Mrs. Brown lost a long argument with James S. Brown.

"You might as well learn to stop babying the kid," he said. "It's a wonder you haven't ruined him already."

"Ruined him? Why, James, how could you say such a thing? When I've tried so hard to bring him up right."

"You can't keep him tied to your apron strings forever, Madge. The sooner you learn that the better."

Mrs. Brown had the last word: "Something terrible is going to come of this, James. Mark what I say."

But she tried to be brave and even participate in this, her son's first debut in the dangerous world of males.

She bought Southworth a baseball uniform as a surprise and sat up half one night cutting block letters out of felt and sewing them on the shirt. The letters spelled SOUTHWORTH'S TEAM. She was grief stricken when Southworth, being presented with the uniform, said: "It's swell, mom; all except the lettering."

"Why, what's wrong with the lettering, dear? I thought I made them nicely. I certainly worked hard enough."

"But it ain't my team, mom. It's a school team. The kids would give me the razz. Don't you understand?"

She ripped the letters off without further talk and watched him dash out of the house to show his uniform to a group of boys waiting in the alley. It had been her boast: "My boy tells me everything." It could not be her boast any longer. Mrs. Brown had always confused baseball with football, basketball, tennis and hockey in her mind.

Afternoons she would say: "What was the score, dear?" and he would say: "Aw, 10 to 4, their favor," and the first time she inquired, "Did you make a touchdown?" and his scorn hurt her.

He painted his arms with iodine. He worked spit pictures of baseball stars on his wrists. She caught him one Saturday morning chewing tobacco and using the juice to rub on a bat. The process made him very sick and the Dwight Public School nine used a substitute catcher that day.

Then he began talking about a certain Bojo Snyder. "Bojo could play semipro ball if he was older," and "Bojo says whale oil and lemon juice is good for your arm," and "Old Bojo sure bawled out that ump. He couldn't see the plate in a million years," and "Bojo was gonna bust him one."

All the books on boy training which Mrs. Brown read and approved contained the maxim: "Make friends with your boy's friends."

"Southworth," said Mrs. Brown one day, "who is this Bojo Snyder?"

"Huh? Aw, he's a kid at school."

"You never bring him home with you."

"Aw, mom, Bojo doesn't like to monkey around in the house."

"I would like to meet him, Southworth."

"Aw, gee, mom, you can see him outside sometime. We work out in the alley sometimes."

"Southworth, I shall give a party for your boy and girl friends Saturday afternoon. I want you to invite Bojo, or find out where his mother lives and I will write her a note."

"Well, I'll ask him, mom, but he won't come. He doesn't care a snap for parties. Bojo says parties gripe him in the guts."

"Southworth! What an expression. Now you invite Bojo. We'll see if he cares about parties."

On the afternoon of the party Mrs. Brown found her guests tardy in arriving. She looked out a window and was made aware of the reason. In the center of a circle of neatly dressed boys and girls stood a disreputable boy, larger than the others. He wore long ragged trousers and the sleeves of his black sateen shirt had been cut off with a jagged instrument above the elbows. His hair had not been combed for some months and his blunt-nosed face was blotched with freckles and dirt. Mrs. Brown thought immediately of Huckleberry Finn.

Bojo Snyder, for Mrs. Brown knew it could be none other, was at the precise moment engaged in demonstrating his strength. On the lawn at his feet lay Southworth Brown as if suffering *rigor mortis*. Bojo stooped, laid hold of the waistband of Southworth's best knickers, and with much contortion of features proceeded to lift Southworth from the greensward.

"Southworth!" screamed Mrs. Brown.

The Snyder boy dropped Southworth immediately and turned as if to run. But Southworth, leaping up, grappled with him, shouting: "You gotta stay for the party! You promised, Bojo! You know you promised!"

Mrs. Brown stepped to the porch and, summoning a wan smile, said: "All you children come into the house now. And of course, Mis— Master Bojo, you must come too."

Bojo Snyder proved to be the life of the party. He went through the formality of introduction to Mrs. Brown with an awkward duck of his head and then proceeded to keep a room's distance from her at all times. He had the crowd with him, being possessed of a number of parlor tricks never seen in that neighborhood before. He put one of Mrs. Brown's prize goldfish in his mouth, while all the little girls

(Continued on Page 124)

On the Lawn at His Feet Lay Southworth as If Suffering Rigor Mortis

CONDITION—By W. O. McGeehan

Gene Tunney Engaging in a Variety of Conditioning Exercises

EXPERTS on condition have been overwhelmingly wrong. On the eve of the Jeffries-Johnson fight at Reno about 295 out of 300 experts, after watching Jeffries in training for a number of weeks, wired that the big fellow was "in the pink." On the following night the same experts wrote that the Jeffries who was beaten by Johnson was "a mere hollow shell of his former self."

One of the 295 decided that while Jeffries was in the pink the day before the fight a subtle poison slipped into his afternoon tea had produced the hollow-shell effect in a single night. The remaining 294 merely remarked that Jeffries was the hollowest shell they ever had seen, but did not attempt to explain how he had got that way or why they had failed to detect any symptoms of hollowness or shelliness until the complex ailment was apparent to the inexpert world.

Since that time I have become convinced that even an expert does not know a hollow shell when he sees one. You may go back further into fistiana if you care to. Almost as many experts peered quite as intently at John L. Sullivan in training for the bout with James J. Corbett at New Orleans. But few of them, if any, discovered until he sagged to his haunches that he was a flabby caricature of the Boston Strong Boy who announced his advent to the ring by bellowing that he could lick any blankety-blank in the house—and could—and did.

After considering the matter for a quarter of a century, more or less, I have come to the conclusion that there is only one competent judge of a man's condition and that is the man himself. But he must judge himself fairly and impartially, which, naturally, is difficult—even almost impossible excepting in a very few cases. A pampered star athlete never is harsh in his judgment of himself.

Sound Advice for the Champion

THIS applies to horses as well as to men. James Fitzsimmons, the veteran turfman, once said to me: "There are about $500,000 worth of horses in my barn right now. Every one of them is different in personality from the others. In spite of that, every single one of those horses knows what he should do to get himself into condition. If all of them could talk I never would have anything but winners.

"But I have to do a lot of guessing. If I guess wrong, that is my fault. They are all well bred, consequently they all are game. If one of them appears not so, it is my fault, because I have failed to understand. I cannot train all those horses the same way or feed them the same way any more than you can train any number of men in the same way."

The trainers of men, however, do not share the notions of the horse trainer. It is accepted by the experts on pugilism that there are certain set rules for the training of a gladiator, and whosoever diverts from these rules must be wrong. Apparently before that Reno fight James J. Jeffries did everything that should have been done, according to the accepted canons of training for prize fights, otherwise the experts would have recorded the deflections. But in spite of it all he was a hollow shell.

Jeffries did his road work religiously. He was regular at the bag-punching ritual. He sparred what the experts felt was a reasonable number of rounds. His diet was attended to carefully and he was rubbed and anointed with regularity. No expert, harking back, can blame anything on the very orthodox methods of conditioning employed by the man who was called to bring back the championship to the white race for $100,000.

During the last few days William A. Muldoon, recognized as the best judge as to condition of men, went over the "hope of the white race" and did not discover that he was anywhere near the hollow-shell stage. This is not set down in disparagement of Mr. Muldoon, but is merely offered in evidence to support my theory that in the matter of condition the man himself is the court of first and last resort.

As proof that Mr. Muldoon does know his game I will try to recall the wording of a short note that he wrote to Gene Tunney when he started the last few weeks of training for the second Dempsey bout in Chicago. In a few terse paragraphs he set down, in my opinion, more than has been written in the volumes published on training and condition of men.

"You know yourself best," he wrote. "You always keep yourself very close to perfect condition. For this fight, all that you have to do is to keep what you have. Pay no attention to your critics. Do not wear yourself out in training exhibitions to please the riffraff that hovers around training camps. Continue to live as you have lived and you will be all right.

"The fight will be in the ring on the date set and not in the training camp. You have all the assets needed to win it. Do not waste them trying to please the crowds. If you were not in condition or close to it before you arrived there, you could not get in shape in a couple of weeks. You have it. Keep it."

I am quoting from memory, but this is the gist of the letter. I know that Tunney took it to heart and acted upon it, partly because of his respect for the maker-over of men who worshiped physical fitness and kept himself in the image of what he worshiped. Then, again, the advice was strictly in accordance with Mr. Tunney's own convictions, consequently it was comparatively easy to take.

Taking Off for His Last Fight. The Champion With W. O. McGeehan

A Severe Test of Condition

A NUMBER of the experts insisted that Tunney was loafing on the job. He was not doing enough road work. He was not doing enough boxing. In fact he was doing everything wrong and his training was something of a farce.

In the seventh round, as Tunney backed against the ropes, Dempsey shot a looping left to his jaw. Instantly it was followed by a right. Tunney sagged, and as he started to collapse, Dempsey shot in more blows to the same target, lefts and rights.

Almost by actual count, he landed cleanly as many blows on Tunney at that point as he landed on Willard at Toledo and on Luis Angel Firpo at the Polo Grounds. After the seventh blow at Toledo, the huge Willard was a battered hulk. Firpo the Wild Bull was utterly subdued and could not drag himself from the canvas where he wallowed

Tunney went down with one leg crumpled beneath him. It seemed that he could not straighten it out again that night. His handsome, expressive face turned blank, almost idiotic. It looked much like the face of Willard when he dropped from the first blow at Toledo, floundering like a hippopotamus fatally stricken.

The count started. Tunney's adherents were chilled and silent. Their man had

been hit seven times on the chin. He had been given seven knock-out blows, and the legend was that when Dempsey knocked them out they remained knocked out for at least ten seconds. But at the count of four Tunney straightened out the crumpled leg. His face once more became animated and his glazed eyes cleared. He was looking at his own corner as the referee tried to push Dempsey back to a neutral corner.

Tunney's seconds motioned him to remain down. He caught the signal. His brain cleared entirely. Dempsey lost four seconds arguing with the referee, who suspended the count until Dempsey had complied with his order. Then Tunney rose clear-eyed and apparently fresh. A bewildered fighter would have tried to clutch Dempsey, to hold on—and the bewildered fighter would have been slain by body blows.

Once on his feet, Tunney danced backward out of danger, and as Dempsey tried to close with him, Tunney stabbed accurate lefts into the face of his pursuer, blinding him. Dempsey motioned toward him and mumbled, "Come on and fight." Tunney jabbed again and danced backward. At this point it was Dempsey who seemed jaded and leg-weary, while Tunney seemed as fresh as he was in the first round.

"Condition," the experts agreed, "saved Tunney and won the fight for him after he had all but been knocked out. Only a man in superb condition could have come up

Tunney Believes in Relaxation as an Aid to Perfect Condition

to win after being hit seven consecutive times on the chin by Jack Dempsey in one round."

So it seemed that Tunney, who had done everything wrong while he was training for that bout, saved his title and beat Dempsey into a full realization that he was a better man solely because of his condition. Which is another arraignment of experting, for why should not experts be able to tell in advance of a bout, after weeks of study and observation, that a gladiator was getting himself into perfect condition?

Practicing a Hasty Retreat

NO EXPERT knew that it was a special preparation that permitted Tunney to rise to this emergency. He always has insisted on doing his road work alone or with some very close friend. Every time the heavyweight champion takes to the road he runs at least a mile backward. This is a trick he learned from William A. Muldoon, who used to be able to run as fast backward as the average man can run forward.

It is difficult. Try it sometime. But it brings into play and develops leg muscles that otherwise are not much used. To be able to run backward faster than Dempsey could forge forward, and at the same time to maintain his balance and the accuracy of his blows, saved Tunney. Any general will tell you that a rear-guard action is the hardest fight of all. Tunney was prepared for it.

Naturally, Tunney felt a bit touchy about being seen in the act of practicing to run backward. It would seem an obvious enough preparation for the art of self-defense, if it really were self-defense, but it would not be a popular notion of what a heavyweight champion should be practicing. If the experts had known that Tunney quite deliberately had been preparing to run backward in the event that it ever became necessary, the preparation would have excited nothing but derision.

Tunney getting himself into condition is not like any athlete I ever had the opportunity of studying Apparently he is doing nothing but practicing the easy art of relaxation. Even in the boxing part of his training work he appears relaxed. He does not become angry or excited into lashing back when one of his sparring partners happens to reach him with a particularly sharp blow

He is a vivid contrast to the highly strung nervous Dempsey, who in training is like a caged cat from the jungle. Dempsey never can keep still. He cannot control his muscles, his speech or his mind. He is constantly on his feet, walking back and forth with a catlike tread. His speech wanders. You can tell from the swift changes of expression in his face that his mind wanders too.

Obviously, Dempsey must be burning up energy in his training, while an athlete of the Tunney temperament is storing it up for just such an occasion as the one that came in that fight at Chicago. Compared with Dempsey, Tunney might be regarded as phlegmatic, but he is not. In his finely organized body there is stored quite as much energy as there is in the lithe athletic body of Dempsey, but in Tunney the energy is controlled by a stronger will.

Dempsey in training, according to Jimmy De Forest, who trained him for the bout with Willard, is a light sleeper. In those days De Forest spent the nights in the same room with him. Frequently during the night Dempsey would spring from his bed and pace the floor with a swift, silent, feline tread.

It worried the veteran trainer at first. "Have you something very terrible on your mind?" he would demand.

Dempsey would laugh nervously. "What should I have on my mind?" he would retort. "I never had anything to be afraid of or anything to worry me. I just can't sleep and I have to keep moving."

Tunney also is a light sleeper, but you would have to live very close to him to know it. In training, he always retires at a fixed hour, but he does not always sleep. When he is awakened by some slight noise he lies quietly, relaxes, and then is back to sleep again.

His Own Head Trainer

MANY nights while he was training at Speculator, in the Adirondacks, I occupied the adjoining room. The partition was so thin that you could hear the breathing of the fighter in the next room and, if you happened to be awake, could tell when he was roused and when he sank back into sleep again. It was as though Tunney controlled the motive forces that permitted him to lose consciousness at will.

In working his way to condition, Tunney directs himself and all his camp retinue absolutely. The average pugilist, such as Dempsey, places himself in the hands of a head trainer and follows his directions almost implicitly. That seems to have been the custom with all of them, with the possible exception of John L. Sullivan, who directed himself in the wrong direction until once he agreed to submit to the domination of the autocratic William A. Muldoon. But Sullivan did not keep the agreement

As his own director, Tunney is a firm but quiet master. He is humoring himself physically the greater part of the time, and his system is soothing. Unconsciously, in one session I fell into his camp routine, and at the end of a few weeks I felt the lifting of a long-accumulated weariness.

An English boxing writer, Mr. Trevor C. Wignall, after visiting the camps of Gene Tunney and Tom Heeney, wrote to his paper that the difference between the two training places was the difference between a monastery and a cabaret. It is quite a fair comparison, especially where the camp of Tunney was concerned. The Shakspearean champion, as they called him, was blessed with the power of finding relaxation from the boredom of the set exercises and the clean living within himself. The less imaginative Heeney needed entertainment to keep from the ravages of boredom.

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A Breather With a Few Friends

HIGHBALL!

By A. W. SOMERVILLE

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

NOW listen, honey," argued the hard-faced Mr. Deekman, "there ain't no sense in your raisin' all this sand. I can't go to that jig tomorrow night an' you might as well be reasonable about it. I been up all last night, an' tonight I got to take this lousy special engine down to Washington, an' I gotta stay with it till tomorrow evenin'. By that time they ain't no tellin' what they may've thought up for me to do. Believe me, if they ain't, I'll crawl in a hole an' pull it in after me."

"Every time I want to do something particular," griped Mr. Deekman's bride-to-be, "you run away. You make me sick," she added vigorously. "I guess you think I'm going to sit around and hold my hands while you ride around on your nasty old engines. Well, I'm not. I've got a brand-new dress and you're going to take me to that dance."

"I can't do it, honey," expostulated Deekman. He pulled out his watch. "I'm due down at the roundhouse now," he declared restlessly. "Kiss me good-by, sweetheart."

"Fred Deekman," declared the maiden, in far from an amiable voice, "we never go to any more nice places any more; we never meet any more nice people. You're always riding around on engines, and you don't even think about me."

"Honey," declaimed Fred fervently, "I got to get down to the roundhouse."

"You better get back in time to take me to that dance," retorted the young lady, fending him off.

"Good-by, sweetheart," said Deekman, giving her a hasty peck and making an even more hasty exit. He turned at the gate. "I'll do my very best to get back tomorrow evening, Mabel!" he shouted.

"You better get back," came the bellicose reply.

On the way down to the roundhouse Fred Deekman ruminated mentally and largely upon the unreasonableness of females, and came to the conclusion, as many another had before him, that you couldn't get along with them any better than you could get along without them. From this universal truth his mind returned to mechanical fields and browsed much therein, and by the time he reached the roundhouse the fair Mabel occupied an infinitesimal section of his brain, and the disadvantages of too many Dutchman welds in a side rod had a clear block down the main line of his thoughts.

He entered the roundhouse office.

"'Lo, Mr. Deekman," said the foreman.

"'Lo," said Fred. "Whatcha got on the 1465?"

"She's called," answered the foreman; "she's out on the table now. You can catch her at the sand house."

"Guess I better get on," said Fred, and started to leave the office.

"Hey," called the foreman, "here's a note from the Old Man on that special!"

Fred took the letter, read it. Its contents were:

Mr. Fred Deekman, Master Mechanic: Newspaper special to which Engine 1465 has been assigned is scheduled to leave Washington between 5:00 and 6:00 P.M. on the 12th. As arranged, you will deliver it at Washington and will remain in personal charge until leaving time or until Mr. Collett takes charge of the engine for the run. Mr. Collett, as arranged, will ride the engine.

Account of the keen rivalry already manifested over this run kindly take every precaution to insure against any possible delay. You will supervise personally all mechanical preparation of this engine at Washington before turning it over to Mr. Collett.

JOE P. DIETZ, SUP'T.

"I Can't Do It, Honey. I'm Due Down at the Roundhouse Now"

"They're scared to death," declared Fred, after reading the above, "that they'll fall down on the job. Or they think somebody'll stick some steel filings in a journal box. If you think they'll put anything by your Uncle Fred, you're crazy, brother."

"What's this all about?" the foreman asked Deekman.

"Newspaper special," said Fred; "and, buddy, if you wants see something comin' down the railroad, you watch this baby come to taw tomorrow night."

"I'll watch for her," promised the foreman.

Fred walked down to the sand house, got aboard. The hostler moved the 1465 down to the water tank and the coal chute, and the engine crew got on.

Fred Deekman was to take the 1465 down to Washington as a light engine, to check up any possible defects and eradicate them, either personally or with the help of the roundhouse at the capital city. It was a special run, and an important one, not to mention fast. This yarn is of the time before aeroplanes were as dependable as they are today, and before the telephoto was developed. As a result, whenever anything of national import occurred at the capital, the great metropolitan dailies chartered special trains to bring home the bacon—to bring home the photographs. These pictures were developed en route, and on the train would also be a raft of newspapermen busy scribbling and telling lies. Incidentally, if the gentle reader thinks the schedule gave the engine crew a chance to pick daisies along the right of way, then the gentle reader has another think coming.

They Hit the Bend! Fred Careened Off the Fireman as the Engine-Truck Flanges Bit the Outside Rail

The 1465 arrived at the capital city after an uneventful trip—crossed the table just before daylight. Fred was dog-tired, but he knew he had to stay with that engine. There were a few adjustments to be made and a considerable amount of polishing and shining, but by ten o'clock every possible operation had been performed at least twice, and there remained nothing whatever to do.

Collett came down to the house about 10:30 and Fred asked if he couldn't turn the engine over, get rid of it.

"Why, sure," said Collett.

"I'm goin' over to the hotel an' catch some shut-eye," said Fred. "I'm through with it; it's up to you."

"Say," said Collett, "what is all this stink about? What kind of a run is this?"

"Don't you know?" demanded Fred.

Collett shook his head. "I've been out a week on fuel tests," he explained. "I got a wire to report here by noon today to take a special through to Philly. That's all I know."

"Well, for Pete's sake," said Fred, "didn't you know you were slated to be the big brave man and do a Paul Revere from hell to breakfast? Man, this is the fastest run we ever put on."

"Yeah?" said Collett.

"Yeah," said Fred. "The President's daughter didn't do a thing but decide to get married, not that it ain't right an' reasonable for this time of year, but every cockeyed railroad bid on the newspaper specials to carry the pretty pictures, an', boy, we got the job. Guaranteed to make Baltimore in thirty-seven minutes, Baltimore to Philly in eighty-two minutes, an' they got a new three-cylinder jack to take 'em through to the big apple in eighty minutes more. That's the guaranty, but the Old Man talked to Rush Golden—he's got the right-hand side outta here—an' I heard him tell him to bust loose an' do better'n the guaranty. You may not know it, but you're gonna remember this for a long time!"

"Yeah," said Collett dubiously.

"Beyond a doubt," declared Fred.

"Let's go look her over," suggested Collett. "If everything's all right you can go to bed. It won't take but a few minutes."

They walked down to the 1465 and looked her over. She was polished like a prize pumpkin. She had been petted and nursed and worked over until every bearing fitted like the paper on the wall, every bolt was jammed and double nutted, every rivet was so perfect you could hang your hat on it; even the bell had a burnished clapper and the headlight a brand-new wick. Sherlock Holmes himself would have failed to find a clew to anything wrong. Collett tried hard enough to, but at 2:30 P.M. he had to admit himself foiled. The exhausted Mr. Deekman departed to find solace in the hay.

Fred went to a hotel less than two blocks away and literally fell into bed. His last conscious thought was a hearty mental laugh over the worried expression on Collett's face, which expression became even more worried every time Fred mentioned how fast the run was scheduled.

There was a tremendous battering on the door. Fred growled sleepily.

"What?" he called, half asleep

"Mr. Deekman!" came a tough young voice.

"What do you want?" growled Fred.

"This's the call boy! They want you to ride the special - the newspaper special! You got about fifteen minutes!"

"You're crazy!" snarled Fred, slipping out of bed with murder in his heart. He unbolted the door and opened it. "I ain't got a thing to do with that run," he declared angrily. "Mr. Collett's got that run. Get outta here an' let me sleep!"

"Mr. Collett's sick," answered the call boy. "Th' Old Man phoned down for you to ride her. You ain't got hardly time to make it."

"Sick?" mumbled Fred. Then: "Sick, my eye!" he shouted. "I bet "

"Listen, Mr. Deekman," interrupted the call boy, "you ain't got no time to waste. They got her hooked up now, waitin' on those newspaper bullies. Th' Old Man phoned down for you to take this run an' you better hurry."

Fred cursed whole-heartedly—yea, bountifully - and began throwing on his rags. The call boy waited and heard words.

"Sick!"—as the pants went on "Sick! Why, he was as well as I am. The blankety-blank! Why, that lousy blankety-blank!" He was putting on his shoes. "Sick, is he? He's scared as a June bride—that's what's the matter with the slob. How do you know the Old Man phoned down for me, kid?" he demanded.

"I was in the office when Mr. Collett went home sick," explained the boy.

"Yah!" bawled Fred, shoving his face under the water faucet. "Was he green?"

"He didn't look very well," answered the boy, grinning. "Then the boss phoned in right away, an' they got word to the Old Man, an' inside of ten minutes he phoned back an' said to get hold of you an' ask you to ride her to Philly."

Fred jammed a shapeless hunk of felt over his ears and the two left hurriedly and in unison.

She was in the train shed with a full head of steam on the gauges and a baggage car and two standard Pullmans were strung on her tail. The crew was aboard. Fred mounted to the cab.

"'Lo, Rush," he greeted the engineer

"'Lo, Mr. Deekman," answered Rush. "John," he called to the fireman, "here's Mr. Deekman!"

Fred and the fireman shook hands.

"You goin' with us?" asked Rush.

"Yeah," answered Fred, "th' contract calls for a divisional officer to ride her. I got elected." There was a pause "I hear Collett's sick," said Fred.

The engineer and fireman exchanged grins. Both nodded.

"I don't feel any too good myself," declared Fred.

The engineer whooped. There was another official on board, said the fireman, back in the first Pullman—the trainmaster

"Well," said Fred, "if a trainmaster can hold down a Pullman, a master mechanic oughtta be able to hold down a engine."

"That's right," said Rush with a grin. "You can both try, anyways."

"I'm goin' back to see him," said Fred. "You got everything you need?"

"Yes, sir," answered the engineer. "I got everything doused with valve oil. I'll go over her again right now."

Fred slid down the gangway and walked back to the Pullman. The trainmaster—one Wilkins—advanced to meet him.

"Have a cigar, Fred," said Wilkins, after a fervent handclasp. He produced a magnificent specimen of a Wheeling stogy. Fred accepted it, bit the end off laboriously

"They oughtta be here," said the master mechanic, fishing through his pockets for a match. "Say," he observed suddenly, "if we stay on the rails we'll make a bum outta Casey Jones."

"If we don't stay on," quoth the trainmaster, "we'll probably make a monkey outta him just the same."

"This is a hell of a time to start hangin' crape," declared Fred.

"Th' time's too fast," declared Wilkins; "we'll knock ev'ry track spike loose between here an' Philly."

"Shucks," said Fred, "what'd they build th' track for?"

"They didn't build it for no such fool runs as this," retorted Wilkins. "What're you jigglin' around about?"

"I'm tryin' to find a match," answered Fred. "I don't guess I got none. Got one?"

Wilkins started to hand him one, but at that moment the advance guard of the newspapermen came through the gate and started down the platform.

"Yah!" exclaimed Wilkins. "It won't be long now!"

"I'm goin' up to the engine," said Fred rather excitedly, forgetting about the match. "See you in Philly."

Rush was shoving a slender-nosed oil can up to the fireman and clambering up. Fred followed him.

"Lemme see your orders," said Fred to Rush. The engineer handed them over—orders and clearance card

"If we get the yard block," he said, "we're in the clear. We own the railroad. Got four slow orders on them bridges they're changin' to concrete here on the branch There's a slow order out at Newton, an' there's the two bridges. That's the crop."

Fred was studying the orders, the fireman was leaning out the gangway, watching.

"You Better Get Back in Time to Take Me to That Dance"

"Highball!" shouted the fireman

They picked the three cars up easily and waded off with them. They went racketing through the yard over cross-overs and switch points, came down on the yard block working hard, with the whistle screaming for the board

"We'll be in Baltimore in thirty minutes!" shouted John to Deekman. Fred was comfortably seated in the fireman's pew with the stogy sticking out at a rakish angle.

"You're too ambitious!" he bellowed back.

Rush shoved the throttle shut and they drifted down on the red block in a smoky haze. Rush was leaning out the cab window, watching.

The block dropped to clear, Fred shouted, Rush whipped the throttle wide and yanked twice on the whistle cord The exhaust stuttered cinders, smoke and steam; the water in the gauge glass bobbled and bounced. The fireman leaned over Fred and put the left injector on.

"I'll pump her for you," said Fred. "You take care of your fire."

"All right," said John.

"Say," added Fred, "have you gotta match?"

The fireman started going through his pockets.

"Hey," screeched Rush at the fireman, "get some coal in that box! Whaddya think this is—a ice wagon?"

The fireman grabbed the scoop and fed the fire with coal and energy. Fred crossed over to the right-hand side.

"I'll pump her," he offered.

"Don't you let that water get low," growled Rush

"I'll keep her full," promised Fred.

"Don't get too much in," growled Rush.

"I'll try an' keep about two gauges in her," said Fred reasonably. The engineer grunted. "Say," said Fred, "you gotta match?"

Rush investigated. "Naw," he said, "I ain't got one, I guess. Ask John for one."

As Fred crossed back, John spoke to him.

"For the love of Mike," shouted the fireman, "don't argue about water with that guy! He thinks he wrote a book on it!"

"All these eagle-eyes are that way," answered Fred.

"They couldn't be," retorted the fireman.

Fred sat down. They were walking down the railroad now, rocketing through the gathering dusk like a falling meteor. Fred got a solid bite on the cigar and fiddled with the injector, trying to set it to feed just enough water and not too much.

The 1465 was a high-wheeled, short-coupled Atlantic with a twenty-six-inch stroke and she ate up the miles as a starving wolf would sample a lollipop. She had no ding-ringuses hung on her, such as a feed-water heater, she didn't know the meaning of superheated steam, her half-decked cab had never heard of a pyrometer or a back-pressure gauge. She was just a long-legged, saturated Atlantic, with her valve motion slung under her belly to help her hug the crossties, and she had a fireman with a strong back and an engineer with a weak mind. No better combination for high speed without economy has ever been known to the railroad world. Fred had to clamp his teeth on the stogy to keep it from

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"Let Loose of Me!" Snarled Fred, Struggling. "That's a Signal!" John Was Shouting

THANKSGIVING EVE

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

Feet Churned the Mud With the Sound of a Stampeding Herd

THE morning was gray and cold and a fine rain sifted down from the leaden sky—a rain so light that it seemed like a breath, but that would in time go through slicker, overcoat, blouse, shirt and so on right to the marrow of a man.

Under the unfriendly sky lay a rolling plain, brown with dead grass, black with the skeletons of long-dead woods, and dotted, like stumps of teeth in a fossil jaw, with three ruined towns. The plain was an old battleground. The most distant of the towns was occupied by the Germans, the nearest by the Americans, and the one between by either or both. It lay midway between the lines and patrols played hide and seek in it of a dark night.

The morning was well advanced and the garrison of the American trenches, having stood to until such time as an enemy attack would be improbable, had stood down and begun to think of breakfast. The kitchen of the flank company was in the town itself, in the church where the old walls protected the stove from drafts and a tarpaulin kept off the rain and shielded the glow of the fire from hostile aircraft. There was no roof to that church and the flooring had long ago been taken up to pave officers' dugouts. Within, in the kitchen, a number of men sat about on onion crates or stood against the wall, sipping coffee. They waited to carry breakfast to the different platoons.

"Come on," they urged the cook, "snap out of it! We don't want to get no growl for bein' late with the chow. Come on, start puttin' out!"

"No, no, now, just wait a minute more," objected the cook. "Them machine gunners has to come quite a piece, and it's better to wait for 'em than to pull everything off the fire and have it cold. Ain't no hurry now. Quick's you get your breakfast eat, you'll be yelpin' for dinner."

He was not fat, as many cooks are, but tall, stoop-shouldered and gray-haired. He wore dungarees and an apron rolled up about his waist. He sipped coffee from a huge spoon and meditatively stirred hash with a stick he held in the other hand.

"H'm," he said finally—"yes, as I was sayin', it was a real diamond—a really truly sparkler—ten thousand francs 'a the value. 'N' it's mine—mine, by James! H'm—I'm a rich man. I'm wastin' my time cookin' for you hombres."

The listeners sipped their coffee, the slurrp-slurrp of it resounding from their huge cups.

"I wish the egg that invented these here cups would have to drink cawfee out of 'em," remarked one. "By the time the cup's cool enough to set to a man's jaws, the cawfee's cold."

"You ain't got your ten thousand francs yet," observed another to the cook.

There was a sudden sound of splashing from the trench that ran through the church, and shortly four helmets could be seen sliding along the edge thereof, like the backs of swimming fish. There was a clattering, as two milk cans were slung out of the trench. The slam of a pan followed, then the wearers of the four helmets followed the pan.

"Yeh, we're late!" said one by way of greeting. "We couldn't get through that Second Platoon with a tank! They caught a couple o' Jerries just now an' the whole outfit's down there talkin' it over."

"I ain't got it?" demanded the cook, continuing the former conversation. "Well, don't lose no sleep over that, young fellar. Florida Water's got the receipt for it, an' just as soon's I get my leave I'm goin' to Paris an' sell it, an' the price was agreed on with the jeweler an' everything."

"Yeh, but you gotta wait until Florida Water goes up to Paris with yuh. He give it to the jeweler."

"Ain't neither! He fixed it with the jeweler. 'The lad that owns this here diamond'll be up to Paris in a week or so,' says he, 'an' I'll give him the receipt. Then you an' him can do business.'"

"What's he keepin' the receipt for?" demanded another man.

"It was better he should," replied the cook. "Gimme a hand now an' we'll get these pans off the fire. K.P.'s, bear down on them marmites o' coffee. . . . Yep, it's better he should keep it. I might lose it. Then again, I ain't strong-willed. I yielded to temptation in this here country a'ready once, an' it set me to cookin' for this here menagerie, 'stead o' bein' mess sergeant like I been for ten years. I'd be liable to go absent to Paris an' get picked up an' get twenty years in cold storage for desertion in the face o' the enemy."

"What's all this?" demanded the man who seemed to be in charge of the last detail to arrive. "You been at the lemon extract again? Whaddyuh mean—jeweler?"

Despite the fact that most of the waiting men had made no comment on the cook's first speech, they must have been intensely interested in the subject, for all began to relate at once and in chorus an incoherent story.

"Pipe down!" yelled the cook. "Pipe down! Now I'll tell it straight! Now listen to me! Who knows the truth of this thing, me or you? Well, now shut up an' let me tell it. Johnny, it was when you was in hospital, or wherever you was—anyway, it was 'fore you come up. The krauts, you mind, come over here to see what kind of a milishy outfit this was that had took over in front of 'em."

"'N' they damn quick found out we was regulars," interrupted one.

"Well, they didn't find it out from you, yuh big John!" replied the cook. "Boy, you still got your hand in the air takin' the oath! Well, after the krauts went home to think up an alibi for gettin' nuthin' off us but a bloody nose, Pete Markey an' some more come in here for some hot stuff for the wounded while they was waitin' to take 'em out."

"An' Pete had a bag o' jewelry on him he got off a Jerry," interrupted a second man. "Come on, cut it short an' give us our breakfast. He got killed an' you frisked it offa him. I wouldn't put it by yuh to have murdered him!"

"Now there's where the damn lie comes in!" shouted the cook, his face crimson. "Jeff Davis has a watch he got off one, and while he's showin' it to me, Markey pulls out a little shammy bag an' says, 'Cook, this is all I got. I'll give it to yuh for a bag o' smokin'.' Sez I, 'I'll give yuh a bag o' smokin', but keep your stuff. I ain't no grave robber.'"

"Ha-ha!" jeered the others. "Oh, no! Not much! Huh! Depends on what's in the grave."

"Now listen ——"

"Cut it short an' give us our chow," said another listener. "In words of one syllable, Markey finds this bag and dumps out what he hopes is eatin' tobacco onto his hand. It ain't; it's a little box full o' glass. He throws it away. Only when he gives the bag to Walter here, there is still a piece o' glass left in it, an' that glass is a diamond. They show it to Florida Water, 'cause he run a jewelry store on the outside, an' he says it's real."

"Didn't Markey lay claim to it?"

"How could he? Didn't he give it to Walter in front o' witnesses? Well, when he finds out it's a diamond, he goes back lookin' for the rest of the glass he threw away. It bein' broad daylight, he gets one right below the ears. So wherever he is now, he ain't worryin' about jewelry."

"It ain't my fault he threw 'em away," protested the cook. "They're all layin' it up against me that he got bumped off."

"Aw, why didn't yuh give him his diamond?" demanded the men. "He give yuh the bag—he didn't give yuh the diamond too. Gee, we're all buddies here! If a buddy o' mine made a little mistake——"

"Findin's is keepin's in this outfit!" snapped the cook.

"Psst!" hissed a man leaping out of the trench into the kitchen. He wore a sergeant's chevrons and panted heavily. "Cheese it! The general!" Instantly he was down again and gone.

"He's off to the Third Platoon!" muttered someone. "Gee! If the old boy catches any o' those gas guards in the dugouts — "

"Give us our chow," husked the others, "an' leave us haul our tails outta here."

Some made ineffectual efforts to remove the mud from their garments and others hastily buttoned their overcoats and dragged up their cartridge belts to a position somewhere near their waistlines.

"I Ain't Got It?" Demanded the Cook. "Well, Don't Lose No Sleep Over That, Young Fellar"

"Now where is this kitchen? In the church? Oh, yes. Hurry those prisoners up now. Just run up there, lieutenant, and let them know we're coming. Have a chair or two set out. We'll speak to these men at our ease. A little hot coffee and something from a flask —— Up here? Good! Now then, guard, hurry those men along"

Thus spoke a voice from without, first faintly, then louder, as the speaker drew nearer. The men in the kitchen clustered together like sheep at the approach of a wolf, then froze to attention as a man clambered up the stairs from the trench, and panting slightly, regarded them.

He wore a garrison cap, a long overcoat and rubber boots. On the sleeve of his overcoat was a black band and one silver star—the insignia of a brigadier general. After him came several more officers; then lastly, guarded by a sturdy infantryman, two German prisoners. One was tall and the other short, but both were muddy and forlorn, with a sort of half-starved furtive air about them, like foxes caught in a henhouse.

"Now then," began the general, "three chairs here! No chairs? Well, some of those crates. Er—have them sit down. Cook, a little coffee. Have you two mess kits? Fill them up full and give these prisoners something to eat."

The general beamed through his spectacles and moved his jaws as though he champed upon a bit. The chow details that had been in such a hurry a few minutes before now lingered. They were intensely interested in the prisoners, and if the general was going to question them, it would be worth braving the rage of the platoons for a late breakfast.

"Where'd yuh get 'em?" they whispered to the guard.

"Out in front o' the Second Platoon. They was in a hole, with a big kind of a horn. Goin' to listen to what we said in the trench. Huh! Sergeant Shannon seen 'em run in there an' thought it was a couple of our lads goldbrickin'. So after stand-to he goes out to give 'em a kick in the spine an' here it's these two. They come in like lambs. Shannon was lucky. He didn't have no gun on him or nuthin'."

"Gee, what if they'd put up a scrap?"

"Scrap? Them? Huh!"

All looked at the prisoners. They ate ravenously. They had hash, bacon and potatoes left from last night's supper. The cook, at the general's orders, put sugar at their disposal and opened a can of condensed milk for their coffee. The Germans ate the sugar direct, as one would eat soup. They smiled. A second mess kit heaped high with hash was put before them. It melted like snow.

Suddenly an officer stepped forward. He had been hidden by the others until now, but the instant the chow details saw him they hastily took hold of milk can and hash pan, slung their bandoliers of bread over their shoulders and made to depart. The officer was Lieutenant Claflin, commanding the company.

He was a young man, neatly and carefully clothed, even in the mud and filth of the trenches. There was always a gentle fragrance of barber shop about him, hence the name Florida Water.

"What are you men doing here?" he barked at the chow details.

"We're goin', sir," answered the man in charge of the machine gunners, y-cleped Johnny.

"Well, git!"

They went solemnly down the wooden steps into the trench, and so away, clanking the milk cans and beseeching one another not to let no mud fall in the hash.

"Now let's talk to the prisoners," began the general. "They seem full of food and contentment. Get me someone that speaks German."

There was a stir among the officers. There were present the aide, the regimental commander and adjutant, the battalion commander and his adjutant, and Lieutenant Claflin. They all looked at the last.

"Well, Mr. Claflin, haven't you a German-speaking man here?"

"No, sir, I'm afraid I haven't."

"Well, why haven't you?" demanded the general irritably.

The lieutenant remained mute. The general glared around, but no one met his eye.

"Mr. Bates," he barked to his aide, "I want you to begin the study of the German language as soon as we return to quarters! I'll hold you responsible for being able to speak the German language fluently this time next month See to it! Make a note of it! Now I suppose I've got to explain all this myself. What earthly good any of you are —— I not only have to think of a plan but carry it through myself. Ur-r-r-ah!" He cleared his throat and champed the bit for some time, then he arose and approached the prisoners, who leaped to their feet and stood with stiffly bent backs at his approach.

"U'm come with me." He beckoned them to follow. "Cook, where are your stores?"

The cook led him to a sort of ancient choir loft. Here he lifted a tarpaulin and the general invited the prisoners by signs to draw near and look. There were sacks of potatoes there, crates of onions, of oranges and apples, row after row of cans of jam, of marmalade, of condensed milk, and an opened box with little sacks of sugar laid there side by side, all in a row like fat little pigs. The general picked up a can of jam and handed it to the tall prisoner. He gave a can of condensed milk to the short one. He gave each a handful of dried apricots, tore off a banana apiece from a nail, and gave each a bag of makings from the cook's own private carton that happened to be there.

"Where are the turkeys?" asked the general

The cook swept back another tarpaulin and the prisoners caught their breath. Stretched out on the combined shelter halves of the entire kitchen detail was double row after double row of beautiful white plump turkeys. The cook had taken them out of the box in which they had been shipped and had left them there to regain as much as they could their natural shape. The two prisoners all but wept at the sight.

"Now," smiled the general, leading the way back to the kitchen, "you—muchos amigos là bas?"

The prisoners came to attention again, arms extended and fingers joined.

"Never mind that," said the general, "listen! Là bas, amigos—vous?"

The last four words he uttered in a very loud key, as though by shouting he could make himself understood.

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"They Come In Like Lambs. Shannon Was Lucky. He Didn't Have No Gun on Him or Nuthin'"

THE END OF THE STEEL

By Arthur Hunt Chute

CANADA, bounded by the Atlantic and the Pacific, is marching toward her third ocean—the Arctic.

In the autumn of 1929 the Hudson Bay Railway, now under construction, will reach tidewater at Fort Churchill and a new highway will be added to the trade routes of the world.

"The end of the steel" has been an epic phrase in the history of railroading. When steel enters the body it means death to the body; likewise when it enters the wilderness it means death to the wilderness. The spectacle of this latest sword thrust of civilization north of fifty-eight presents a picture of young Canada engaged at the stupendous task of rolling her map back to the north.

After a journey to the bay, I have come out with the feeling that the dominion's lodestar is not westward but northward. The strongest impression which has come to me from this frontier is that an empire of wheat to the south may even yet be supplemented by an empire of minerals to the north, which, taken together, will serve to give depth to the Canadian nation.

Yesterday, New Ontario was referred to as "the land of the stunted poplar." Today, in this once despised region, they have a mine that has produced more than $200,000,000 in gold. What has happened in Northern Ontario and Northern Quebec is beginning to be repeated in Northern Manitoba and Northern Saskatchewan. Underlying this whole area is the Pre-Cambrian shield, a treasure house of metals which has hardly yet been touched.

The year 1928 may stand out as the one when capital first awakened to the call of the New North. Following the advancing steel, already Wall Street has begun to invest millions here. In this alone may be found ample justification for the building of the Hudson Bay Railway, although such development did not enter into the earlier vision. For the pioneers, the great dream was that the Northwest Passage, long sought for, should at last become an actuality.

There are three great waterways into the heart of North America—the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence and Hudson Bay. As an avenue of commerce, the last was at one time most important. All H. B. C. posts were formerly tributary to the bay; all trails that carried fur led thither. With the challenge of the Nor'-westers gradually the bay gave way to the St. Lawrence. Now the pendulum is swinging back.

A Tractor Train

A Western Gateway

THIS Hudson Bay route is the shortest possible course from the prairies to Liverpool, following approximately a segment of a great circle between these points. Its advantages have been discussed by public men and the press ever since the Northwest Territories were acquired by Canada from the Hudson's Bay Company in 1869.

The "Great Company" used this gateway successfully for over two centuries. The first military force and the first permanent settlers in what is now Manitoba came in this way. Viewed from the British Isles, it seemed by far the most direct route into the Canadian Northwest. In the natural course of events the reopening of the ancient highway was bound to come when the exports of the interior became sufficiently great to force their way to the sea by the shortest channel.

Western Canada's present serious handicap is not in ocean mileage but in the extent of rail haul to reach the seaboard. A glance at the map shows that Hudson Bay is strategically situated for the purpose of providing a direct outlet for the prairie wheat fields.

A Dog Team at Port Nelson, on Hudson Bay

Montreal and Churchill are practically the same distance from Liverpool, approximately 3000 miles, but Churchill is far nearer the prairies. The saving via Churchill is as follows: Regina, 1050 miles; Saskatoon, 1175 miles; Edmonton, 1100 miles; Prince Albert, 1300 miles. When it is taken into consideration that this saving is principally in respect to rail haul, it can readily be seen what benefit will accrue to the western farmer by shipping over the shorter route.

As to time element, grain from western points will take upon an average of one month to reach the St. Lawrence, whereas the haul to the bay would cover not more than ten days, affording the northern route a gain of about three weeks. With a Canadian wheat crop of 500,000,000 bushels to be delivered, time bulks large in the eyes of the West.

Another important advantage which the Hudson Bay route has over other routes is in connection with the shipment of cattle. Wild stock raised on the prairies do not take kindly to transport by rail. The long journey to seacoast is a severe strain on the cattle business. The Vancouver-Panama route is considered impossible for such shipments to the old country. The St. Lawrence route, owing to long rail haul, involves serious depreciation. Authorities contend that on the Hudson Bay route, owing to comparatively short rail haul and cool ocean voyage, cattle will arrive at their destination in far better condition.

The Government Carries On

IN THE election of 1896, Sir Charles Tupper came out strongly in favor of building the Hudson Bay Railway. During succeeding years, by means of expeditions, surveys and committees of parliament, extensive investigations were made into the feasibility of the scheme.

Actual construction on the railway and terminals was started in 1911. The entire roadbed of 424 miles was completed, three bridges built, and steel was laid to within ninety-two miles of Nelson, when the work ceased.

The statement is frequently made that a halt was called on account of the war, which is not correct, as operations were accelerated from '14 to '18, and were not finally discontinued until about the time of the signing of the Armistice. Probably the government had in mind this added means of transport for men and supplies.

During the period of reconstruction, the dominion was overextended in railways, hence new commitments were held in abeyance. But as conditions came back to normal, with increasing prosperity, agitation for the completion of the H. B. R. became more and more aggressive.

After almost ten years of inaction, following the termination of activities in 1918, construction has been actively resumed by the government. The work so far has not been relet to contract, it being felt that greater expedition and more satisfactory results could be obtained by direct use of the construction and engineering forces of the Canadian National Railways. While this is the case, the undertaking is again a departmental responsibility of the government, and the capital stock and other

accounts connected with the undertaking have been transferred from the books of the Canadian National Railways to the Department of Railways and Canals.

The total cost of the Hudson Bay Railway and terminals to date has been $28,333,711.40, of which $21,161,178 is applicable to the railway, $6,274,582.64 to terminals at Nelson, and $897,950.76 to terminal work at Churchill.

Of past years' expense on reconditioning, $849,651.85 was for ties, $428,377.41 for track laying and surfacing, $289,783.56 for shops and engine houses, $262,838.30 for bridges, trestles and culverts, $229,069.75 for ballast, $196,465.99 for rails, $99,455.69 for water stations, $97,946.12 for grading, $73,909.24 for telegraph and telephone lines, $69,597.87 for track material other than rails, $68,448.63 for equipment, $62,560.75 for engineering, $32,333.10 for fuel stations, and the like.

The One Dark Cloud

FUTURE estimates for completion of the road call for an outlay of $7,543,000, and a further sum of $8,450,159 for the new terminal at Churchill, which will bring the total outlay to over $44,000,000. To which must be added aids to navigation in Hudson Bay and Straits, which will be necessary before these uncharted and unlighted waters can become a fit highway of commerce. Some $850,000 is being spent this year on flying patrols of the Straits to learn of ice conditions. One authority has ventured that the railway, terminals and seaward approaches will cost the Canadian Government at least $50,000,000 before the route is opened up.

The building of the railway itself is plain sailing. There are no great engineering difficulties such as Van Horne encountered in the hard rock north of Lake Superior. The country is generally flat, the cuttings few, the gradings easy. In deciding on Churchill as the ocean terminal a vexing issue has been settled. The one dark cloud yet remaining upon the sky line is the question of the navigability of the Straits.

The New Right of Way Being Cleared to Port Churchill, March 1, 1928

The Hudson Bay route, functioning in its entirety, has two distinct aspects. The landward aspect is now clear. The seaward aspect is where doubts assail. Here the severest testing will be met with. Other obstacles can be overcome. What man's ingenuity may accomplish when pitted against Arctic ice is as yet problematical.

According to a special committee of the senate which reported in 1920, it is recorded "that the season of navigation under present conditions is at least four months in length, and may by reason of improvements in aids to navigation be considerably increased."

H. B. C. officials, skippers and others whom I interviewed in the north were inclined to consider this report of the senate overdrawn, while dire prophets were heard on the evils that would befall when grain ships started to run the gantlet with the ice. Investigation is now concentrating on this problem.

Before active measures could be devised, first-hand knowledge was essential. To this end the government decided on a daily patrol of the doubtful area for a distance of 500 miles. In June, 1927, six flying officers and necessary staff were sent north and three flying bases were established, with radio stations at each base to report daily to Ottawa on ice conditions.

The Straits have been under observation by these pilots aloft in their cockpits for months. There were no signs of ice by the first of November. Late in November a patrol northward into Fox Channel returned with information that an ice pan was slowly drifting southward. Not until the first of December did it reach the Straits. By December tenth airmen reported large pans blocking the western entrance.

Everything was open at least until December tenth. Thus the air patrols proved that the navigation of the Straits continued last season almost as long as the Great Lakes. This information was greeted with enthusiasm by western boosters. But the meteorological department regards last year's happenings as somewhat phenomenal, since the accustomed ice did not come down from Fox Channel, and, further, the winter up there was one of the mildest on record. In this there is a warning to guard against an oversanguine view. The real proving will come when the grain ships have started to clear in and out. With increasing interest in the Hudson Bay road, I determined to go over the route myself and learn what I could of the situation at first hand. Plans were completed for an expedition over a year ago, but the freeze-up came early, preventing a passage down the Nelson River by canoe. This season, in order to get in before the rush began, I committed myself to the winter mode of travel.

My first objective was the Pas, southern terminus of the new railway. We left Winnipeg one morning and arrived there the next, a short journey, but on getting off the train it seemed as though we had traveled back to the days when Canadians were the Lords of the North, the Lords of the Lakes and Forests. Instead of motor cars at the station, a string of dog teams, while distance appeared as nothing with a white blanket of snow stretching on and on to infinite horizons.

The Pas is a thriving town, with a considerable trade in fur and fish, a large lumbering industry and a floating population engaged in railway construction, mining, trapping and prospecting. It is well supplied with schools and churches and has a powerful wireless station. Among the local industries is a sawmill which cuts over 50,000,000 board feet during a season, maintaining 1000 men in the woods for winter operations.

Beyond the Steel on the Road to the Bay

Walking down the principal street, the number of banks attracts especial attention, indicating a business importance hardly attributable to a place of this size. But you aren't in the Pas long until you learn that things are beginning to happen. In December this gateway to the north had a population of about 1200; in March it had crossed 4000. Every train and aeroplane that arrives swells the numbers.

At the Opasquai Hotel you are lucky to get a shakedown with four fellows in a single room—one or two may have the bed, the others can have the floor.

Restaurants and billiard rooms are jammed at all hours. Town lots have jumped from $500 to $5000. The reason for this boom is not far to seek. North of the Pas is located one of the largest unexploited mineral areas in North America, coming into prominence by such properties as Flin Flon and Sherritt-Gordon mines. According to the present outlook the Flin Flon project may ultimately cause the spending of $66,000,000 in six major developments, as follows: (1) Flin Flon smelter and associated mining equipment, backed by the Whitney interests of New York; (2) Sherritt-Gordon smelter and associated equipment; (3) White Mud Falls hydroelectric development; (4) White Mud Falls pulp mill; (5) Flin Flon railway; (6) Flin Flon transmission line. The minerals which will be produced in quantity from this area are copper, zinc, gold and silver.

There are only two subjects of discussion at the Pas—the latest report from the end of the steel and the still more breathless news from the mineral area. By dog team, by plane, by snowmobile and afoot, prospectors are continually returning from staking claims, while parkaclad figures stand on various corners discussing the latest find.

An Augury for Canada

THE office of the register of mines is working double shift. No less than 700 claims were staked during the month I spent there. With the break-up, over 1000 prospectors will move out of here on the last great stampede.

Lionel Moore, secretary of the Pas Prospectors Association, tells me that there is a legend in the west that whenever a bridge is built across the Saskatchewan you may know that big things are about to happen. Mr. Moore has always found this a lucky hunch; so

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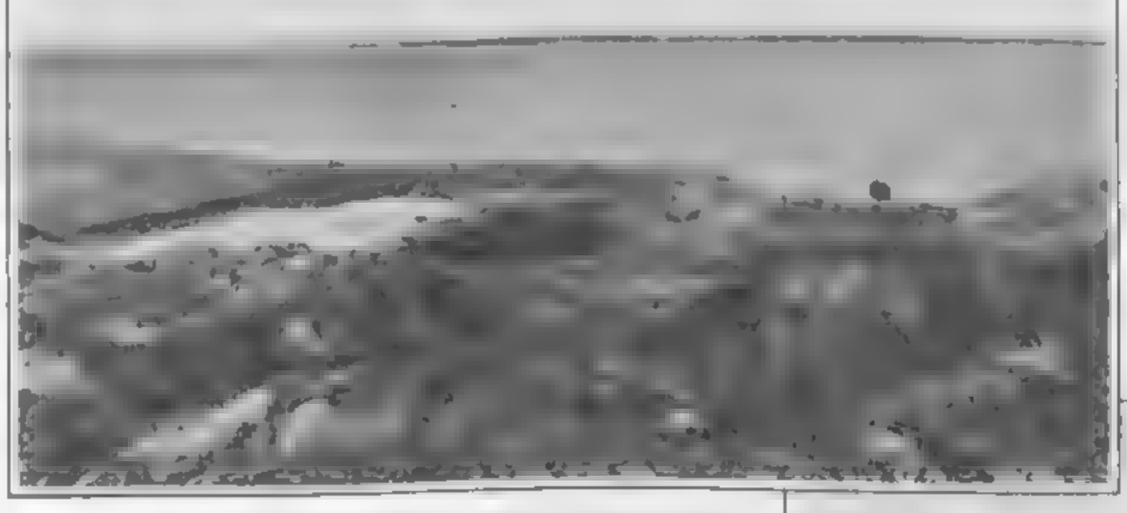

Port Churchill Harbor, Showing Calm Water and Complete Protection During a Gale

Looking Downstream From Port Nelson

EGBERT, HATH-WROUGHTER

By SEWELL FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

THE cash reserve being down to a dollar-eighteen and the carburetor sputtering for lack of gas, it was a question whether to take in five gallons and roll on or hang up at this Twin Maples filling station, feed the inner man and brace the boss for a job. Nice-looking outfit, too tanks painted up slick, four overnight shacks across the road in the field, soft-drink stand all green and white, and a Meals sign hung from the porch of the old farmhouse. From the neat yard and the flower beds, I judged they might be good meals. So I blew the horn.

I'd honked three times before this long-faced old boy in overalls showed up with a spade over his shoulder. Never did see such a sour mouth and such gloomy eyes.

"Been buryin' good old Fido?" I asks.

"Hey?" says he

"Or has the fam'ly cow passed on sudden?" says I.

"What you want?" he growls.

"How about one of them meals like mother used to cook?" says I.

He grunts something about its not being dinnertime yet, but maybe I can get eggs.

"I'll take a chance on a pair of fresh laid," says I. "Lovely view you get from here, ain't it?"

"Huh!" says he.

"Them must be the White Mountains off there, eh?" I goes on. "Kinda grand, ain't they, piled up that way, one shoulderin' the other? You can just stand here and get an eyeful any time you want, can't you?"

"Got something else to do but gawp at mountains," says he.

"Big mistake," says I. "Always drink in beauties of Nature when you can. Now take them apple blossoms out there, like a pink-and-white cloud drifted down from the sky to get tangled up in that old tree. Gorgeous, ain't they?"

"What of it?" says he. "Just gnurly russets when they get ripe—not even fit for cider. And if you want them fried eggs, better step to the front door and tell the women-folks. Maybe you'll get 'em and maybe you won't."

"Cheerful about it, ain't you?" says I.

"Don't aim to be cheerful—not with so many young Smart Alecks around," says he.

"Tutty-tut, uncle," says I. "Don't go takin' dislikes so offhand. Why, I bet if we was to pal around a while you'd be just crazy about me."

"If anything would drive me crazy, that would," says he. "I like fresh young whippersnappers just the same as I do horseflies."

"And you livin' right here among all these beauties of Nature!" says I. "Now see here, uncle, if ——"

"I ain't yer uncle!" he snaps.

"Might not be long now," says I. "I'm thinkin' of adoptin' one and you ——"

"Stop chatterin' at me," says he.

"Call that chatterin'?" says I. "Why, I ain't hardly begun. Say, you ought to hear me when I really open up."

I Looks Past Luella's Left Ear and There Stands Her Pa

"Don't mean to," says he. "Talk, talk, talk! I bet that's all you're good for, and that's nothin' at all. No, I don't like the sound of your voice, and I don't like your face, nor anything about you; and if you've changed your mind about them eggs ——"

"I ain't," says I. "And when I've had 'em we'll have a real chat, eh, uncle?"

I left him gaspin' and walked up to the front door of the farmhouse to see if the old lady was as much of a crab as he was. She wasn't. A round-faced, dumpy-built old girl with faded blue eyes and kind of a patient smile. Yes, she guesses I can have some eggs. And wouldn't I like some coffee and maybe a few doughnuts?

"Well, you sit right down there in the rocker for a minute or two," she says, "and while Luella's laying the table —— Luella! Oh, Luella!"

Well, say! She was something to rest your eyes on—Luella. Not that I'm apt to go twistin' my neck after every girl who drifts by or go fussin' around 'em. Wouldn't be much use with my freckled mug and monoplane ears and general slab-sided build. I might pass for a sheik durin' an eclipse of the moon, but not otherwise. And I don't know as Luella would be rated a reg'lar Sheba by some, either. Looked mighty good to me, though. A little on the husky, I admit, but her curves were all well placed, and with that creamy-white face just touched up with apple-blossom pink in the cheeks, and all that butter-colored hair wound in braids around her head, and them sky-blue eyes with such a pleasant, peaceful look in 'em—boy, but I did fall for her! She's wearin' a pink-and-white-checked dress, too—peppermint pink—and that's my favorite color scheme. So, all in all, I knew right then that this Twin Maples place was where I was gonna hang my hat for a spell, even if her old man did have an acetic-acid disposition. And she hadn't any more'n put down a plate before I'd turned on the conversation.

"Some view you get through your windows here, ain't it?" says I.

"Why, yes, I suppose it's real nice," says she, sort of soft and shy.

"Nice!" says I. "It's too spiffy for words; all that stretch of green fields runnin' off to them green hills, and them mountains beyond liftin' up and up and gettin' bluer and bluer towards the top. Sort of purply blue, like grapes, ain't they?"

"Why, so they are," says she, stoppin' for a look. "I never thought of them that way, though."

"Out where I come from," says I, "I know folks who'd give a million dollars to have a view like that from their front windows. Sabina, Kansas. Flat as this table far as you can see. Well, six or eight miles south there is a little rise of land they call a hill, but if it wasn't for the grove of cottonwoods on top, you'd hardly know it was there. But them! Say, they're the real thing. Kind of get me, mountains do; make me feel sort of solemn and tingly—here. I could just look and look. Changin' all the time, ain't they, too? See how that cloud throws a shadow and darkens up the blue? On that high one, just over the apple tree."

"So it does," says Luella, leanin' over so she could look under the shade and coming so close I could feel the warm glow from her pink-tinted cheeks. Hanged if they don't smell like apple blossoms too.

"'Course," I goes on, "they got higher mountains out in Colorado—Pike's Peak, where there's snow nearly all summer—but they're mostly just big rock heaps. Then there's Rainier, up in Washington, that they say was a volcano once. And in the upper part of India, you know, are the Himalayas that are ——"

"Here's your eggs," breaks in mother. "I didn't turn 'em over, but if ——"

"Any way you cook eggs, ma'am, is the right way. Must be," says I.

"Lawzee!" says she, rippling her two chins. "The way some of you young fellows can spread it on. One of them commercial travelers, I expect?"

"No," says I. "Just plain tourist."

"He came clear from Kansas, ma," puts in Luella.

"Want to know!" says ma. "Whatever for?"

"Mostly viewin' the beauties of Nature in this great land of ours," says I, waving the fork around. "Old Mississipp, father of waters, some of the Great Lakes, Niag'ra Falls, the mighty Hudson rolling to the sea, the Berkshire Hills, and

now the grand old Presidential Range towerin' to the clouds."

Ma, she looks at Luella and Luella back at ma. "Most like poetry, ain't it?" says ma.

Luella nods

"Wish we could do that, ma," says she—"see things, I mean."

"There's the open road," says I. "Only have to start and keep goin'. But I know how it is. Didn't I watch 'em go by for three years, goin' East, goin' West, goin' South? And me stuck there in that Sabina garage, grindin' valves, changin' crank-case oil, patchin' inner tubes, workin' a grease gun. All I could see was a few blocks up and down Prairie Avenue, or maybe stretches of wheat and cornfields on Sundays. Now and then I'd get a chance to talk to folks that stopped in for repairs—folks from Iowa, Nebraska, Dakota, bound for Florida, for the Thousand Islands, for Maine. That's what got me in trouble with Olsen, my Swede boss—talkin' to folks. He'd bawl me out for it. Did it once too often too. 'All right,' I tells him. 'You find some deef-and-dumb helper to take my place. I'm through.' And with that I got my tourin' kit together and Us took the road."

"Us?" says Luella.

"Me and the College Widow, out there," and I points to Loping Lizzie, parked under the maples. "She's the College Widow because she's been through nobody knows how many terms at the state university, and some of them Rah-Rahs do use a car rough. Had that fuselage body on her when I bought her in, and it was covered with college wise-cracks. You know—'This car stops for all blondes,' 'Four wheels and no brakes,' and so on. But I painted 'em out, lettered her Spirit of Sabina and put in a new pinion gear. Now I call her Us for short. Not much to look at, but she gets you there."

"All the way from Kansas!" says ma. "And now where?"

I was just bitin' into a doughnut and it was the best I ever tasted—light as sponge cake, only crisp and melty on the tongue, without bein' too greasy. Also I'd been takin' another look at them pink cheeks of Luella's.

"I've about decided," says I, "that this is the end of the road for me. Gonna stay and help pa run the filling station. Well?"

They was swapping looks again. "Why not?" asks Luella of her mother.

Ma shakes her head. "He needs somebody, goodness knows," says she, "but I'm afraid you —— Well, you see, pa's apt to be kind of crotchety, 'specially when his rheumatism is bad, and he don't get along very well with hired hands."

"Oh, he would with me," says I. "Why, just from the little chat I had with him before I came in, I could see that. Yes. And I was tellin' him how I was sure we'd get to be chummy if ——"

Which was when I glanced at the doorway and saw them gloomy eyes glowerin' straight at me. It's pa in person.

"You here yet?" says he. "And talkin' on and on, eh?"

"Tellin' 'em the good news," says I, "about my decidin' to stay as helper."

"Huh!" says he. "You!"

And say, that look I was gettin' would have curdled a can of condensed milk.

"I know," says I. "You got a notion our temperaments wouldn't mesh, but that's all wrong. You may be mistaken about me, but I ain't about you. Not a bit. You can growl all you want to, but you can't hide the fact that you got a kind heart and a noble soul. Shines through like red-flannel undies through a worn seat. And I bet, back of everything, you're as strong for the beauties of Nature as "

"Young windbag!" says he. "You get out 'fore I throw you out."

"Now, pa!" ma protests.

"No, let him have his say," says I. "He don't mean half of it and we'll get down to business in a minute. Now, tomorrow's Decoration Day, ain't it, and you'll have a rush of business on, won't you? Well, that'll give me a chance to show how much I'm worth."

"Not so much as your salt," says he.

"All right," says I. "I get free salt. We'll let the rest ride."

"Expect I'm goin' to wear cotton in my ears the rest of the summer?" says he. "No. I don't want you around on any terms. Won't have you."

"But, Ethan," says ma, coaxin' and smooth, "you know how tuckered out you got every Sunday and holiday last summer, windin' that gas crank and runnin' in and out while you was tryin' to plant your garden. And how they used to pester you nights, honkin' outside when their tanks had gone dry. Now, if you only had somebody who could ——"

"Which is me," says I. "Egbert Allen Bush, Esq., P. F. S. A.—perfect filling station attendant. Thanks, I'll take the job. There's a tourin' car stoppin' out there now. No, don't bother, uncle. I'll give 'em the service with a smile."

At that, I'd never crashed in if it hadn't been for Luella and ma talking him over. And even when he says he'll give me a week's tryout, he's just as sore on me as ever.

"No wages," says he. "I'll see first if you're worth your keep."

"Fair enough, uncle," says I. "Now watch my work; it's gonna be good."

And from then on nobody had to honk for gas. I was there, right in plain sight when they rolled up. Water in the radiator? Yes, sir. How about oil? Lemme wipe that dust from the windshield. Any of the ladies like an ice-cold drink? Say, I all but pulled 'em in off the highway.

When the week was up I had my proposition for him. We'd check his last season's sales and anything I took in over that I'd get a 10 per cent cash credit on in place of pay. 'Course, that was too soft for him to pass up, being a fifty-fifty split on the excess profits.

"Providin' I can stand that everlastin' chatter of yours," he grunts.

"It'll grow on you, uncle," says I. "In time you'll be sittin' around with your ear out, just to hear me talk."

"Huh!" says he.

Well, first thing I did was to fix up a cot bed in the drink stand and hang out a night light. Caught a lot of owl trad that way. Then I got him to have some signs painted

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"You Didn't Forget Me, Did You, Luella?" I Asks. "Why, Egbert!" Says She

A HITCH-HIKING REFORMER

"You—You're Just My Type!" He Said Huskily. "You Make Me Do More Thinking Than Any Other Girl Ever Did in All My Life"

By Booth Jameson

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

WISTFULLY hopeful, the two girls sat on the culvert at the side of the road; knicker clad and with their knapsacks lying beside them, they swung their feet and waited. There were no cars in sight along the lonely stretch of macadam; the autumn sun shone down upon the empty road and the surrounding meadows and deserted hillsides.

"Wish we hadn't taken this short cut," the smaller girl said suddenly. "Wish we never had! The afternoon's half over and we've done nothing but walk for the last two hours. Elise, I wish we had stuck to the main ——"

"Here he comes again." Her friend nodded her head toward what at first appeared to be a slowly advancing black dot, far up the highway.

Zula glanced over her shoulder. "The red-faced thing!" she said. "Where does it get him to waste all that gasoline, just riding himself around? Do you think he'll stop and speak to us this time?"

"Lot of good it'll do him," said Elise—"or us either! He can't give us both a ride on that motorcycle. Oh, look! He's circling around at the crossroads. Now he's coming this way. I wonder what he's after?"

"The red-faced thing!" Zula repeated. "What does he keep going by us for when he knows we can't hitch on to him? Let's hand him the air." Disdainfully she faced the other way.

There was a popping clatter of exhaust as the motorcycle drew near and the red-faced thing resolved itself into a swarthy, blue-uniformed state trooper. He stopped beside the culvert, cut off his motor and braced his feet on the ground; twisting in the seat, he peered back at the crossroads for a moment and then looked anxiously ahead of him. He turned to the girls.

"There hasn't nobody come along this way, has there?" he said abruptly. Both girls sat staring vacantly into the distance; he waited.

"I said you haven't seen nobody, have you?" He spoke louder.

"What?" Elise asked vaguely. "What did you say?"

"There hasn't nothing come by here lately, has there?"

"Where?" said Zula.

"Here!"

"Oh!" she said.

Again he waited; the girls seemed pleasantly occupied with the landscape.

The trooper's complexion became slightly more saffron and his jaws moved restlessly.

"You're a smart one, all right! Listen here," he said harshly: "I want to know if you seen anything come by here. This is duty, see? Now you tell me if you seen ——"

"Yes," said Zula.

"Well, what did you see?"

"Eighteen squirrels, one cow, four sparrows and a spider," she said simply. "Do you always chew gum that way?"

He glared at her, shifted his feet and banged his hands down on the handlebars of his motorcycle.

"I only wish you drove a car!" he said slowly. "If I could only catch you speeding or parking by a fire plug, or maybe even ——" He stopped; she and Elise were laughing at him.

"Would you arrest us, Mr. Officer?" Elise asked.

"Well, I don't —— Anyways, I'm here on duty now. I know you girls are sore and tired, waiting to hitch a ride, but don't take it out on me! I want some information. Has anybody come by here?"

"One touring car. They just looked at us. All men too!"

"Yeah, I seen them." He started his motor. "So long, girls; don't take in no wooden nickels!" With a staccato burst of sound he glided down the road and out of sight.

"The red-faced thing!" said Zula. "Why doesn't the state give 'em cars instead of motorcycles?"

For some time they sat in silence; absently they counted the number of rails in the white fence opposite them, rumpled and smoothed their bobbed hair, and glanced impatiently up the highway. Suddenly Elise bent forward to listen.

"What's that?" she said. "Sounds like a car coming."

With a lazy purr a roadster turned in at the crossroads and came toward them; in color it was definitely yellow, set off by black fenders and black running gear. The absence of a top, its diminutive windshield and long hood at once proclaimed it one of the speed brotherhood warranted to go eighty miles an hour. Its approach was leisurely; owners of such cars sometimes gratify themselves in that manner. Both girls instantly picked up their knapsacks and stepped out on the road, waving their hands; their manner was of confident assurance, a manner well known to all successful hitch-hikers.

The roadster was brought to an easy stop beside them; the driver removed a rough brier pipe from his mouth, leaned over and opened the door. From beneath the turned-down brim of his felt hat he smiled pleasantly.

"Can I give you a lift?" he said politely. "You ladies going my way?"

The girls gave him a quick look; they saw an oldish young man of an agreeable appearance, tastefully garbed for autumn motoring. Elise jumped in beside him and put her knapsack on the floor.

"It's awf'ly nice of you to pick us up," she said, moving over to make room for Zula. "It really is. We'd nearly given up hope of ——"

"Yes, it is," said Zula. She slammed the door and the car started. "We thought we never would get a ride, and we never expected to get one in a car like ——"

"It is awf'ly nice of you!"

"Oh, forget it!" the young man said. "I was just wishing something like this would happen to me. It's such a nice afternoon and I was going along slow to enjoy it. The only thing I wanted, I wanted somebody to enjoy it with me. That's the way I am."

"It's a pretty nice way for us." Elise wriggled back comfortably against the cushions.

"Well, I don't mind; it's a nice way for me, too," he said amiably. "I've just been up the line, looking over some of our distributors, and as usual, they've got their bookkeeping balled up, so I've got plenty of time on my hands. Where are you bound for?"

"Florida," said Zula. "We've been waiting table in Maine this summer and now we're on our way down ——"

"Have you ever been down to Florida?" Elise broke in. "Have you "

"Once," he said. "It's all right, but there's too much competition. Once was plenty. 'Course I didn't lose anything, but I couldn't lay up a nickel."

"Yes, they say it is bad that way," Elise said. "What business are you in?"

"Me?" He glanced sharply at her. "I handle books, wholesale end. Here, let me give you my card." He produced one from his waistcoat pocket.

She examined and passed it to Zula. It read:

LYLE HARMON
PURVEYOR EXTRAORDINARY
OF
RARE OLD BOOKS

"Oh, it's a business card!" said Zula; she seemed relieved. "You're a book agent?"

"Something like that," he admitted. "You're on the right track."

"Then you don't mind if I call you Lyle, do you? I'm Zula Mayers and this is Elise Brenner," she said. "I like people who work and tell you what their work is, and yours must be such interesting work. I'm really terribly int'rested in rare old books and "

"Tell us something about it, Lyle." Elise moved slightly forward, effectually cutting off her friend's view of the driver. "Tell us about what you do."

"Well, I got the books to sell and sometimes people buy 'em; that's all there is to it," he said quickly. "Maybe we'd best hurry on a little; it's getting late "

The yellow roadster surged forward and then settled down to a comfortably fast pace; it seemed to crouch lower as it clung to the banked curves and hummed along the road, giving the girls a feeling of pleasant exhilaration.

"It's simply wonderful!" said Elise, after a mile or two. "How fast can you go, Lyle?"

"Never had it wide open for long at a time," he said, "but we can go a little faster than this." He pulled his hat down firmly on his head and shifted his grip on the steering wheel; instinctively he glanced at the rear-view mirror.

"Don't look back!" he said. The car's speed gradually decreased. "Cop just came out of that private drive we passed; lucky I saw him. He hasn't been after us long enough to pinch us; he may stop us, though."

"Where is he?" Elise moved closer to look in the mirror. "Oh, I see him! I bet he's the one that's been hanging around here all afternoon."

"He is?" the young man said quickly. "What's he been hanging around for?"

"I don't know exactly. Just before you came he stopped and asked us if we'd seen anyone go by, and ——"

"What did you tell him?"

"I said we'd seen one touring car, all full of men - "

"How many men?"

"Five," said Elise. "We couldn't get even a smile out of them. They just ——"

"They go this way?" Harmon was crisply inquisitive.

"Well, yes, they did," she said. "Why? Were you expecting to meet somebody along this road?"

"No," he said shortly. "No, I wasn't. Take it easy now; here comes the cop."

The motorcycle whirred by and slowed down in front of the roadster; with one hand the state trooper motioned them to stop. Harmon pulled over to the side of the road as he was ordered and the trooper circled round and drew up alongside.

"This here is not no race track," he said, severely unmindful of the girls. He took a notebook from his pocket. "What name?"

The young man quietly handed him a card. The trooper examined it uncertainly, walked to the front of the car to make a note of the license plate, and came back to the side of the driver. It was evident that his professional manner was merely a manner; he had something on his mind. In silence he fingered his notebook and Harmon's card, and finally pocketed them; he hitched up his belt, which supported a heavy service automatic, and slowly rubbed his chin.

"I guess I have to let you go this time," he said finally. "But don't think you're always goin' to get by with that fast drivin'; not on my beat! Suppose'n I hadn't stopped you; you know what might of happened?"

"No," said Lyle. "What?"

"Why—why, you might of run smack into somebody! There's a car stalled in front of the narrow bridge around the next corner. Suppose'n you'd smacked into them well, that wouldn't of been—very handy."

The old young man looked at him thoughtfully and then stared down the road as if he were trying to see beyond the wooded curve ahead. He straightened himself in the seat and fastened his gloves.

"You're right," he said easily. "Maybe I was going a little too fast. Whose car is it that's stalled? Anybody I know?"

"I didn't ask 'em their names." The trooper prepared to depart. With a downward kick he cranked his motorcycle. "Don't know their names," he shouted above the noise, "but one of 'em looks like a guy named Bernie Jordan!"

"Thanks, buddy!" Harmon nodded

"Don't thank me!" the trooper said. "I'm put here to keep the peace." Suddenly he glanced at the girls and grinned. "You two mind what I told you, and don't take

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"Don't Shout; it Makes Your Nose Red," Said Lyle

SWORDS AND ROSES

The Good Fighter—By Joseph Hergesheimer

The Capture of Fort Donelson

GENERAL Nathan Bedford Forrest was a legacy to the Civil War from the American frontier. He was born in the deep South and fought for the Confederacy, but he belonged, by tradition and spirit and habit, to all the United States. He was native to it in a sense that was uncommon even in 1860; Forrest spoke with an early American idiom—to the end of his life he said fit when he meant fought, he said mout instead of might. Betwixt and fetch were frequent in his vocabulary. "I never see a pen," he once said, "but what I think of a snake." His written order at Brice's Crossing is a perfect expression of provincial simplicity. "Tell Bell to move up and fetch all he's got." That valid color of speech has been lost; education and the infusion of other languages than English have killed it; it was killed by the destruction of localities of men and habits, and of place. Forrest was fortunate:

He was born on the thirteenth of July, 1821, in a log cabin, a frontier settlement, of what then was Middle Tennessee. The cabin was primitive even for cabins; it had but one room with a shallow loft, an end was filled by a great fireplace, there were two doors swinging on wooden hinges at the middle of opposite walls, and there were no windows.

Light and air came through the chinks of hewn cedar logs and down the wide chimney. Outside there was a patch of cleared land—a very few acres—inclosed with a straight stake fence of cedar; short inner fences divided the yard at the rear from a garden and a young orchard containing peach and apple trees, pears and plums. A public road ran by the yard, so newly cut through the forest that the stumps and roots of trees had not been removed.

For three generations Nathan Bedford Forrest's family had followed the restless course of pioneers. Shadrach Forrest moved from Virginia in 1740 to the colony of North Carolina. There he married and lived and reared a large family of children. Nathan, his second son, wedded a Miss Baugh, of Irish descent; in 1806 they removed to Tennessee and two years later settled in the Duck River country, then Bedford County; their first child, William, who became a blacksmith, was General Forrest's father. But that, today, is a wholly misleading statement: blacksmiths where they exist at all are regarded as meritorious but rather unimportant members of society. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, when William learned his trade, they were both important and highly esteemed. Early in the 1800's no free American was inferior save in morality or industry. Outside a few cities, a few plantations, there was small consciousness of social differences; there literally was no leisure class. No rich men existed whatever, and where there is no rich there is no poor. Where there is no money, but only labor, labor in the place of money is the measure of personal weight and social importance.

William Forrest was following his vocation when, in 1820, he married Marian Beck. Only a little is known about him. General Forrest's mother was Scottish in blood; her family had emigrated from South Carolina to Caney Springs, near the Duck River. She was almost six feet tall, with a powerful, muscular frame and weighed a hundred and eighty pounds. Her hair was dark, her eyes blue-gray; she had prominent cheek bones and a wide forehead; her face was deeply lined and her expression, her voice, were gentle. Bedford Forrest cherished for her an immeasurable affection.

His boyhood was happily obscure; he had great physical courage and an indomitable will; when he was a child—like the infant Hercules he killed a tremendous snake. In Bedford's case it was a rattlesnake. He rode skillfully—mostly bareback—but once, suddenly attacked by dogs, his horse pitched him through the air. He landed disconcerted, but on his feet, the dogs fled, and long afterward Forrest insisted that that was his first lesson in the value of direct assault. When he was sixteen his father died and the burden of supporting the family fell upon him: he labored with his brothers at clearing land; he raised corn and wheat, oats and cotton, and supported a drove of cattle and various other stock.

Bedford toiled all through the day, and at night sat up making buckskin leggings and shoes and coonskin caps for the smaller boys. Nearly everything, then, was homemade; his mother and sisters spun yarn and cotton thread; they wove cloth on wooden looms and cut and sewed together clothing.

In 1841 Bedford Forrest joined a company of volunteers who offered their services in the Texas struggle for independence. There is a description of him, by General James R. Chalmers, at that period. "A tall black-haired and gray-eyed youth, scarce twenty years of age, who then gave the first evidence of the military ardor he possessed." The company arrived at New Orleans; many of the volunteers, soon discouraged, returned from Louisiana to their homes, but Forrest went on to Houston. He found no need for his presence there; his small store of money was quickly exhausted and he worked on a farm until he was able to go back to the Duck River country.

Emma Jenkom

In 1842 Forrest moved to the northern part of Mississippi, to the town of Hernando, where, joining with an uncle, Jonathan Forrest, he speculated in horses and cattle.

They were immediately successful; every year Bedford added to an increasingly comfortable sum of money. In 1845 a dispute rose between Jonathan Forrest, who was an aged man, and four members of a neighboring family. They brutally shot Jonathan down, and Bedford, alone, instantly attacked them. He was wounded, but not seriously, by a fire of pistols, and with a double-barreled pistol he disabled two; a bystander then put a bowie knife in his hand and the two remaining assailants not only fled but permanently left Hernando. That year—he was twenty-five—he married Mary Montgomery.

He found her on a Sunday morning in a carriage sunk in a mud hole. Two men on horseback were making no effort to assist her, and Bedford Forrest, dismounting and wading through the water and mud, asked permission to carry her to firm ground. He did this; with the driver, Forrest freed the carriage; then, characteristically, he undertook to correct the negligence of the other men. They avoided the promised unpleasantness by riding rapidly away. Forrest introduced himself; he asked permission to call on Mary Montgomery and at once took advantage of her consent. He encountered, on her porch, the elusive gentlemen of Sunday and ordered them off the place; they obeyed with no less haste than before; and at once he successfully proposed marriage.

The sale of negroes at that time had become an important industry in the deep South, and Forrest brought his affairs in Hernando to a close. He removed to the young city of Memphis and became a broker in real estate and speculator in slaves. He was, apparently, an extraordinary slave dealer—when Forrest purchased a negro he delivered him to his body servant, Jeremiah, with instructions to bathe him and put him in fresh, comfortable clothes. It was a fact that his slaves venerated him. He was invariably kind to them.

Bedford Forrest was always engaged in violent personal or impersonal contention: he determined to save a citizen of Memphis from being lynched, and placed himself between the jail and an attacking mob; he stood at the door with a knife held high in his left hand and swore to kill any man who approached him.

He was, ordinarily, grave and dignified; but anger completely transformed Forrest; during paroxysms of rage his face changed color, its capillaries were so charged with blood that he grew bright scarlet; the blood vessels of his eyes were flaming red. His voice became harsh, metallic rather than human. Later, in battle, it could be heard clearly above the massed roar of cannon.

He was elected to the Memphis Board of Aldermen, but resigned to devote all his time to the cultivation of cotton; he had purchased invaluable uncleared cotton lands along the Mississippi River and two wide plantations in Coahoma County. In 1859 he brought his real-estate operations in Memphis to an end and gave up the slave market; two years afterward his properties made a thousand bales of cotton; he had an annual income—tremendous for his period—of thirty thousand dollars.

His distinguishing career, his true justification, began on the fourteenth of July, 1861, when he enlisted as a Confederate private in Captain Josiah White's Tennessee Mounted Rifles. A few days after his enlistment some notable citizens of Memphis proceeded to Nashville, where they conferred with the governor of Tennessee, Isham Harris, and General Leonidas Polk. The result was that Forrest was given authority to raise a battalion of cavalry for volunteer service. He immediately placed an advertisement in the Memphis Daily Appeal:

> Having been authorized by Governor Harris to raise a battalion of mounted rangers for the war, I desire to enlist 500 able-bodied men, mounted and equipped with such arms as they can procure—shotguns and pistols preferable suitable to the service. Those that cannot equip themselves will be furnished arms by the State. When mustered in, a valuation of the property in horses and arms will be made, and the amount credited to the volunteers. Those wishing to enlist are requested to report themselves at the Gayoso House, where quarters will be assigned until such time as the battalion is raised.

Bedford Forrest equipped himself from his own resources; he secretly made a trip into Ohio and Kentucky, where supplies for his battalion might be procured; and while he was absent Capt. Charles May recruited a splendid company in Memphis called the Forrest Rangers. By October he had succeeded in assembling eight companies of mounted volunteers, the battalion was organized, and Forrest elected lieutenant colonel. Before the end of October he was ready for duty. Colonel Forrest and his men—armed principally with double-barreled shotguns—were ordered to the headquarters of General Lloyd Tilghman at Hopkinsville, Kentucky. At the village of Sacramento, however, Forrest decided to overtake and attack a body of Federal cavalry. Riding into action, a Kentucky girl, mounted on a superfine horse, galloped at his side and cheered his rangers on. "Her untied tresses," he wrote in his official report, "floating in the breeze, infused nerve into my arm and kindled knightly chivalry in my heart." He seized a rifle from one of the volunteers and fired the first shot of the engagement.

He charged with no particular order other than a command for his troops to hold all fire until they were within close range; that, he saw at once, was a doubtful method of attack, and he developed his famous movement by flank and rear. Forrest kept back his men on horse, he threw forward a number on foot as skirmishers, and then advanced with his mounted force from points unobserved by the enemy. Single troopers, behind logs and trees and fence corners, kept up a sharp fire, a column swung into view from the right and another fell on the Union left flank. Forrest, standing in his stirrups, his saber in the air, seemed to be a foot taller than any other man in the world. The Federal cavalry broke and fled.

Gunboats in Action at Memphis

At Fort Donelson, leading the advance against Fort Pillow's attacking column, Forrest was in his full accomplished glory: he rode erect and easy at the head of his command, his deep-set eyes alert beneath the wide slightly upturned brim of a soft felt hat. His broad high forehead, his shaggy brows and high cheek bones and bold assertive nose, were all stamped with tenacity. About his ears and neck half curling locks of black hair hung so stiff and stubborn they were scarcely moved by a persistent cold wind. His dark mustache and short beard were solid, gray, with frozen moisture. Forrest's compressed lips, the deep flush over his face, were ominous. A heavy gray overcoat, with a cape, was close-buttoned at his throat and hung to his knees; buckled over it there was a broad black belt, supporting two navy sixes and his long, heavy saber, ground against all military ruling—to a razor-keen edge. His words were few and sharp, like pistol shots.

During the battle a shell crashed through his horse just behind Forrest's leg, and he ran until he came up with his command. He had, throughout the war, twenty-nine horses shot from under him—two at Fort Donelson—one was pierced by seven bullets; at Monterey his horse was killed and Forrest badly wounded in the hip; at Munfordville his horse was shot and his shoulder dislocated from the fall; in the second engagement of Dover two horses were killed under him; at Thompson's Station, Roderick, his favorite war mount, was slain; in the pursuit of Colonel Abel Streight, of Indiana, three of his horses were shot; at Chickamauga, Highlander, another cherished horse, was killed; at Rossville his horse was shot through the neck in a charge, and Forrest, realizing that the animal was rapidly bleeding to death, held his hand over the wound until he reached a place of comparative safety. A second horse was killed in the same action, and Forrest continued on King Philip, a large dapple-gray animal, slow as a dray horse except in the excitement of battle. King Philip was wounded several times at Okolona, but he survived the war; he was with Forrest when he surrendered. At Fort Pillow he had two horses killed and a third wounded; at Plantersville his mount was fatally wounded; at Selma another was slain.

General Forrest Leading His Cavalry Through the Storm

General Bedford Forrest was not a soldier in Lee's elevated sense, he had none of Beauregard's formal military splendor, he was without Albert Sidney Johnston's fine melancholy humanity. Forrest was simply a good fighter. There wasn't a better fighter in the North or South. He was, at the same time, an able and successful leader; Forrest was not innocent of tactics or empty of thought; but sheer battle changed him into a simple and terrible agent of destruction. He was totally without caution.

Early in the war he was so disdainful of ordinary prudence, he was so reckless in personal exposure, that no one thought he could continue to live. His passion of combat was so fierce that he was equally dangerous to his friends and enemies; in battle, however, he owned a genius that rose to meet every emergency. His use of artillery—for example, often moving his guns forward to the skirmishing line—would have been a sheer act of madness in an ordinary commander, but it was overwhelmingly successful with Forrest. "War means fighting and fighting means killing," he repeated again and again. It is a fact that alone and hand to hand he fought and routed thirty Union soldiers. It is probable that, in all the wars of the world, no commanding officer ever killed so many enemies.

Forrest was especially ruthless with any form of cowardice: at Murfreesboro he shot the color bearer of a stampeding regiment and rallied the troops. In a fight near West Point he jumped from his horse and with his stick thrashed a trooper who had left the line. All his officers were ordered to shoot any man who flickered. He was fully appreciated in the Union Army. Sherman said, "Keep Forrest away from me, and I will attend to Johnston and cut the Confederacy in two." He was strictly temperate; he never

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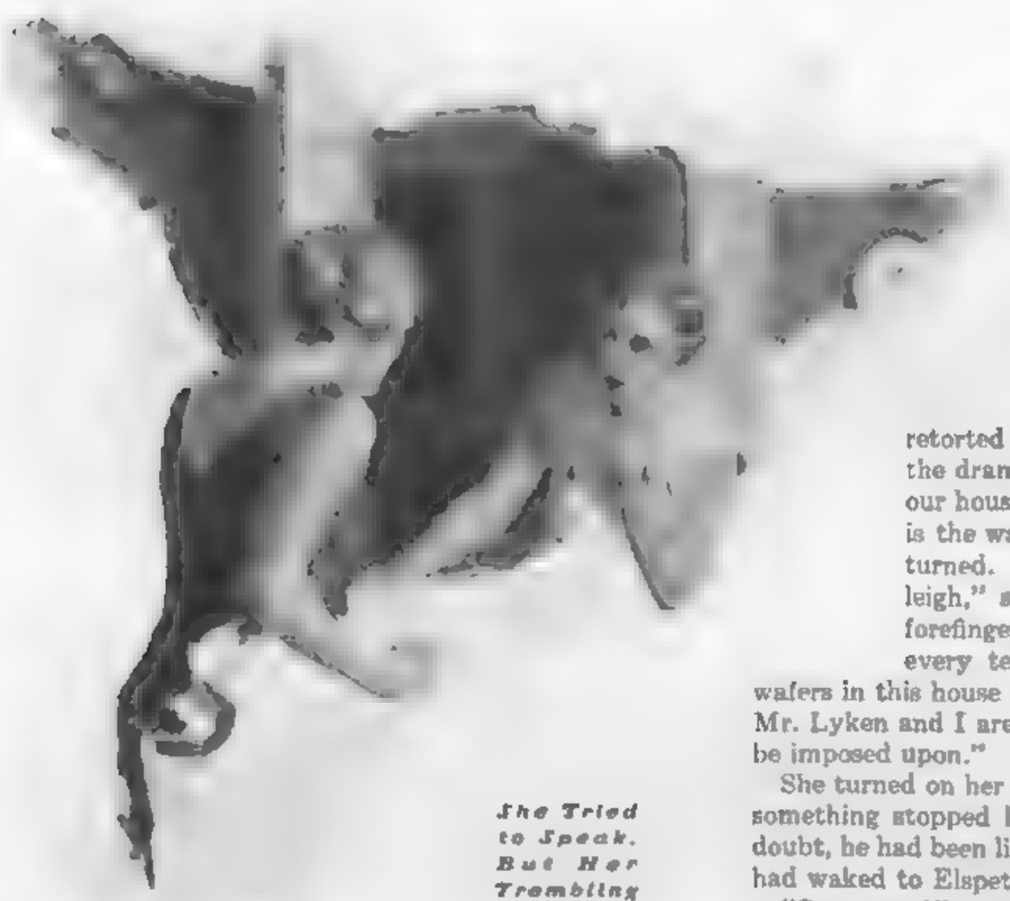
The Retreat of the Confederates From Shiloh

ELSPETH COMES OUT

By CORINNE LOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK



She Tried to Speak. But Her Trembling Lips Would Make No Movement

V

THAT look between Elspeth and the young man was broken by quick, hard footsteps in the corridor leading to the kitchen. In a moment the staccato step had brought Mrs. Lyken to the doorway. She was attired in a negligee of rose-colored chiffon, and this served to make her appearance more terrifying. Those billows of chiffon were like rosy clouds streaming back from some furious night train, and they gave us the sense that she was racing upon us. For a moment she neither spoke nor moved. Then, advancing several steps, she pointed to the three figures on the floor.

"What does this mean?" asked she.

The question was directed to Harleigh, but it was Captain Endicott who answered. "These young men I happened to see just in time," explained he quietly. "They were almost gone when I picked them up."

"And you dared to bring them here in this condition?" cried she in a voice that lashed the silent room.

The old sea captain met her eyes staunchly. "I supposed you would be glad to have a hand in saving the lads," he returned in a low tone. "I am sure that Mr. Lyken would have told me to do as I did."

"How dare you tell me what Mr. Lyken would have wanted?" she returned. "Why do you suppose he pays you five thousand dollars a year—to do work like this? . . . And just see what a mess you've made of the kitchen," she added, pointing indignantly to the tracks of muddy shoes on the imported tiles.

Until this moment I had not dared look at Elspeth. Only during the silence that followed this last speech did I venture a glance at the girl's face. When I did so I was startled by its pallor. From the collarless line of the brocaded pajama jacket to the line of the soft yellow-brown hair every trace of color had disappeared.

Meanwhile Mrs. Lyken's eye had fallen upon the canister of tea which, together with some wafers, had been placed on the table.

"What are these?" she demanded.

Harleigh, who had been watching his mistress with all the serenity of complete spiritual detachment, spoke now for the first time. "If you please, madam," said he, and each tone was like a crisp, cool bit of water cress that he seemed to be laying about the steaming eyes and voice of Mrs. Lyken, "I believe it is customary to administer hot beverages to men who are in such a condition as this," and he indicated the figures on the floor with a wave of his black arm.

"And who has given you permission to use my provisions?" she asked.

"Naturally, madam," returned the butler, still with the same air of garnishing some very hot and peppery dish, "it would never occur to me to give your tea and wafers to everybody, but a bit of a bit to men fairly drowned ——"

Harleigh did not finish his meaning in words. He found a more dramatic rebuke in the long look which he now concentrated upon Mrs. Lyken's negligee, appraised undoubtedly by his practiced eye at its value of five hundred dollars.

"And who are you, to decide where my provisions are to go?" retorted our employer, totally unconscious of the drama in her butler's stare. "No wonder our housekeeping bills are so enormous if this is the way you go on the minute my back is turned. Now understand one thing, Harleigh," she admonished him with a shaking forefinger, "I want no more of this. Hereafter every teaspoonful of tea and every box of wafers in this house is to be accounted for. Just because Mr. Lyken and I are wealthy is no reason why we should be imposed upon."

She turned on her heel, but before she had taken a step something stopped her. From the floor where, without doubt, he had been listening to every word, the youth who had waked to Elspeth's eyes staggered to his feet.

"Stop, you!" cried he, and though he held to the table for support, his word was a roar.

Mrs. Lyken turned sharply about and for a moment the two faced each other mutely across the table on which rested the grudged tea and wafers.

"And who are you?" she asked at last.

"Christopher Lovegrove!" The boy's voice, strangely powerful and vibrant, brought out each syllable as if it were a separate challenge.

Mrs. Lyken knit her brows. "Are you ——" she began.

"Yes, I am," he finished defiantly. "And I'm not ashamed of it, either. My father runs the second-hand furniture place in town and when I'm not in college I help him."

"Indeed!" and Mrs. Lyken turned on her heel.

As he watched her go a second time the boy's tall, broad-shouldered frame shook with rage. Suddenly he let go of the table and, seizing the canister of tea, hurled it on the tiled floor with his entire force.

"There!" cried he, as she wheeled about to face him. "That's what I think of your tea and of everything about you."

It was Harleigh who broke the long silence that followed—a silence during which Matilda Lyken and young Christopher Lovegrove confronted each other with a hatred that usually takes years to perfect.

"Really, Mr.—er—er—Lovegrove," commented the butler dryly as he looked down at the tea leaves scattered in all directions, "I thought they hadn't been holding these tea parties in America since 1773."

His words released all the anger which until this moment had been prisoned in Mrs. Lyken's eyes.

"Put this fellow out!" she cried to Harleigh.

"Put me out!" sneered Lovegrove. "I'd like to see anybody keeping me in."

As he spoke he strode to the door leading outside. For a moment we saw him stand with his hand on the knob and his head downcast. Then abruptly he wheeled about and stared straight at Elspeth. She did not lift her eyes, but as his gaze enfolded her a flush leaped from throat to temples. Seeing that flush, the boy's whole expression changed. He threw his head back against the door and his brown eyes with their bronze lights seemed to be surveying, not Elspeth but invisible and challenging forms about her. And when he spoke it was these forms that he obviously addressed.

"You don't matter—not you—nor you," we heard him whisper, and then very quietly he slipped through the door.

After he had gone I have only a blurred memory of what took place in the kitchen. I remember that my employer, seizing Elspeth savagely by the arm, led her away almost

"How Dare You Tell Me What

instantly. I remember the frightened parlor maid who had been boiling water for the tea sweeping up the leaves dashed all over the floor by Lovegrove's hand. Last of all, Harleigh's face, divided between a superior amusement and a superior disdain, comes back to me. But all these recollections merge into the one unforgettable encounter that followed.

I had been upstairs only about fifteen minutes when I heard a faint knock on the door of my sitting room. I fancied that it must be Harleigh come to ask counsel of me, and when I saw a figure in turquoise-and-silver pajamas I must have stepped back in astonishment.

"Elspeth," whispered I, quite unconscious that I was using her name.

She tried to speak, but her trembling lips would make no movement and, perhaps because of the effort to control them, her whole body began to shake. Without saying another word I put my arm about her and, leading her inside, made her lie down on a couch in my sitting room. Here I tried to cover her, but she shook me off.

"No, no," she whispered through her chattering teeth. With the word another chill shook the long slim body, and her desperate effort to fight it made the tremors more painful to watch. At last she sprang to her feet and stared at me with tragic, drawn brows.

In that instant I saw the change that had befallen Elspeth Lyken. Here was no longer the schoolgirl whom I had met a few weeks before, but the beautiful young being of my later acquaintance. I cannot explain the miracle. I knew only that a new harmony of feature and physique had come to join a deeper look in the turquoise eyes, a more haunting curve of the mouth

"Now you see why—don't you?" Her first words after that long somber look came in two sharp gasps.

I nodded my head and there was another long silence. Then suddenly, violently, she threw herself into my arms and began to sob.

"Say something to me—say something to me!" she kept repeating wildly through those sobs.

I looked apprehensively at the door. Mrs. Lyken's suite was far down the corridor, but the girl's cries were so violent that I feared they would penetrate the entire house.

"Hush, hush," I murmured soothingly and, drawing her head down to my shoulder, I stroked the silky, parted hair. As I did so the sobs died down into a few convulsive indrawings of breath. At last she raised her eyes and looked at me through lashes rayed into starlike points by her tears.

"Thank you," she said in a low tone, and then, with a gesture more touching than any words, she pressed her head more deeply into my shoulder. For a moment she remained so. When she finally drew away, the eyes that looked into mine were exquisitely gentle.

It Was I Who Broke the Spell That Followed

"Do you know," she whispered, "that is the first time anybody has held me like that—since I was a little girl?"

I could find no words in reply, and as I stood there regarding her, the eyes lost their serenity in swiftly knitted brows, in a smile stiff with some hated memory.

"To think of it—even with half-drowned men," she whispered. "Oh, is it any wonder I've always ——" and the fact that she would not say the verb made her admission the more tense.

"No, it isn't any wonder," I returned gravely.

"Oh, but what do you know about it?" she cried with sudden passion. "What if you had been brought up with her, if you had had to know her all your life? I tell you, you can't imagine! Why, always—no matter how lonely and unhappy I've been away at school—do you suppose I ever wanted to come back home—that seeing her was anything but torture?"

"Have you been in school for many years?" I asked.

"Ever since I was eight," she returned grimly. "One school after another—we changed to a more fashionable one every time that father made more money." She paused to regard me for an instant and then, bitterness touching both eyes and mouth, she mused: "I wonder how many girls I've known in my life—thousands, I should say—and do you know they've all been sorry for me? Oh, it's funny"—and here she burst into a peal of hysterical laughter

"I tell you, it's funny—the kind of girls that have been sorry for me. There was one whose father was serving a term in the penitentiary—she went to my first school—and she couldn't get over it—my being so small and deserted. Then there was Molly Kelly at my third school. Molly was blind in one eye and had a curvature of the spine; still—well, I heard her one night saying to a lot of the older girls: 'That poor ugly little Lyken brat. I bet nobody ever loved her in her life. Did you see the way her mother acted the day she brought her here? Why, she couldn't have put her down more quickly if she had been the suitcase with the murdered body!'"

"But your father—didn't he care for you either?" I questioned after a long silence.

She shook her head. "Wait till you see father," she said almost sadly. "He's really not living—no, he's just—well, preserved. Always, you know, he makes me think of one of those men that have fallen into a glacier and when they're found a hundred years afterward look exactly the same as they did the day of the accident." The smile with which she had begun ended here in a look of absolute horror. "Money and mother together—they've been father's glacier. That," she added in a low, breathless voice, "is why I'm so afraid."

"Afraid?" I repeated wonderingly.

"Why not? Do you suppose father was always like this? Not a bit of it. When he was a poor government surveyor out West—oh, he was alive then, I'm sure. He liked danger and he was studying Greek all by himself just because he liked the sound of the words, and—yes, he had some funny harmless little ideas about making the world better. Grandpa's told me all about him then and—oh, don't you see, that's what she does to people—my mother She freezes you—kills you—and then carries you along for the rest of your life—extinct."

For a second the turquoise eyes surveyed me under their somber drawn brows and then suddenly she covered them with her hands.

"I'm caught now," I heard her say in a low choked voice. "She's got me already."

I put out my hand and touched the sleeve of her jacket.

"Nonsense," I reproved her curtly. "You're hysterical—you're all overwrought. There's not the least danger of your ever being like your mother or your father."

"You don't know me!" she moaned. Then, throwing her head back from the bandaging fingers, she stared with wide solemn eyes at a point in the wall. "Nobody can resist her," she said in an awed voice. "If she were just a person it would be different. But she isn't. She's a blind impersonal force. She's the Golden Hoard—she's Success—she's Greed—yes, and she's all the Fears for them." I had time to wonder at the maturity of the girl's mind before she rushed on breathlessly: "Let me tell you something," said she. "You know tonight—when he said who he was—I was disappointed—yes, disappointed. I thought he was something different and to hear that—about the secondhand store—oh, it's just the way mother gets you—being with her all the time." Perhaps I looked somewhat dismayed, even somewhat shocked, for the girl hung her head and stood there a full minute without speaking. "Oh," she resumed at last, "I'm ashamed of myself, but I can't help it. And the worst of it is, I never used to be like that. Did I care whether all the Van Feder Nests and the Armington Squibbses in the world cut me? Why, once last winter when Ellen Van Feder Nest asked me to a party I turned her down. I really didn't care whether I

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Mr. Lyken Would Have Wanted?"

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 22, 1928

Hoover's Speech of Acceptance

HERBERT HOOVER delivered his address of acceptance to an audience of over seventy thousand men and women assembled in the stadium of Stanford University, California. In it principles were mingled with questions of practice, but the dominant note was human. We find the heart of the address in the sentence: "Our purpose is to build in this nation a human society, not an economic system." Prosperity, sought by all, is envisaged in comfort and advancement of men and women, in health and education of children, in moral rather than material values. Sound administration, economic law and progressive legislation are the tools for the perfection of the social state.

Accepting the continuance of protectionism, with growth of population the increasing applicability of the tariff to farm products is made clear. Recognizing that agriculture is not a unity, but rather a vocation whose relations vary from crop to crop and from region to region, the program is enunciated that the rehabilitation of agriculture will not be accomplished when the prewar status is restored. Prosperity and well-being today mean more than before the war, since the standard of living has been elevated; nothing less than full participation in the current standard of living is the right of the farm population.

Postwar losses through deflation, high fixed charges of taxes and interest, increase in costs of transportation, inefficient distribution and destructive competition between farmers are emphasized as factors in farm distress. Increase in tariff duties, modernization of inland waterways, construction of a shipway from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic Ocean and reorganization of marketing are recommended as constructive steps in the rehabilitation of agricultural prosperity. Reorganization of marketing of farm products is urged in a comprehensive program under a farm board, operating with governmental funds, but farmer-controlled.

Significant also is the refusal of the Republican candidate to accept the doctrine of corporate farming. The consolidation needed is not in operation, but in marketing.

The position of Mr. Hoover on prohibition is clear-cut, unequivocal and indubitable. He recognizes the right of citizens to change the Constitution, and it is the legal and political right of opponents of the Eighteenth Amendment, or of any other provision of the Constitution, to work for its repeal. Hoover does not favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Especial emphasis is laid on the point that nonenforcement of any provision of the Constitution through modification of enforcement laws represents a perversive nullification of the Constitution. An organized searching investigation of fact and causes of nonenforcement of police laws and other regulations designed to carry the Eighteenth Amendment into effect is recommended. But such study of the abuse of the law would be for the purpose of effecting enforcement of the law, not for the purpose of modification.

Significant throughout the address, finally, is the appeal for public betterments, physical, moral and spiritual. Humanitarian in tone, devoid of sectionalism and intolerance, the address ranks high in the elements of statesmanship.

Light on Light Wines and Beer

THE agitation over so-called modification of prohibition revolves around a play on words, on the words "light wines and beer." The contention recurs periodically, just now with particular violence, despite the negative pronouncements in the platforms of both parties. From the beginnings of prohibition in this country, the advocates of light wines and beer have made their pleas. The agitation leads nowhere, it seems to us, for several reasons: The courts probably would not sustain the proposed redefinition of permissible alcoholic content of beverages; light wines are not really light; and it is impracticable to separate beer and wine from distilled preparations of the same alcoholic concentration.

Congress has the power to define the permissible alcoholic content of beverages. It could be set at 2.75 per cent, which is the figure that has been commonly suggested. The courts would need to determine whether such a definition conforms to the letter and the spirit of the Eighteenth Amendment. The judicial decision would include a determination as to whether a beverage containing 2.75 per cent of alcohol, taken in customary quantities, is or is not in fact intoxicating.

It is possible, we are told, to make what the public would regard as a beer of customary characteristics with an alcoholic content of 2.75 per cent. Near-beers are made by removing the alcohol from normally alcoholized beers. Whether the proposed beer of 2.75 per cent alcoholic concentration would be made by removing the excess alcohol of the fermented concoction down to 2.75 per cent concentration, or secured by complete fermentation of a mix of raw materials so low in starch and sugar as to yield only 2.75 per cent of alcohol, we are not advised. If, as alleged, the thirsty hanker after the flavor and not after the alcohol, probably the former method would be preferred.

In the case of wine, normal grape juices, when fermented out, yield wines with alcoholic contents ranging from 8 to 14 per cent, usually over 10 per cent. How is it proposed to make wine "light"? Would the alcohol be removed down to 2.75 per cent? Or would the grape juice be so diluted prior to fermentation as to yield only 2.75 per cent alcohol?

In either case the resultant beverage would be regarded by wine drinkers as a sorry mess. In the country districts of Europe it is customary to mix the ordinary wine with two or three parts of water before drinking, but that is a totally different thing from mixing the grape juice with two or three parts of water before fermenting.

Finally, makers of whisky and brandy would be within their rights to urge that whisky and brandy diluted with water to an alcoholic concentration of 2.75 per cent would have essentially the same standing—in court, in toxicology and in common sense—as beer or wine of the same alcoholic content. Many highball drinkers customarily use ten parts of water to one part of whisky. There is no technical reason why whisky or brandy should not be diluted with water down to 2.75 per cent alcohol, bottled and sold. It might not hold the tasty flavor of a freshly made highball, but the vast majority of drinkers of spirits do not swallow highballs for the flavor. To permit a diluted beer or wine to be sold and deny the sale of whisky of the same alcoholic concentration could not be justified. Therefore, a redefinition of permissible alcoholic content in favor of beer and wine, but excluding whisky and brandy, is impracticable.

Thousands of usually sensible and level-headed Americans who ought to know better are impugning the good faith of Governor Smith by expressing the belief that a vote for him will be a vote for the restoration of light wines and beer. Nothing could demonstrate a denser ignorance of our form of government.

No powers to change or modify a law are vested in the President. A recreant Chief Magistrate might, indeed, if he chose to be deliberately false to his oath of office, hamstring the already halting enforcement of existing legislation; but there is nothing to warrant the belief that Governor Smith would so debauch the Presidency.

The wets have a right to their opinions. They have a right to exercise every lawful means to modify prohibition or throw it overboard altogether; but if they are to win respect for their arguments they must abandon loose and muddy thinking and come down to realities. Trying to beat around the bush as so many of them are doing is fatuous and futile.

Emigration of the Unemployed

EVER since the close of the war there has been serious and widespread unemployment in Great Britain. Doles to the unemployed have become as customary as taxes to the classes of means. The dole has been a choice of evils, politically and socially. Year after year it has been hoped that industry would expand, exports increase and the need for doles decline. Finally, a typically British inquiry was got under way and the report of the Industrial Transference Board has been issued. In this report the idea of unemployment as an emergency is dropped; the board has "accepted as a fact the existence of a problem of surplus labor in certain industries, requiring to be dealt with by transfer."

The surplus of workers is in coal mining, shipbuilding and the heavy-metal industries and in textiles. The number of those who must be transferred to other work and to other places is not far short of half a million. These workmen are immobile. Shortage of houses would make transfers difficult, if the men were willing to move and new jobs were available in other places. Most of these men are trained and accustomed to work only along one line. On the side of management, also, is immobility. And many plants need to be modernized before they can hope to produce cheaply enough for the export trade. Except for employment in reforestation under state aid, there is no need for these men on the land. New public works would represent little alleviation; indeed, most of the unemployed are not trained in construction. Since hope is given up that these men may later be reabsorbed in their original industries and work places, emigration seems the only solution.

Emigration is a dominion problem. All the British dominions need immigrants of qualified types. But the men and their families must have the will to go, expenses of transfer must be provided and colonization must be developed by the receiving countries. This all requires organization and coördination between Great Britain and the dominions.

So long as unemployment was still regarded in Great Britain as transient and curable, organizational efforts on that side were faint-hearted. So long as the dominions had no clear idea of the number to be provided for, adequate plans for placing them were not developed. The work of transfer ought now to be sped, since every man sent out means saving of dole in Great Britain and gain in production in the dominion to which he goes.

At the best, the solution will be difficult. Years of dole have weakened the fiber of these men, many of whom were submarginal in their home places. They will not fit readily into the frontier circumstances of the new dominions. But they speak the same tongue, have the same traditions and therefore ought, after a fashion, to adjust themselves to the new conditions.

UNMANAGED CREDIT

By WILL PAYNE

A LOT of highly unsatisfactory things happen in the world—things that are plainly caused by men and not, as our grandfathers would have said, by an act of God. Therefore, they are preventable, for if it is possible for men to do them it must also be possible for men to stop doing them. So every day, but especially in a presidential year, you hear such demands as: Why don't "they" prevent war? Why don't "they" prevent unemployment? Why don't "they" prevent speculation? Why don't "they" prevent low prices for farm products? and so forth. The questions are not unreasonable, for it is clear that men, not God, do the things complained of. But before we can bring remedial pressure to bear on the culprits, it is necessary to find out who "they" are. Suppose we take a comparatively simple, clear-cut case.

It has often been said that next to war the greatest affliction of an industrial nation is widespread, continued unemployment. It makes poverty, discouragement, disunity. It has also often been said that misuse of credit is the greatest cause of boom, slump and unemployment. Credit nowadays is a life breath of business. Liberal extension of credit by governmental agencies decidedly helped agriculture the past dozen years. The high importance of credit inspired H. G. Wells to write an article for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST last spring under the caption, Has the Money-Credit System a Mind? That is one of the things we want to find out.

Last summer money was quite easy in the United States. We held $4,500,000,000 of gold, an increase of $1,800,000,000 in seven years. That was a good deal more than we needed. An excess of gold might lead to inflation, slump and unemployment. But Italy and France wanted to accumulate more gold in order to stabilize their currencies. Other foreign countries wanted some more gold. As there is only so much in the world, if we had too much others would probably have too little. It seemed good policy to encourage an outflow of our unneeded gold to countries that needed it.

Brokers' Loans

THEREFORE, in August the Federal Reserve Banks reduced their discount rates to 3½ per cent in all districts and began to buy government bonds and acceptances in the open market. For every such purchase they gave a credit on their books. A credit on the books of a Federal Reserve Bank counts as legal reserve for a member bank, and enables the member bank to expand loans and deposits in a ratio of eight or ten to one. These operations made money still easier. Money—gold like any commodity, moves from a place where it is cheap to a place where it is dearer.

In September gold was moving out of the United States. In nine months our net exports of the metal were $435,000,000. Italy and France stabilized their currencies on a gold basis. Other countries were strengthened. So far the policy was a brilliant success.

But something else happened. We are the most optimistic and headlong of nations; also—or perhaps consequently—the greatest nation of gamblers the sun ever shone on. Speculators, if you insist on the politer word. Everybody knew there had been a tremendous expansion of industry and of industrial profits the past seven years. Why not in the next seven? There was no particular reason. Money was cheap, credit easy. Swarms of people began, in effect, borrowing the cheap money to speculate in stocks.

From September 1, 1927, when the easier-money policy was getting into effect, to June 1, 1928, more than 560,000,000 shares were bought on the New York Stock Exchange. That was more than 60,000,000 shares a month against only 20,000,000 shares a month in such prosperous, expanding business years as 1922, '23, '24. Loans to brokers in New York, largely to finance this stock speculation, rose from $3,674,000,000 September first to $5,274,000,000 June first, an increase of about 44 per cent.

At the Hub of the Credit Wheel

BY JANUARY last experienced persons were viewing this performance with misgivings. The Federal Reserve Banks advanced their discount rates to 4 per cent; later on to 4½ per cent. They stopped buying government bonds and acceptances in the open market and turned sellers, thereby restricting credit in the ratio of eight or ten to one. There were other warnings. But people were set to buy stocks and kept on buying; literally thousands of people all over the country. They crowded brokers' offices 500 miles, 1000 miles, 2000 miles from Wall Street. I watched them doing it in a small city 1200 miles from New York.

They all had some spare money for margins, but otherwise were of many sorts and conditions. In April and May savings-bank deposits in New York decreased $22,000,000, and savings-bank men attributed that mainly to withdrawals for the purpose of speculating in stocks.

Money for brokers' loans comes from many sources. The New York banks that so often stand for Wall Street in the imagination of the country supply some of it. Out-of-town banks—hundreds of them scattered in all parts of the nation—supply some. The other day I saw the statement of a country bank 1000 miles from New York that had $690,000 in New York brokers' loans. The loans, be it understood, are perfectly good from the bankers' standpoint—that is, safe. Then private banks, corporations and individuals with spare cash on hand, New York agencies of foreign banks and brokers themselves with credit balances furnish funds for call loans.

From January first, when speculation began to seem excessive, to June first the New York banks reduced their loans to brokers by $292,000,000, but all other sources increased such loans by $1,134,000,000. To have prevented the expansion in brokers' loans, then, would have required the

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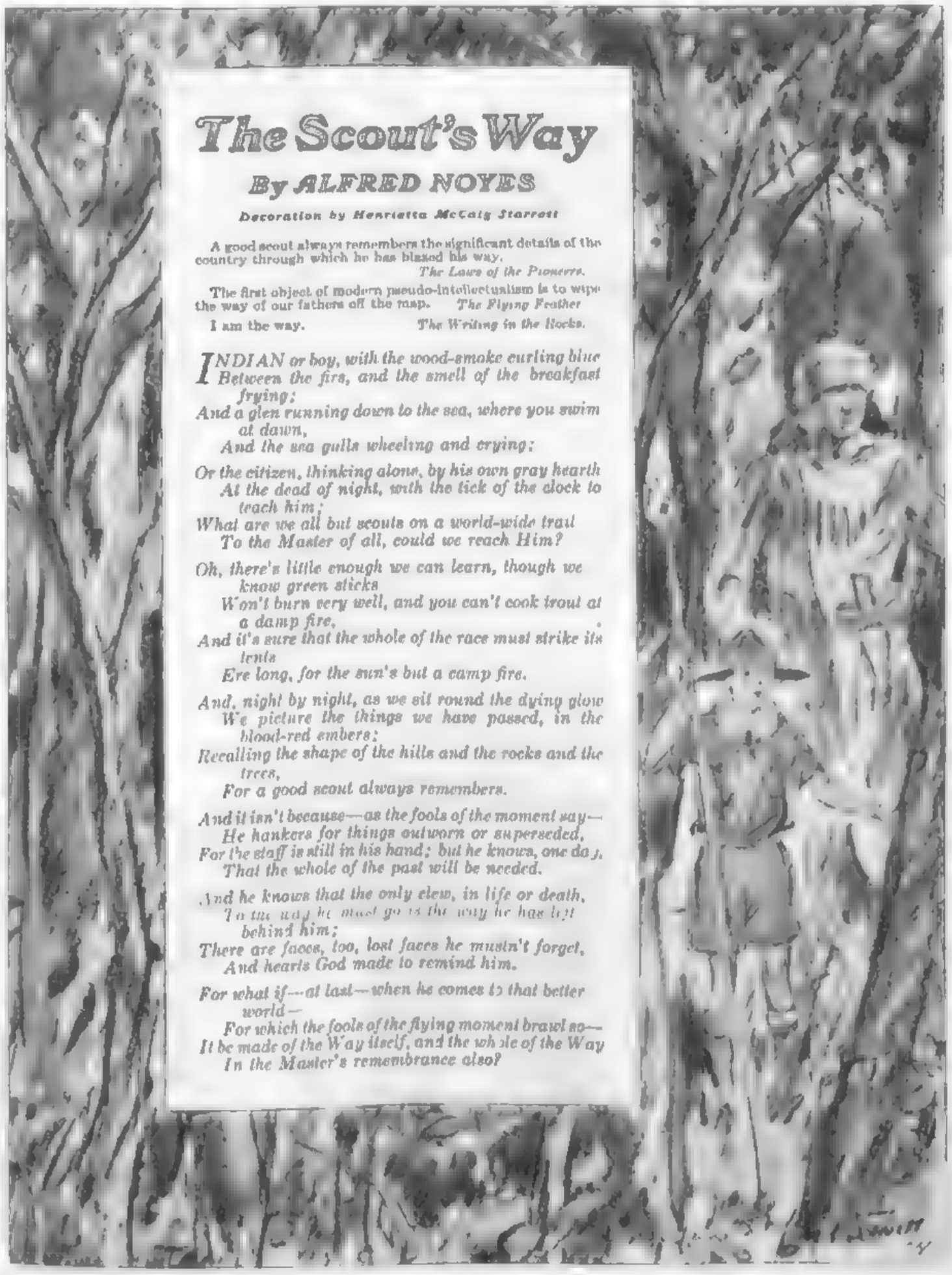

The Scout's Way

By ALFRED NOYES

Decoration by Henrietta McCalg Starrett

A good scout always remembers the significant details of the country through which he has blazed his way.
The Laws of the Pioneers.

The first object of modern pseudo-intellectualism is to wipe the way of our fathers off the map. *The Flying Feather*

I am the way. *The Writing in the Rocks.*

INDIAN or boy, with the wood-smoke curling blue
Between the fire, and the smell of the breakfast frying:
And a glen running down to the sea, where you swim at dawn,
And the sea gulls wheeling and crying:

Or the citizen, thinking alone, by his own gray hearth
At the dead of night, with the tick of the clock to teach him:
What are we all but scouts on a world-wide trail
To the Master of all, could we reach Him?

Oh, there's little enough we can learn, though we know green sticks
Won't burn very well, and you can't cook trout at a damp fire,
And it's sure that the whole of the race must strike its tents
Ere long, for the sun's but a camp fire.

And, night by night, as we sit round the dying glow
We picture the things we have passed, in the blood-red embers:
Recalling the shape of the hills and the rocks and the trees,
For a good scout always remembers.

And it isn't because—as the fools of the moment say—
He hankers for things outworn or superseded,
For the staff is still in his hand; but he knows, one day,
That the whole of the past will be needed.

And he knows that the only clew, in life or death,
To the way he must go is the way he has left behind him;
There are faces, too, lost faces he mustn't forget,
And hearts God made to remind him.

For what if—at last—when he comes to that better world—
For which the fools of the flying moment brawl so—
It be made of the Way itself, and the whole of the Way
In the Master's remembrance also?

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Sad Effect on Man Who Has Just Spent Three Months' Vacation With Folding Camp Chairs, Folding Stools, Tents, Etc.

A Husband Sings

In Confidence That the Spirit of Stephen Collins Foster Will Understand and Forgive

THE lamp shines bright in our old preradio home,
'Tis evening, the calm end of day;
The work's all done and there's quiet in the room
And the words sound softly that we say.
We read our books, or the paper's daily store,
All peaceful, all placid, all right;
By-'n'-by comes an agent a-knocking at the door;
Then my old preradio home, good night!

WEAF no more, my lady,
Oh, WEAF no more today!
Let me sing one song for my old preradio home,
For my old preradio home, done away.

I rest no more, for I listen to a tune
With its bellow, its hoot and its roar;
I read no more, for I hear a nimple prune
With a crack on a door not a door.
The hours go by with a talk on apple tart,
With sermons, where all is set right;
The jazz bands jazz and the darkeys wail their part;
Then my old preradio home, good night!

WEAF no more, my lady, and so on.

The ears must ring and the nerves will have to rend
Where'er in the house I may go;
A few more days and the trouble all will end
In the ward where the strait-jackets grow.
A few more days for to bear the static's goad,
No matter, 'twill never be right;

(Continued on Page 129)

Chameis: "I'm Glad I Don't Require as Much of a Landing Field as One of Those Birds!"

The History of Humor

The Final Test

What a Bathing Beauty's Mirror Tells Her—and What it Doesn't

Is soup a course or a meal?

Vegetable soup is so hearty that it can be either!

PERHAPS you will get a new idea about soup when we tell you that thousands and thousands of women consider Campbell's Vegetable Soup "a meal in itself". Not only do they select this hearty soup as a substantial part of their longer meals, but they find it contains so much real food that they frequently make it their luncheon or supper.

Soup is the ideal introduction to a meal because it has such a tonic and stimulating effect on the appetite and digestion. But the widespread use of Campbell's Vegetable Soup as the principal dish proves that housewives depend on soup as useful for every kind of meal.

So it has become the regular custom among alert housewives to keep themselves supplied with soup at all times as one of the indispensable and staple foods for their tables. These women would no more think of being without soup than without bread for their tables.

Order Campbell's Vegetable Soup from your grocer. Notice how often it tempts your appetite. See how "handy" it is to have in your pantry, always ready to provide a nourishing course or a satisfying principal dish. You will make up your mind never to be without such an all-round stand-by.

Think of all the work and expense our kitchens save you in such a food as Campbell's Vegetable Soup! Fifteen of the finest vegetables that grow are blended in it, with invigorating broth, choice cereals, flavor-giving herbs and seasonings. In all, thirty-two different ingredients, selected, prepared, blended and cooked by Campbell's famous French chefs in spotless kitchens. All ready for your table, after you have added an equal quantity of water, brought to a boil and simmered for a few minutes.

This is the day of vegetable foods. Science is advising us as never before to include more vegetables in our diet because they contain mineral salts and other essentials for perfect health. Campbell's Vegetable Soup supplies these abundantly for you and your children.

Every known, popular kind of soup in the world. Each soup the masterpiece of its kind. This is the daily service Campbell's offer to your family table. Delicious quality. Endless variety. Welcome convenience. On this page you see the full list of Campbell's Soups. (Also printed on the label.)

Read it. Mark your favorites and be sure to include also some of the less usual soups that give the important touch of novelty to your menus. Then take the list to your grocer's. He has, or will get for you, any Campbell's Soups you select. 12 cents a can.

Select your Campbell's Soups and order from your grocer

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bean	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Beef	Julienne	Printanier
Bouillon	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Celery	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Ox Tail	Vegetable-Beef

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE WOLVES OF CHAOS

XIX

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

IT IS necessary to return to the Place du Combat, to the same hour that witnessed Cutty's visitation there and his subsequent discovery by Richardson.

It has already been remarked that across the way from the Café Terrace there was a more pretentious building. This, too, had its café. On the third floor of this nondescript square of brick was a room occupied by two persons, a woman and a little boy. The single window presented a view of the Café Terrace.

"Bread." Anna Karlovna spoke in Russian.

The little boy repeated the word quickly and accurately. He had learned that this woman's strange eyes would not burn so fiercely if he acted promptly.

"Water."

He repeated this, too, with the same facility.

"I want."

Here again he was perfect. But so many strange things had happened to him! First, his daddy had gone away, never to return, so they said; then, the beautiful lady whom he had called mamma—but who wasn't, so this lady said—didn't come to see him any more. He remembered the trains. He had had toys, so he knew about trains. This train had gone on for days, but he was never allowed to go out of the little room where he and the man slept. Then the great ship. He knew ships, too, because he had a book with pictures in it. Water, water, where you couldn't see any trees or hills. The man had told the cook—who came in a white jacket—they were sick when they weren't.

Sometimes the man would set him on the trunk and laugh at him. There was something queer about this laughter; it hurt, for it wasn't jolly like that of the cowboys who used to ride him on their shoulders with a whoop-yi-yippy. They never told him what that meant, but it sounded kind. He was still afraid of this strange man's hands, even up here in this room, when he came in. The man always pinched him when this lady wasn't looking, and always the man grinned like—like —— Well, like the skull of a dead snake he had seen behind the sheds.

That first night, here in this room, when he knelt by his cot to say his prayers, this lady had seized him by the shoulder and roughly pulled him to his feet.

"No! There is no God!" this lady had said.

Who was right, he wondered—the beautiful lady so far away, who cuddled him in her arms, or this one? He would wait and see. But when he was in his cot and the lights were out —— Perhaps there had been a God, but something had happened and there wasn't any God any more.

Later—Cutty hadn't yet emerged from the tube—when the lesson was over, three men came into the room. There were never any women. Men—always some one of the three, sometimes all three. They talked and smoked cigarettes. Nothing that he could understand, and often all four would fall silent and stare at him. Today one of them brought a fiddle. He knew what it was because his daddy had had one.

The fiddler opened the box and took out the instrument, tuned it and began to play. Strange, but the little boy knew these tunes; his father had played them. He began to keep time, for here at last was something with which he was familiar. After a little the fiddler lowered his bow.

"In a year he will have forgotten his English, the brat. Did you see him keep time? As for me, I'd wring his neck or get a fine ransom."

Strange sounds to the boy; the words seemed to run into one another. But he now knew what these sounds were—Russian. He had asked the lady and she had told him. She did not speak like the other lady he had lived so long with; she spoke English like the Indian the cowboys had brought home one day.

"I'm sorry I didn't wring his neck when I had the chance." The boy recognized the speaker readily enough. It was he who had put him on trains and ships and pinched him cruelly. Not easily forgettable, this man.

"Zinovieff, you are a fool," said Anna Karlovna.

"Nobody knows that better than you."

The man eyed her peculiarly—burning rage and burning love. He hated her and could not live without her. He longed to throttle her and to kiss her boots. He had killed and looted on her account, for a smile. And what did she care? Nothing. And the few kisses she paid him were cold like marble. Paradoxically, he was sane enough to know that he was mad. Out of sight of her, he killed her in a thousand ways; in her presence he was her obedient dog. This very hour, if she willed it, he would execute any manner of crime. Some day she would be the death of him.

"Ransom the boy," was again suggested.

"I will not," said the woman. "He is the last of the race, and I have earned my right to some amusement."

The fiddler began to play again and the woman and the other two men began to sing softly.

The little boy shivered slightly. They always sang that song at least once; he could not get used to it. The fierce eyes of them all, their gestures; he could not tell why, but it made him cold.

"If you want that boy," advised Zinovieff after the song, "you'd better get him out of Paris at once. If he spoke the tongue it wouldn't matter. But if it gets abroad that there is an English-speaking boy locked up in this room ——"

"The male wolf wants no cub around," said the fiddler.

Zinovieff shot him a venomous glance.

The woman raised her hand. They were all afraid of her; they knew her. "He is locked in only when I am busy, late at night."

Zinovieff shrugged. "You are a beautiful woman. You are meeting men who are not Soviets, all the time. Someone will follow you here."

"I can take care of myself," she replied grimly. "But this is Paris, and I purpose to enjoy myself for a few days."

"I don't see where you get any fun out of it."

She laughed. "I like to make fools of men. Besides, I am always strengthening the cause. Some day all Paris will ring with the Internationale, so they tell me." She spoke complacently.

Zinovieff had no such delusions. He had lived in America too long for that. Beyond an occasional gathering in Union Square, above Fourteenth Street nobody knew anything about the Internationale, or cared. But she—ah, he knew her. She loved men as cats loved mice—to play with, then to devour.

He had really gone to Dakota with a double purpose, but after he had sent the bullet his courage had failed. The Drums of Jeopardy. Only by putting those emeralds at this woman's feet could he hope ever to win her. And neither time—the night of the murder or the night of the abduction—had he dared enter the ranch house. Not physical fear—he would not admit that—but fear born of superstition. Those emeralds—who had them that did not die violently?

He had killed a grand duke; by that act he had become a benefactor of the workers of the world. He was, he thought sardonically, a true Soviet; he had killed a grand duke in his stronghold. He had been the fool truly when he mentioned the boy. Cocaine was making him rich. Now he must remain in Europe and play hide and seek because of his madness for this woman. He sent a virulent glance at the fatherless boy in the chair—a still, little boy who knew that he was safer unnoticed.

While the musician fiddled Zinovieff rose and walked over to the window, staring into the street. Sometimes the drug made him gay and happy; sometimes malevolent. In returning to the group, he pinched the boy's arm.

"Oh!" gasped the little fellow.

Anna Karlovna, furious, dashed at Zinovieff and struck him a blow on the side of the head which sent the man staggering to the wall.

"You fool! He is mine. Hands off. I want him to grow up trusting, not fearing me. Do you understand?"

Zinovieff leaned against the wall, his hand to his pulsing ear. Venom seethed in his veins, but he dared not let it appear in his eyes. She had been a killer, sardonic and ruthless, and by this swift action he learned that she was still capable of furies. Damn her beautiful face!

"I meant no harm."

"Keep your hands off him. The Central Committee has given him to me."

The little boy rubbed his stinging arm. Though he couldn't understand the words, he understood the lady's

(Continued on Page 34)

Leave Paris? She Laughed Again, and None of the Listeners Liked the Sound of That Laughter

Delicate of flavor . . . *Creamery fresh!*

WHAT a difference it makes—on your table, in your cooking!

Sweet and delicate of flavor... with a new-churned goodness, Brookfield Creamery Butter comes to you.

It comes with this special goodness from the shining churns in one of the many Swift creameries. There it is made of graded, tested cream.

Under refrigeration from start to finish, it goes to the Swift branch houses in the cities or straight to dealers in the smaller communities.

In either case your dealer gets it by the quickest, most direct route possible.

That way the just-churned flavor of Brookfield Creamery Butter is retained. It comes to you always the same—butter that's *Creamery Fresh.*

Swift & Company

On Brookfield Eggs, Brookfield Cheese and Brookfield Poultry look for the name to be sure of this famous quality.

Brookfield

Butter - - Eggs - - Poultry - - Cheese

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(Continued from Page 32

actions. The man would not pinch him again. He wondered if the beautiful lady who used to sing to him while he lay in her arms missed him. His throat tightened and he gripped the sides of his chair hard so that tears would not come into his eyes.

A hand lightly struck the door. The Karlovna herself answered the knock. Whispers. She turned to the others.

"Sturm is in your room, Zinovieff."

"All right"—sullenly.

The four of them departed, the woman locking the door.

Sturm was something of a dandy. He was of medium height, his sleek clothes hiding a body of great strength and suppleness. He was dark, black-eyed, and his address was that of a polished man of the world. He inspected the four with a touch of contempt in the glance.

"You're a fool, Zinovieff, to touch the stuff. I can see that you have had your shot." Sturm spoke in English.

"Well, what of it?"—truculently.

Sturm smiled. "You don't care to be railroaded to the States, do you? That's what is going to happen if you don't watch your step. None of you has anything on me. I am your legal adviser—for a quarter of the spoils. By my advice, by following my instruction, you have made a hole in the Customs wall. In two years you have got through at least three millions' worth of the stuff, because I told you how to do it. Mark me!"—and his voice grew cold and menacing—"I hold you all in the hollow of my hand. So long as we need each other, good. When the time comes that we don't—bad, for you. When I have my million, go whither you list, do whatever you will. You will never hear a word out of, or from, me. But till that time ——"

"Your share so far has been twice mine," interrupted Zinovieff

"Ah, but I want a million. When I reach that mark, this little society of the twenty-first *arrondissement* automatically ceases to be, so far as I am concerned."

There are twenty *arrondissements*, or wards, in Paris. To belong to the twenty-first signifies that you have no permanent residence or lodging—an underworld jest.

Anna Karlovna liked Sturm better than any other man she knew. She liked the cold menace of his voice and eye. She liked the cunning which could make money without crossing the police trail. In whatever group he chanced to be, he dominated that group. He appealed to her, but always stood beyond her reach. Her beauty found a wall of indifference that confused her, knowing men as she did. She did not fear him—she was beyond fear—but she wanted this man's admiration, and she could not get so much as a grain of it. She was not infuriated by this as she might ordinarily have been; she was simply puzzled.

Before she could dismiss the puzzle she heard the man speaking to her, less menacing than sardonic. "Why didn't you let this fool alone?"—pointing to Zinovieff, who was boiling. "See what you have done to him! What the devil is a homeless duke when there is a fortune to pick up? Confound your dukes! A few years in a Federal prison—rich when he came out. And now you've made a fool an assassin. Vengeance, when you can fill your pockets with gold! You are a beautiful woman, but you are a dangerous one. Go back to Moscow with that boy as soon as you can."

She lifted her shoulders scornfully. "I go when I am ready. I am not in the hollow of your hand."

"So?" Sturm laughed softly. "Yesterday there arrived in Paris a man—back from the dead. I saw him enter a hotel in the Rue de Rivoli. I never liked him, but I have the greatest admiration for his talents. I know all the tricks of the service, but he keeps inventing new ones. Officially we knew him as K-2. They know, back in the States, that I am advising you, but there is no evidence. So I walk about Paris when and where I will. But if they pointed K-2 at me I'd sooner have a pack of bloodhounds after me."

Only Zinovieff stirred uneasily. Sturm noted this slight movement and smiled.

"Oh, he won't be after you," he said. "K-2 is a free lance, a millionaire; he takes a job or he leaves it, as he pleases. For him it is the sport of the thing. In his apartment there is a young lady. I have seen her three or four times. Now I know who she is. You have seen her, Zinovieff."

"I?"

"Yes, and you know her. She is the mother of that boy. Do you understand, you fools? She is in Paris with K-2. Near as that. And this means that even today he is hunting for that boy."

Anna Karlovna leaned forward. "K-2. What is his real name? Do I know it?"

"I have my doubts. It is Patrick Henry Clay."

The Karlovna shook her head.

Sturm had instincts as well as intelligence. He wanted this woman out of Paris, back in Russia. He could not manage Zinovieff with this woman near by. Sooner or later she would commit some folly and Zinovieff would come into the light. So he decided to scare her. He was familiar with the Drums of Jeopardy case. Put fright into the woman, so she'd dig out with the boy.

"K-2 has another name."

"What?" demanded the Karlovna, opal lights in her eyes.

"By his familiars he is called Cutty."

"The man who killed Boris!" She stood up.

And one look was enough for Sturm. Cold-blooded as he was, a colder thrill struck his spine. Medusa. Here was the woman who had roamed the prisons and the Petrovski Barracks, shooting men who would not kiss her boots. Sturm cursed inwardly. His bolt had shot out of the breech! Nothing could drive the woman out of Paris now.

"Describe him!" she commanded.

"Find that out yourself, dear lady. To kill that man will require ten supermen with ten superbrains."

"So? I will find him!" She paced, gesturing, the tigress in her loosed. "Oh, I shall find him! Leave Paris now?" She laughed.

Clay—the man the Moscow Central Committee wanted her to deal with; the man who had escaped from Russia with a document which might permanently widen the breach between Soviet Russia and the United States; in fact, a man who must disappear permanently, by any means she could devise. And this same man had caused the death of her brother Boris! Leave Paris? She laughed again, and none of the listeners liked the sound of that laughter.

In the meantime. When the footsteps of his captors had ceased, the little boy slipped from his chair and timorously

(Continued on Page 37)

Never Again Could He Recreate a Fatherly Feeling for This Woman by His Side

SOME FUTURE motorists in Japan. They are all familiar with the Mobiloil sign.

MEETING of the Mobiloil board of automotive engineers. These experts meet every year to study every car manufactured. When you follow their recommendations in the Mobiloil Chart you are sure of getting all the power your car was built to give.
Photo by Underwood & Underwood

RAPID TRANSIT in the Canary Islands. But even in this easy-going land the motorists prefer Mobiloil.

How wrong oil steals power from your automobile

The main reasons why the full power in your engine never reaches the rear wheels are three: Friction—blow-by of power—oil-drag.

1—Friction will always be with us. To eliminate the most friction, you must use an oil of such high lubricating value that all moving parts are carefully cushioned against metal-to-metal contact. Such an oil saves power.

2—Blow-by of power results when your oil is too light in body to seal the pistons. Then some of the power may escape past the piston rings instead of exerting its force on the piston heads.

3—Oil-drag results when your oil is too heavy in body and so resists the push of the pistons. It's like rowing a boat through molasses. Power is lost.

That is why sound engineering advice is needed to determine what is correct lubrication.

The grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil recommended for your car will give you full power.

Along with full power, Mobiloil gives you exceptional freedom from carbon. Its *correct body* enables it to reach every moving part. Its lubricating *quality* then assures all the protection against heat and friction that *any* oil can give.

Get power—by all means. But not at the expense of added wear or carbon. You are always sure of full power with Mobiloil—the world's quality oil.

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER	1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine		1925 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	A	Arc
Chandler Special Six	A	Arc	A	A				
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler, 4-cyl	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Imperial 80	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A		
" other models	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant	A	Arc			A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Flint			A	Arc	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
Ford, Model A	A	Arc						
" Model T			F	E	F	E	E	F
Franklin	BB	Arc	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
" other models					A	A	A	A
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lincoln	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon, 8-cyl	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" other models	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland all models			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peerless 8-cyl			A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce-Arrow 80	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.		
Reo all models	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4-cyl.					B	Arc.	B	Arc
" " 6-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc

AT CARCAR, CEBU, P. I., they get full power from their engines by using Mobiloil.

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Mobiloil

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Fair retail price—30¢ a quart

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Interior decorators abreast of the times are recommending *Sealex Linoleums* to the most exclusive of their clientele. Everywhere the latest creations in these smart linoleums are being enthusiastically received.

Each is a masterpiece of modern floor design. Some are gay with dashes of sparkling color; others luxurious with the rich veinings of rare marbles; still others restful in subdued, softly blended tones of color. All are remarkably comfortable and quiet underfoot—and almost as easy to keep spotlessly clean as glazed tile.

You, too, should view these attractive *Sealex Linoleums*, made by the revolutionary *Sealex Process* which penetrates and seals the tiny pores of the material against moisture, dirt and spilled things.

From the wide variety of patterns you can easily make a happy choice—to freshen up your dining room—add new cheer to your hall—or brighten your living room, bedroom or sun porch.

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Name

Address

(Continued from Page 34)

approached the window, which he was forbidden to do. He gazed. He was puzzled by the queer pipes that stuck up above the roofs. He saw a sparrow busy in the eaves across the street. He watched the bird for a while, then dropped his gaze to the pavements. He saw a tall man in a felt hat cross the street. Presently a man in blue overalls and blouse rose from one of the little tables on the sidewalk and followed. He watched the two curiously till the window frame shut them from view.

A cart passed, with enormous wheels. An automobile came bumbling along. Toot-toot! went the brazen horn. Next a cat attracted the boy's attention. It lay upon the wide ledge of the window on the level with his own. It was watching the birds.

Suddenly he left the window and stepped up to his cot. He eyed it with speculation. The strange lady said there wasn't any God. The beautiful lady he knew so well said there was, and that nothing could happen to little boys who never forgot their prayers. He knelt with his face in his hands, which weren't very clean. And while he knelt and prayed, Samson entered Paris, not unnoticed.

XX

CUTTY presented Richardson to Kitty and Olga, designating them as Mrs. Hawksley and Miss Hawksley, which caused Richardson to breathe more freely and to play up to the cue. There had been some trepidation in his advance upon this scene—two grand duchesses, virtually, and the only grand duchess he had previously met had stepped out into the stage alley for a breather between acts. He had seen photographs of grand duchesses—frumps with lisle-thread gloves and pints of diamonds—and had lost a boy's illusion. Herewith were his romantic dreams come to life. If ever two women had the right to the tiara —— And never had he seen two beautiful women more differently beautiful. It made him dizzy, looking from one to the other, but his glances finally came to rest on Kitty's face. He did not know what, but something happened to him in that moment.

Immediately, and for no apparent reason, he began to wonder if seven thousand a year was worth while, and some of the glamour fell away from the rough excitements of his chosen labor. He had been told at college that he had the makings of a top-hole engineer. By this time he might have been drawing twenty-five thousand a year.

The sister-in-law was beautiful, too, but she wasn't American.

Cutty talked. He recounted the incidents of that strange meeting in the Rue de Meaux—Richardson calling him out of the tomb, as it were. Olga listened gravely. Kitty listened with negative interest. In vain Richardson looked for an opening. He wanted to tell how he and Cutty had become separated a little more than two years ago; how he himself had got out of Russia by way of the Carpathians, after six months' trekking. Not in vanity but rather in a desperate effort to push tragedy back into its corner, from which it was threatening to emerge.

"Dick, tell us how you got out," said Cutty, for which Richardson thanked him.

Richardson proceeded willingly enough. He was a born yarn spinner. During this amazing recital of physical stamina, of mental adroitness, Kitty fought to concentrate upon it, but the insidious terror which was hers persisted in making queer gaps in the story. Bluff. She leaned her elbows on the table, her chin in her palms, smiling from time to time. What did she care who he was or where he had been?

"I had no shoes," went on Richardson. "But you'll never know, till you've tried it, the comfort of meal sacks bound around your feet."

Out there, thought Kitty, staring over Richardson's shoulder to the window; out there, under some one of those thousands of Parisian roofs, was the bone of her bone, the flesh of her flesh—her little Johnny! She could see into his mind—fear, longing, bewilderment. He was so little, so defenseless, his clean little mind so lacking in cunning; his body perhaps tortured along with his mind. It was driving her mad; it was filling her heart with murder. She could have stamped on them, crucified them, kept them alive for hours in torture, those fiends. She smiled at Richardson.

"And then, to see him this afternoon as large as life!" concluded the yarn spinner, feeling that only Cutty heard or understood.

Kitty rose swiftly and flew to a window, leaning against the jamb. Cutty sensibly did not follow her. So he turned his attention to Olga and Dick while he pretended that he was ruminating elsewhere. Olga and Dick, good pair. Something might happen there; fine thing for them both. The boy was in comfortable circumstances and he never did and never would throw his money around. Stable and reliable as an oak. Yes, that would be a mighty nice happening.

Kitty returned to her chair. "Cutty, I can't keep it in any longer. Have you found out anything?"

"A little. The point is, Kitty darling, I don't want to give you any false hopes, then be forced to let you down. It's a queer game, because I dare not go to the *Sûreté* for help. I shan't hold back anything when there's anything to tell. But what two human beings can do, Dick and I will do."

Kuroki came in with the coffee.

"Come with me, Olga," said Kitty abruptly.

And curiously Olga followed her into the living room. Kitty drew Olga down upon the divan.

"Olga, your brother left half a million. I am trustee for my son. Before we married, Johnny and I, half of that belonged to you. You haven't anything?"

"No. But I can work."

"That mustn't be. You must accept half the income, which will be about sixteen thousand a year, American money."

Olga recalled the glories of bygone days—salt and copper mines, forests, wheat fields, villages—all vanished. She recalled the desperate poverty, the hunger, the fear, of the recent years. This was not charity.

"That is very generous."

"Generous?" cried Kitty. "It is only honest and right. Where would you like to live?"

Olga stiffened. "I should like to live here, in Paris, to assume my title, to face this scum for what I am. To defy it! To die if need be! . . . Aren't we both a little mad tonight?"

"Olga, I'm growing crazy, I believe! My little boy in the dark somewhere, wanting me!"

The other embraced her with passionate fierceness, because there was ingratitude and selfishness in her heart. Over Kitty's head her glance flew to Cutty's smoke-enclouded profile. She recalled what this man had done for her, his daring, his patience, his strength.

"Cutty will find him," she said.

"I know it," came Kitty's muffled voice.

Across the street stood a man in evening dress. For some time he eyed the lighted windows of the apartment; then he threw away his cigarette and walked toward the Place du Palais-Royal. This man, one of the keenest of his kind, had at no time looked over his shoulder tonight. His thoughts were too busy with the probabilities of the future. Besides, he had come from his own apartment, the locality of which none of his unlawful associates knew. He had a room in the Grand Hotel. There he met Zinovieff, Malakoff and the others; or he met them in the café in the Rue Pigalle.

The old eagle. Sturm did not like it. One more consignment, then quit? It appeared advisable. But a million almost within his grasp! Yes, he held them all in the hollow of his hand, but his own greed put up their barricade. So long as Zinovieff played the accustomed game it was impossible to betray him. But the whole crew must leave the Place du Combat. There was a furnished house in the Rue de Meaux that would be far more suitable. Damn that woman and her notions! She would prove the stumblingblock in the end.

When Sturm disappeared around the corner the man who had been following him stepped out of a darkened doorway. He came to a pause upon the exact flagstone which had borne Sturm. He, too, stared at the apartment windows; satisfied, he crossed the street and scrutinized the number. He tried the entrance door. It was unlocked, just as he believed it would be at this early hour. Soundlessly he went up the stairs and paused before the white door. Clay. He smiled. If anyone came down from above, it would be simple to hide under the staircase.

So Sturm wouldn't tell where this man lived? The man leaned toward the door, straining his ears. He heard voices.

Kuroki appeared in the dining room. He held in his hands a Jaipur-enameled box. This he set before the astonished Cutty.

"Kuroki, where the devil did this come from?" he roared, rising swiftly.

"You leave him on libr'y table. No open wall safe. So I bring hum"—imperturbably.

"Well, I be damned! Why didn't you take it to my bankers?" Kuroki shrugged. "Oh, well," said Cutty resignedly. "Jawing will not take it back to New York. It's my fault for not locking it up before I left."

"What's it all about?" inquired Richardson, amused at the scene.

"Something I would not have on this side of the Atlantic for a thousand times its worth. The devil's in it."

"What—in that box?" Richardson was delighted by this unexpected diversion.

"Yes, the devil. I don't like it, Dick. . . . Kuroki, get me a can opener," Cutty ordered.

Richardson grinned; he dared not laugh.

"Moscow has all my keys," Cutty explained. "Did you ever see such a chap as that Jap?"

Cutty was not in the least amused. He would have to carry this box to America; he would have to guard it as they guarded the Ark of the Covenant; a toy box which could be got into with a shoe spoon. Devil take that man of his!

Kuroki returned with the can opener. "Green stones," he said. "You play him games home."

With a few twists and wrenches Cutty succeeded in prying loose the cover. Richardson drew his chair close to the table. Anything Cutty did was, to him, a subject for attention and interest. Besides, that frown above the old eagle's nose held portents.

"Take a look-see," Cutty directed, with a sweep of his hand.

Richardson peered into the box and immediately let go a whistle. The box was half filled with chrysoprase, smoky and translucent, of all sizes but all cabochon in shape. Richardson had never seen the stones before, but he knew the story: Cutty played with them as other men played solitaire with cards, built necklaces, bracelets, tiaras, all the while his mind busy with some problem absolutely alien to the pastime. However, Richardson could not understand the cause of Cutty's hullabaloo; a few thousand dollars would have covered the cost of the stones. In the corner of the box the young man observed a folded bit of chamois. He reached for it, but Cutty stayed his hand.

"Might bring you bad luck," he said. "Let me do it."

Suddenly Richardson cried out, "Holy mackerel!"

Which brought the women upon the scene. Olga gasped and Kitty shuddered. Upon each of Cutty's palms lay an emerald the size of a silver dollar and double the thickness, and green beyond all the futile words man has created, little by little, to express verbally his emotions.

"The Drums of Jeopardy!" cried Olga and Kitty simultaneously.

Tableau. Cutty himself was hypnotized, but his hypnosis did not hold him as it held the others. All at once he extended a palm warningly, even while he turned his head toward the door. Then he got to his feet without sound and approached the door, unlocked it swiftly and flung it open. The listener sprang for the stairhead, Cutty after him.

The three in the room heard the thunder of feet on the stairs; then silence.

"Keep still!" said Richardson. "Cutty won't care to have you seen."

Five minutes passed before they heard returning footsteps. Cutty entered somewhat out of breath. He shut and locked the door.

"He ran too fast for me. No matter."

But he knew that before an hour passed Anna Karlovna would know that the Drums of Jeopardy were in Paris.

XXI

ZINOVIEFF did not stop running till he was out of the Rue de Valois and well into the Rue d'Aboukir. And how he ran! In rising his knee had cracked and that man's ears had caught the sound. Pretty close. Twice finger tips had touched his shoulder. But there was one thing he still could do well—he, Zinovieff—and that was run. Clay—the man they called Cutty—who had fought the gorilla hulk of Karlov and downed him! Clay—whom Anna Karlovna wanted as much as the boy! Sturm wouldn't describe the man, eh, or tell where he lived? Clever Sturm wasn't so clever.

The runner stepped into a doorway for breath. His heart was banging against his ribs in a manner which should have alarmed him, but did not. He knew that his heart was rotten. Better go out that way than by the hangman's noose. He laughed brokenly. He could take the Métro at Sentier and two changes would land him in the Place du Combat. Sturm was right about the hotel; they should have a place all to themselves.

The Drums of Jeopardy!—and in a flash he had seen the mother! No forgetting that face. He had killed her grand duke from political necessity. And this grand duke hadn't been one of those gambling sots, haunting the Riviera year in and year out. At any time he might have become a menace. So it had been expedient to bump him off. Good night's work, this, all on his own—Cutty, the mother and the emeralds, all in one shot.

He must never tell Anna how clever he had been. No man could follow Sturm, who could, it appeared, see through the back of his head. But a boy of twelve—who would look with suspicion upon a boy of twelve? So now he knew that Sturm had an apartment in the Rue St. Honoré. There was no definite plan in his head at this moment, but sooner or later he would plant something there and Sturm wouldn't hold anybody in the hollow of his hand. Anna cooed to the man too much. From the Grand Hotel to the

(Continued on Page 90)

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PLAIN PEOPLE

By E. W. HOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

XXIX

ALTHOUGH I have been married but once, and was divorced more than a quarter of a century ago, on the whole my family life has been fairly successful. As I do not like hotels, because of long experience with them in my youth, I have maintained the family home. For several years my house was managed by housekeepers, with considerable satisfaction. Nineteen years ago my brother Bruce's daughter, Adelaide, came to me at the age of twenty and has had charge of my household since. My children esteem her, as do others with whom we come in contact, and I have carried her to some remote places. At twenty she was a farmer's daughter, and the largest town she had seen was Omaha, across the river from Council Bluffs, Iowa, where she was born. Since then she has been around the world and traveled repeatedly from one end of our own continent to the other. Her father and mother live next door when we are at home, in a house I built for my half brother Jim, long since dead.

Although I have lived quietly and simply a good many years, I know a good deal about the tumultuous family life. When my children were little, we employed four servants and kept horses, carriages, cows, dogs, chickens and cats. I think the old house would fall down with amazement if all should return now.

I did not get along with my brother Bruce when we were children. My objection to him was that he was a good boy. I did not object to this in my brother Jim, who never told on me, but Bruce had that habit and it often got me in trouble.

But as men—he is now seventy—I find I like him. Nearly every afternoon for years we have worked together in field or garden, and I find him satisfactory and interesting. An old-fashioned man, perhaps he is the reason I admire old-fashioned people. I have heard him say he lives on seventy dollars a month, year after year, which astonishes me, as I know he lives well, being frequently his guest. He pays twenty-five cents a pair for his glasses. I had my lenses changed the other day and was charged twenty dollars, but his eyes are as good as mine, except that I am older and am getting my second sight. More than half the time I do not use glasses at all, being able to read comfortably without them. Once my brother lost a pair of twenty-five-cent glasses in the field and was so disturbed that I helped him find them. During the war, when I paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars for a suit of clothes, I have known him to buy a very good suit for eighteen dollars. And he is at least well enough dressed to be one of the most respected citizens of the community in which he lives. I have a steam-heating apparatus in my home, and last year its cost for November amounted to more than his fuel bill for the winter. He has a large heating stove in his main living room and uses the despised cottonwood in it. This he gets for five dollars a cord, sawed and delivered—and he always sees that the farmer delivers a full cord. I have never bought a cord of wood without being robbed a little. He finds six cords sufficient for the average winter, with a gas stove in the kitchen. One bedroom is heated from these two, and with the use of another stove when there is company, the entire house of six rooms is comfortable in the coldest weather. On retiring at night he beds down the big wood-burning stove in a manner which keeps the water pipes from freezing.

He takes and reads three daily newspapers, and though I rarely hear of his buying a book or magazine, is better informed than the average man. His education is so extensive as to be creditable to the newspapers. A son and daughter are married and live on farms; he rarely visits them that he does not take them something from his own garden in town. He once kept hens, but concluded to get rid of them. Three could not be caught, and last spring, when we returned from Florida, he supplied us with eggs.

The man is a marvel to me, for his disposition is as unusual as his thrift. I have never known him to be ill-humored, to sleep badly or be out of health. He has an automobile, telephone, electric lights and gas. When there is an exciting thing in the air, I go over to his house to hear returns on his radio. I do not care for radio music, nor does he, but his wife does, so their son installed one as a present.

I have never known a man more respected by his children. His son, who is a prosperous farmer, takes him on long automobile trips, so he sees as much of life as he cares for, with enough laid away for the future. If in the days of his activity he ever had an income exceeding fifteen hundred dollars a year, I have not heard of it. Nothing interests me more now than this poor man's successful life. Bernard Shaw wrote recently that every man with an income of less than three thousand dollars a year should be put to death. I feel it is a pity so noted a man should write with such reckless absurdity.

Five children have been born to me. The first two died in the same week, less than a year after my arrival in Atchison, of diphtheria—not then under as much control as at present. I will only say of the dreadful event that it gave me an insight into the goodness of the people I have never forgotten. If I love Atchison devotedly, it is because its people were kind to me during that hot August in 1878, and have been ever since. Twenty years ago I made a trip around the world and wrote a book about it which at least attracted sufficient attention to warrant a new edition and type in 1927. The critics generally noted my frequent prayers at sacred places in Palestine, Japan, India, China and elsewhere for my fine neighbors and my longing to be back among them. I am loyal to my home town because I have reason to be.

All Women Go on the Warpath Around Fourteen and Fight the Men Until They Die. I Long for an Armistice, But Do Not Expect One

The three other children are alive and well, and creditable. My only daughter married Dwight T. Farnham, of New York, seventeen years ago, and is accepted as a successful woman by those who know her. Only recently she won a ten-thousand-dollar prize with her first novel. My eldest son has long been with the Associated Press abroad and I hear only good reports of him. During the late troubled times he had experiences at sea, on the battle front, in Germany, Russia, Poland, few correspondents have equaled. Another son is editor and publisher of three daily newspapers—two in Amarillo, Texas, and the one in Atchison I founded fifty years ago. This youngest son presented me with my only grandchild—a girl. Her parents did their best to spoil her, as is the modern way, and I dreaded to have her come into my house; but lately, at the age of ten, she is becoming a lady and saving herself. Girl children usually do that. I went so far lately as to invite her to stay all night, and like her better every day.

I believe I may truthfully say I have good children, and they have given me much evidence of affection. I sometimes almost hope—and I analyze myself harshly in old age—that I was a good father in the days when my children were at home.

The nearest approach to that beautiful thing, an angel, is a little girl of ten or twelve. Women of sixteen or twenty and into the shadowy regions beyond are of course adorable, but when my only daughter was twelve I loved her so much that frequently I took her on long trips that I might have her all to myself. We went through Yellowstone Park in the days when I believe she was the prettiest and most adorable child in the world and I a young husband and father. Today I stood before a picture taken in that remote time and walked away almost in tears—we have both so greatly changed.

We went into the park too early, and I still recall that the women lent her wraps and glared at me, thinking I wasn't taking good care of her. But I was. In our joint lives it was our best and happiest time. How she trusted me, loved me, admired my wisdom, looked after me, blessed me! One old fellow said:

"Sir, I congratulate you on the most adorable little daughter I have seen in years. I don't want to be disagreeable, but let me tell you what happened to mine—she married and I hardly know her now."

I recall that one night we were on a Pullman and worrying because we should be compelled to get out at a lonely station in Montana at two o'clock in the morning to wait for another train. Then we were told we could move into another car and proceed on our journey without disturbance. We made the change and I went into the smoking room. When I was ready for bed I found my night clothes laid out; every loving thoughtfulness was shown me by the sleeping angel in the next berth—and she was almost a baby.

I've traveled far and haven't much farther to go, but have discovered nothing equal to love. And no wife ever loved a husband as a girl of twelve loves her father. There is a trustfulness and admiration no grown woman has for a man. A girl of twelve hasn't found the men out; a woman of sixteen is beginning to, and I blush when I think of what women of twenty and beyond think of us—most of it true.

Manlike, I do not know my daughter's birthday. I do not know her exact age, but remember distinctly when she loved me most. It began when she was not a day over twelve.

Then she went away to school. We had friends in Washington who gave her advantages. It was during this time that I found something in one of her letters that was managing rather than loving and trusting, as I had been accustomed to. All women go on the warpath around fourteen and fight the men until they die. I long for an armistice, but do not expect one.

I took her on a trip around the world to celebrate her graduation with honor, but was grouchy most of the way. She had become a woman; I had lost her, and knew it. My first shock was noting that she could be content out of my sight. On the trip we met young army and navy officers and agreeable American travelers, and they were able to entertain her. Before I had felt, in a foolish, sentimental way, that she regarded me as the only man in the world really worth while. I should have known better even then, but didn't.

On that trip I felt about my heart as I later felt about my eyes when compelled to put on glasses. Now that I better understand the old prophetic saying about three score and ten, I am beginning to realize that old age actually begins somewhere around forty.

I suppose she loves me now, but it is with that suspicion adults always have, and must have, of one another; the glory of the child has departed. I am proud of her, but it is in the distant way we are proud of old and honorable conquests. None of my children have been in the house where they were born, except as guests, in almost twenty years, and I am a little afraid of all of them.

In the old days, when the children went with their mother to the seashore for the hot months, it is one of my dearest memories that when opportunity presented, one of them came home to remain with me. How easily I regulated him! How well we got along! Even now, when he is forty, I am shown evidences of affection that fathers less fortunate would not believe in a poem. I am fortunate as to my children, and grateful.

The world has decided a gentleman may not tell his side of a controversy with a lady, and as my former wife was that, I shall observe the conventions. Perhaps I may be excused for saying our friends generally agree that our divorce was a success, if such a thing is possible. There was no scandal, and separation resulted in no disturbance in the life of either party, except to improve it. Divorce was granted on the application of my wife, abandonment being charged, which was true to the extent that I lived in the house in the yard now occupied by my brother Bruce.

We mutually agreed on an amount I should pay and this contract I performed punctually. Payments were to be made monthly over a period of years. When all these were met and there was no longer legal obligation, without suggestion from anyone, I continued the payments, and do to this day.

I have always been able to get along with women rather well except as a husband; I do not believe I have much genius in that direction. No one has heard me say I would have been an ideal husband differently situated, and I have never had a desire to try the experiment a second time. I enjoy home and children as much as anyone, but unless wife and husband are well suited to each other, there are difficulties in marriage, I have found, greater than in any other phase of life. My divorce causes me perhaps my greatest regret, but I have no doubt it was best for both of us.

I have been accused of being a woman hater; of making too light of women, sentiment, spirituality. The truth is I think too much of all these. I am actually the most sentimental of men; the grand gallantry which has distinguished the world has impressed me. I believe a lot of the compliments, in spite of my knowledge that the world does not mean half of them. I have assisted in building up a false story, and believe it.

I sometimes think that if the world would pardon complete candor, I might write a book of some benefit to it; not because I am wise but because I have made so many mistakes I am willing to acknowledge. In writing these memoirs I am frequently confronted with the necessity of cutting out what should go in, if an old man's book is to be of any real value to those younger.

I have tremendous awe of a marriage ceremony. Now that I am not a married man, I find myself trying to be a good husband. Nothing would induce me to distress my former wife. Although we have not seen each other or had any communication whatever in more than a quarter of a century, our relations have been genteel. If I should learn that she wished a certain thing done, I should do it if within my power, and am certain she would do as much for me. We are actually two fairly worthy old people who should not have married each other, but who have a good deal of respect for an old union, now that it has been dissolved. If there was bitterness on both sides when we were man and wife, it has entirely disappeared; in its place has appeared a gentility more like ourselves before we knew each other.

The most agreeable thing men find in life is women, and I often wish that their association might somehow result in fewer tragedies, heartaches and worries. I have punished and been punished so much that in the latter days of my journey I find myself sincerely hoping that men who come after me may find easier traveling; but I have no plan to offer. So many suggestions that cannot be accomplished are offered in everything that I sometimes think our attempts at impossible reforms disturb us more than anything else.

xxx

I HAVE so long heard the old are disposed to unreasonable faultfinding, and am myself so elderly, that I often consider the question with as much justice as has been shown me—more is nobleness I have not reached. What are the mental processes of those seventy years old and beyond? Do they intelligently appraise the lessons of life, and with reasonable fairness? Do they dread to die, or are they indifferent? Do they wish to leave trouble or peace behind them?

At the age of seventy-five one may almost say death is staring him in the face. I do not think about it a great deal, nor with much regret. Occasionally I have a fluttering of the heart which may indicate that when my time comes it will come suddenly and painlessly, as is my wish. On one such occasion I lost consciousness momentarily, and an old doctor who was called merely advised me to lie down at the approach of such disturbance and be more careful thereafter. I hope to live as long as I am fairly comfortable and able to care for myself, but for freedom from long illness should be willing to trade a considerable number of years of old age. I do not hope for a very long life; probably most of the old are ready before called and impatient because of the delay.

A man older than I am, and one of some distinction, as he has been governor of his state, told me lately he is now enjoying life more than ever before. I recall the thought coming into my mind that he did not mean it and said it to be nice; it is a common habit for people to say such things for that reason. I have better health than I once thought possible at seventy-five; when I take care of myself I am on the whole quite comfortable. I know what I should do as well as the famous Mayos could advise me; I have no doubt, if I knew the Mayos, I could give them advice that would benefit them. But applying wisdom is difficult. Nature has so long been indulgent that I find being careful a heavy task, although exercising a considerable measure of it. I still like to mingle with people and admire them, but do not find life more enjoyable now than ever before. Mentally I note no special slipping, except that I am not able to work as easily as I once did. I do not sleep well and have not for forty years. The result is nervousness that greatly disturbs me, although it does not seem to affect my health. When I cannot cure myself by observance of rules that should be known to everyone, I shall realize that probably no one can help me.

I have imposed on a good many during my long life, and a good many have imposed on me; on the whole, I conclude I have been a victim no more frequently than I have victimized—I sometimes believe, and always hope, rather less. Everyone imposes somewhat on his community, his family, his friends, and should pay back a good deal. This I have endeavored to do, having found it the easiest way. I shall leave the world believing that its greatest mistake has been in teaching that worthy men bear a specially heavy cross. There are crosses for all of us, but those best behaved carry the lighter ones. This is my strongest conviction, and has been since I was forty or fifty years old. I sincerely regret I did not learn the lesson earlier.

I have always been disposed to believe that what I call my luck has been atrocious, but admit now, after a fair survey of the field, that I have had more good luck than bad. On a few occasions I have had good luck that amounted to more than all the petty bad luck I ever had. It seemed as if Luck was ashamed to treat anyone as cruelly as threatened, and apologized with a burst of generosity.

Much is said of the baseness and falsity of men in their attitude toward women. I believe I have loved women as sincerely as women have loved me, and been as fair with them. It is not probable that half the human family is of one material and the other half of another. Women are able to say the most pleasing things men hear, and the most exasperating ones.

On the whole, I marvel most in old age because there has been no advance in morals. Since we have been teaching from the beginning the importance of better behavior, why have we done no better in this respect than our earliest ancestors, although advancing enormously in other ways? In most things I can come to some final conclusion, but here I do not know and cannot find out. The carelessness, shiftlessness, meanness which distinguish us are not natural. The lower animals do not practice it; they are only cruel from necessity, while we are mischievous as an amusement. I often note the English sparrows constantly about my door. They seem to be good to one another except a few slight exhibitions of temper. They are always busy, always thrifty, always neat. They know enough to eat and drink moderately; they have no poor, no sick, no wars, no idle. Sex is no problem with them—merely a natural incident in their lives. But mankind is almost at war trying to reform habits the other animals never had. I do not understand it, since I believe as firmly in the greater comfort in morals as I believe in the greater comfort afforded by a railroad train compared with a stagecoach.

I thought I understood sentiment when young, but do not now. If there is an important message in sentiment it is denied me—not because I so will but because of rude necessity. I indulge in it, but always with the realization that it is not important. I am unable to understand those who invest effort and capital in sentimentality. In appraising them, I may at times be unjust, because I do not and cannot understand them. The greatest credit I give is to the more able of the materialists who follow the truth fairly and intelligently, without hope of much reward, wherever it leads, that they may make it as merciful as possible.

I do not understand the religion of some others as they do not understand mine, but I have what is called natural

(Continued on Page 131)

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"Kids love these soles. You'll like them, too. If you're looking for something new in shoe comfort, longer wear, and real protection for your pocket—try a pair!"

Guaranteed to Outwear Any Other Sole

GOODYEAR

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WINGFOOT SOLES

Announcing the Delco-

ELECTRICALLY OPERATED - NOT CONNECTED WITH ENGINE

AGAIN contributing to the safety and convenience of modern motoring, Delco-Remy now presents another important advancement in automotive equipment—an *electrically-operated windshield wiper.*

Developed along entirely new lines, and built to the same high standards of quality and precision which have made Delco-Remy products famous the world over, this new *electric* wiper is destined to create a new standard of efficiency for windshield wipers.

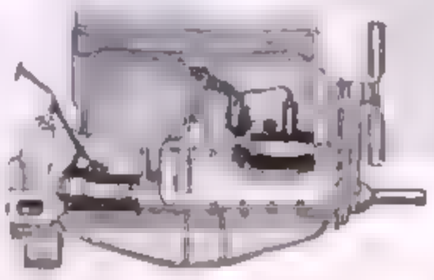
A powerful, yet compact, electric motor operates this new Delco-Remy Windshield Wiper. It maintains constant speed regardless of engine conditions. It does not slow down on the hills, or while shifting gears. Nor does it speed up when you disengage the clutch.

So much greater is its power that snow and ice are removed, as well as rain, throughout the entire arc of the blade. Further, the blade stays where it is stopped, never dropping down into the driver's line of vision.

Famous Delco-Remy Products—

Delco-Remy *Electric* Windshield Wiper

KLAXON HORNS



STARTING-LIGHTING-IGNITION

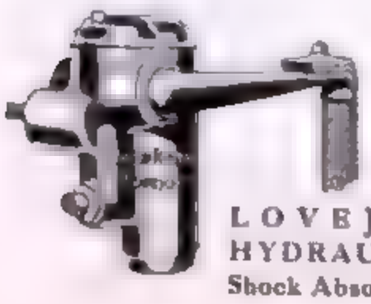
Remy Electric Windshield Wiper--

-MORE POWERFUL - CONSTANT SPEED - LASTS LONGER

And, if desired, this *electric* wiper can be set in motion without starting the engine.

In addition to these advantages in operation, the new Delco-Remy *Electric* Windshield Wiper will serve you longer and more faithfully. It is simple in design. And its construction is exceptionally sturdy, to assure maximum dependability. One prominent automobile manufacturer, who has adopted the Delco-Remy Windshield Wiper as standard equipment, ran it continuously for 500 hours on dry glass—the most severe test ever given a windshield wiper, within our knowledge.

Safety demands the most efficient windshield wiper you can buy. Investigate this new Delco-Remy *Electric* Windshield Wiper at the earliest opportunity. Both tandem and single-blade models are available through the nation-wide organization of United Motors Service.



LOVEJOY
HYDRAULIC
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DELCO-REMY
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Delco-Remy

DELCO-REMY CORPORATION, ANDERSON, INDIANA

When the whaling fleet cleared for the Caribbees

DOWN on the wharves piled high with kegs, with the smell of rope and tar and a salt sea smell in the air, and the Yankee skipper watching the tide, and the crew sweating to make the turn, and women watching their men make ready, and laughter in the air and shouting and weeping, the town turned out to watch the whaling fleet go down to the sea in ships.

Six months to two years of toil and effort ahead. Six months to two years of fighting the sea and the wind, of sailing uncharted seas, and watching and praying and hoping—all this that the lamps of New England might burn with the oil of whales.

No longer does the flower of New England youth go down to the sea in ships. New methods, new discoveries create new professions and replace the old. New basic power and new basic products have come with the march of progress.

For years American industry demanded a finish which would hold its lustre under all climatic conditions, a finish which could withstand the blight of oxidation. And for many years du Pont chemists sought the formula of enduring beauty.

The result is Duco, a new essential product as different from the old-time finishes as electricity is different from whale oil.

Here for the first time was a finish on which oxidation had no effect—a finish which dried by the simple principle of evaporation. Years of the hardest wear—snow, sleet, rain and sun have little effect on Duco's lustrous beauty. And industry was quick to see that here at last was a finish which filled their needs.

Duco on motor cars gave an unbelievable term of service. You can have your present car refinished by one of the more than 2,000 authorized auto refinishers, who have pledged themselves to use only Duco . . . Still Duco advanced, through the nation's industries, replacing old methods, creating new standards. Today there's hardly an article, in wood or metal, which cannot be bought finished in Duco—Duco in colors or clear, transparent Duco.

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Duco is the assurance of a lasting finish which industry uses to protect its own investments, and to keep its faith with you. To be sure you are getting genuine Duco, ask if it's made by du Pont and look for the oval du Pont seal.

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DUCO

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RIVETS

By FRANK CONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

"Certainly Not," Godfrey Cried Heartily. "Run Away, Old Danny and I Will Just Sit Here and Listen to the Music"

A THIN young man with an inquiring blue eye paused at the corner of Fifth Avenue and glanced up at what would be in the course of time an office building. At the moment it was a raw, complicated skeleton of steel. Men were swarming at their varied tasks, booms were swinging, donkey engines were hissing and the air was thick with noises. The thin young man fingered a card permitting him entry to the structure. His name was Godfrey Baker, and it was his determination to walk into the building and collect the sum of thirty dollars which was owed by a man named Sullivan.

Mr. Baker strode into the alley, approached an elevator and made inquiry. "Where's Sullivan?" he demanded, bringing forth his card.

"Up on the twelfth," replied a worker.

"How do I get up?"

"You can walk up if you're silly, or you can ride up."

"I'll ride."

Three minutes later the card bearer stood poised on the twelfth floor, holding his hat against the breeze. He found that Mr. Sullivan was off duty for the day, and he profanely prepared to depart, for the noises were hurting his ears. Bells suddenly rang and a hush fell upon the network of black girders. Workers ceased to work. Men sprawled in sheltered places and began emptying lunch pails, and, with no warning at all, a large person began clouting another large person with vigorous slaps of his gloved hands. The victim of the clouting struck back, laughing and swearing, as steelworkers will. Godfrey Baker, about to drop to earth without his thirty dollars, stood transfixed, awe-bound, electrified, and watched the playful battle, which continued for the small part of a minute.

Previously he had noticed one of the large persons at his interesting occupation of getting rivets red-hot and tossing them to a man with a barrel. He had paid slight attention to the tosser, for there was nothing spectacular about his tossing; but the instant he began slapping, Mr. Baker stood still and observed, and the longer he observed, the greater his wonder grew. His mouth opened and his lower jaw hung loosely. The men ceased cuffing and Godfrey regained his faculties. He strode across planks to the rivet flinger.

"Mister," he said, "can I have a word with you?"

"Sure," answered the fellow, staring suspiciously.

"Walk over here by this beam," Godfrey requested, and the man followed, while his hungry associates attacked their tin cans.

"Now," the visitor said, "I'd like to ask you a question."

"All right."

"What are you doing up here?"

"Me? I'm a rivet heater."

"I know, but why should a man like you be working at a job like that?"

"I don't get you. I'm drawing ten dollars a day."

"Ten bucks! Listen, stranger. I watched you box with that fellow. I've spent some of my life looking at boxers, and I'll say you don't need to throw hot rivets for your meals. Anybody that can use his hands like you, and is built like you, has got a gold mine."

"You didn't ask me my name yet," responded the rivet expert with a grin. "Go on, ask me my name."

"What is your name?"

"Tom MacNab, sometimes known as Rivets."

"Well?"

"Don't that mean anything to you?"

"Not a thing. What I say is that I know boxing ability when I see it, and there's a fortune for you in the ring."

"Yeah? Well, let me tell you something now. I am in the ring, and there ain't no fortune in the ring. I'm a fighter, and you're pretty dumb if you never heard of me."

Mr. Baker appeared genuinely astonished. He looked likewise perplexed. He shook his head and stared penetratingly at Mr. MacNab.

"If you're a fighter," he said slowly, "and if you have to throw rivets, there's something wrong somewhere."

"There's always something wrong with everything," replied MacNab philosophically. "I suppose the main thing wrong with me is Danny Ackerman."

"Who's he?"

"My manager."

Mr. MacNab removed the cover of a wicker basket, seized a slab of ham and began chewing with gusto. He was a man of appetite, a strong young chap with a clear, healthy skin, a sparkle in his eye and the thick torso of a slugger. He was even handsome, an uncommon thing among boxers, and his countenance bore no tales of battle. His movements were quick and definite, and he now deposited himself upon a steel beam, muffled himself slightly with assorted edibles and continued conversation with the inquiring stranger.

"Danny is sure a card," he chuckled. "Didn't you never meet Danny Ackerman?" Baker stated that he had not. "The trouble with Dan," continued MacNab, "is his feelings. He's too chicken-hearted for the fighting business and that's why you see me throwing rivets. I know I'm a good fighter. You don't suppose for a second that I don't know I'm a good fighter, do you? I'd never lose a battle except for Danny. He can't stand the racket. When I fight he slumps down in a chair beside the ring and suffers all over. Every time I get socked on the jaw it don't hurt me, but it nearly kills Danny. Like a woman, he is. We were brought up together."

"Well, strike me pink!" murmured Godfrey, amazed.

"Yeah, it's that way. Danny's a baby."

"I'd like to meet this thin-skinned gent," remarked the stranger.

"You would?" cried Rivets. "That's easy, because we eat at the same place every night. Let me ask you one thing: Why are you so interested?"

"I recognize talent wherever I see it, and I'll always say you've got everything."

The details being amicably arranged, Mr. Godfrey Baker strolled into a small restaurant on Fifty-eighth Street, shook hands with Danny Ackerman and sat down to chicken and peas between the fighter and his manager. The discourse was friendly and the manager beamed.

"This guy is interested in me," Rivets explained. "Why, I do not know."

"That's pretty slick," said Danny, delighted. "I like to have people interested in you, Tommy."

"I claim to know fighters," Mr. Baker remarked, "and this boy Rivets is a star. I see him working on a building. Why? I ask him and he tells me that every time he gets busted on the nose it hurts you."

Mr. Ackerman looked embarrassed. He was a small man, with a round face and staring eyes.

"Is that right?" demanded the investigator.

"Yes," said Danny, "I suppose it is."

"And then, as he tells me, you make him cover up for the rest of the fight if the first round is tough." Danny nodded guiltily. "And so he probably loses the decision." Danny bowed again, more guiltily. "Well, if that ain't a hell of a note!" Mr. Baker said accusingly. "I've heard of some goofy things, but here's a state of affairs. If you're so easily bruised, why don't you quit being his manager? If you're losing his fights for him, why don't you resign and give the boy a chance? You don't know it, but this is a world's champion."

Mr. Ackerman blushed and looked miserable. "Mister," he said, "I can see you took a fancy to Tommy and so I'll speak plain. What you say is all true. I have no defense to make. And I will gladly step aside and let a better man take my place. In fact I'm always saying the same thing to Tommy. Ain't I, boy?"

Rivets Sat Down and Rapid Workmen Swabbed Him Clean of Gore, and Urged Him to Go In There and Kill Somebody

"Yeah," said the fighter, "and the both of you give me a pain. Get it right. Danny and me are pals. We always were pals. We always will be pals, and where I go, Danny goes along."

Mr. Baker chewed on the leg of a chicken with increasing melancholy. He nodded and said that the sentiment was lovely, and as the meal progressed toward the black coffee and raw apple, he learned the story of Tommy and Dan, a couple of country lads, who had sprouted in the cornfields of Sullivan County. Boyhood companions, they had scuffled around together, sharing each other's simple joys, and when one of them had the measles the other joined him before noon.

It was discovered that Tommy could sock with either fist, and the boys put aside their overalls, took a freight train and determined to try their luck.

They sneaked into the great city and rented a room with two beds from a widow named Zost, and there began the pugilistic career of Mr. Tom MacNab, known as Rivets. It was not a brilliant career, due to the chicken-hearted manager.

"All right," commented Baker in tones of resignation. "I see how it is. You two can't be split, so you'll have to go ahead your own way. I wish you luck and I'm glad I met you."

He shook hands with the fighter and his fugleman, and when the conference was closing, he spoke a private word into the ear of Rivets.

"Listen," he said seriously. "I'm not trying to bust up any lifelong friendships, but I tell you nobody can fool me about boxers. I know. And I want to ask you just one thing."

"Shoot!"

"If I make you the champion in a year, in my own way ——"

"You can't."

"I can. And I don't ask any money, either. Danny can keep on being your manager. Nothing will change, except that in a year you'll be champ, and I'll be the one that made you."

"Hooey," said Rivets. "I been fighting five years now, and I'm still a bum."

"You never had Godfrey Baker behind you. You're the future champ, and don't you forget it."

"You're a cockeyed liar and don't you forget that, either. What do you want? What do you get for yours?"

"All I ask is your word of honor. If you and Danny ever bust up I want the job."

"We won't."

"Maybe and maybe not. All I say is, if you ever do split, and have to hire a new manager, I want to be him, for there is a million dollars in it."

Rivets laughed lightly. "And for that you are going to make me champ, hey? Well, you're all wrong. In the first place, you can't do what you say; and in the second place, Danny and I are partners and always will be."

Mr. Baker looked wounded. "Rivets," he said, "am I asking too much? Do I get the job in case there is a vacancy?"

"Certainly," said the fighter, "you can have it. Only there ain't anything to have. You're my next manager—after Danny. You going to shoot him?"

Baker grinned and they shook hands. A moment later Danny returned and the conference was over.

For a gentleman who had met with nothing but a morning of rebuffs, Mr. Baker seemed singularly pleased with himself. He was a promoter and always had been; a calm and calculating self-advancer, taking excellent care of Godfrey B. Baker. He was young and brash. Where angels feared to tread, Godfrey made footprints all over the place, and built roads.

Beholding a fertile field, Godfrey advanced with bold steps, seized the flying moment, made hay, knocked on and opened the door for Miss Opportunity and shoved the damsel into the living room. It was his theory that a nail should be hit on the head while it glows; and upon leaving Rivets MacNab and his everlasting manager, he proceeded down Broadway until he came to the gaudy entrance of a dance hall, a glorified pavilion of public Terpsichore, owned by a corporation and paying nice dividends.

He entered and contemplated the mild afternoon activities, for there are still plenty of people who dance in the daytime. Casting about the room, he perceived a lady seated at a table counting receipts—a rather beautiful lady with a scornful chin. Godfrey removed his hat and sat down opposite her.

"Light of my soul," he said in a friendly tone, "hello."

"How's the boy?" asked the lady, who was the official hostess of the joint and knew men, all kinds of men, as a chiropodist knows bunions. She was accustomed to asking boys how they were, and she knew how girls were by merely looking at them. Her name was Ruby Millar and she had never a weak or sentimental moment. Her smile was ravishing and she was famous for her yellow hair as far north as Central Park.

"I got a job for you," Godfrey announced. "I got a nice little job for Ruby which will pay two hundred dollars."

"Wouldn't touch it for less than three hundred," Ruby responded. "What is it?"

"I'm inviting you to have dinner with me and a boy friend of mine," Godfrey explained. "Nice lad he is too. It seems that you and I are sweet on each other."

"It seems so, does it?" Ruby asked.

"Yes, for this little dinner. About halfway through, you discover the nice boy and devote yourself to him, causing me great sorrow."

"What is the idea of all this?" the lady asked, wondering if she should demand three hundred and fifty.

"The notion is as simple and easy as an orphan child with a slab of pie. You are a beautiful and hardened woman of the world, alluring to mankind. I have been wild about you myself, in a restrained way. Now what I wish is for the boy friend to fall in love with you at first sight."

"Three hundred dollars," Ruby murmured, thinking of a window on Fifth Avenue. "All right, Godfrey. I do hope there isn't anything dangerous about this."

"Not a thing."

"And I won't have to requite the mad love, once it begins flaming?"

"No. Just be nice to him. Tell him whatever it is girls tell men when nobody is listening."

"Suits me," Ruby responded. "When do we start?"

"The dinner? I shall notify you in advance. Wear pink or something and try to look pretty."

"I always look pretty," said the hostess, "except at half-past seven A.M."

Therefore, Mr. Danny Ackerman, sitting in his furnished room and reading the population of principal cities in 1910, learned to his pleasure and surprise that Godfrey Baker had not forgotten him.

"What are you doing tomorrow night?" Godfrey telephoned.

"Not a thing," replied Danny.

"Eat with me?"

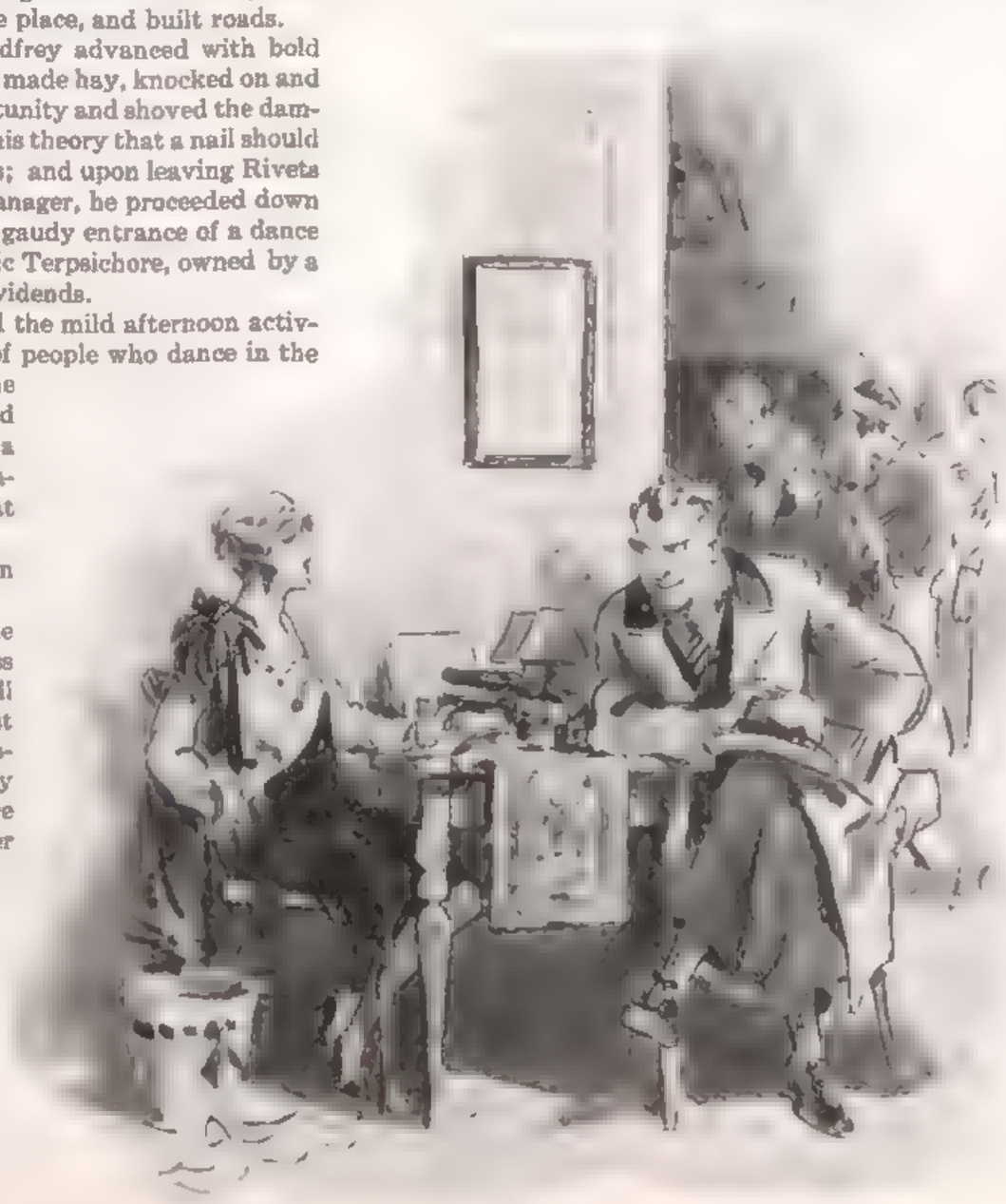
"Sure," said Danny, and in the light of a thousand candles, with a string band warming up and rare viands passing, Godfrey and Mr. Ackerman met and sat down beside a gurgling fountain in a restaurant famous for its hors d'œuvres.

"This," said Godfrey in a casual way, "is Miss Ruby Millar."

Danny bowed, blushed and burned himself with a cigarette. He tried to shake hands with the lady and was numb in his arms for five minutes. Ruby nodded in a society manner and refrained from glancing at the manager. She was in her best man-killing mood, having had a cash payment in advance from Godfrey.

The dinner was a social success and lasted one hour. After forty minutes of not looking at Danny, Miss Millar

(Continued on Page 61)



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cost but little more

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Longer life—much less frequent renewals—greater economy—greater reliability—greater convenience—those are the things the Eveready Layerbilt construction gives you.

One is the famous Eveready Layerbilt No. 486, the original Eveready "B" battery to be made of flat cells instead of cylindrical ones. This is the largest of the Eveready Layerbilts, and lasts longest. It costs only 25c more than the cylindrical cell Eveready of the same size.

The other is the newer Eveready Layerbilt No. 485. It comes in the same size as the Eveready "B" Battery No. 772, which uses cylindrical cells. The flat cells of the new No. 485 make it last much longer. It is the most economical medium size Eveready "B" Battery, and costs only 20c more than the No. 772.

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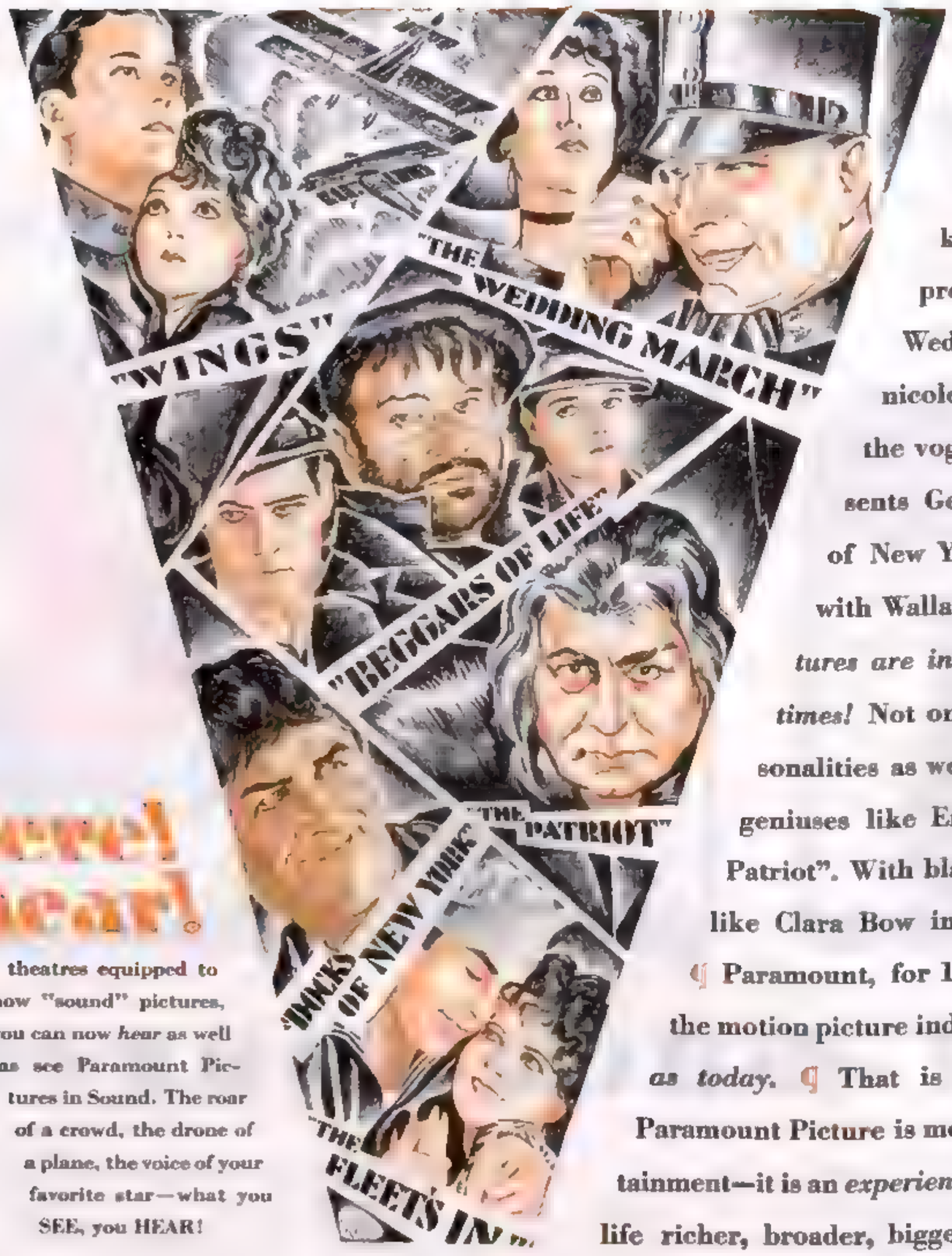

Aviation news crowds the front pages of our newspapers: Paramount has the first great spectacle of the air, "Wings". ¶ Fountain pens, cameras, kitchen ware are in color: Paramount presents Eric von Stroheim's "The Wedding March" with scenes in Technicolor. ¶ Virile, dramatic stories are the vogue of the day. Paramount presents George Bancroft in "The Docks of New York" and "Beggars of Life" with Wallace Beery. ¶ *Paramount Pictures are in tune with these changing times!* Not only in stories, but in personalities as well. With great dramatic geniuses like Emil Jannings in "The Patriot". With blazing, sparkling stars like Clara Bow in "The Fleet's In". ¶ Paramount, for 16 years leader of the motion picture industry *is as young as today.* ¶ That is why seeing a Paramount Picture is more than entertainment—it is an *experience* that makes life richer, broader, bigger for you!

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Conservatives in Overalls

By JAMES STEVENS

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

AT THE time of the last presidential campaign I was one of a green-chain crew in a Central Oregon sawmill. Ten of us carried our lunches and there was always tall talk when we forgathered at the lunch hour. It was Ed Barker who made politics the main subject for a long time. He claimed to know all the inside facts, and they went to prove that at last a presidential election was at hand in which the workingman and the farmer would have a real chance to be saved.

The rotten newspapers, Ed informed us, were trying to keep the inside facts covered up, but he learned them from a radical weekly and from pamphlets. As the campaign warmed up he had a dozen new inside facts for us every lunch hour. All the rest of us could do was sit, eat, and listen to the latest proof that our time of being ground down in shackles would soon be over, for the earnest, big-hearted leaders were making a winning fight.

Ed Barker had a bull voice and could howl everybody else down. Besides, he had gone broke farming and he somehow made us feel that it was our fault. We felt guilty about owning radios and automobiles when he told his hard-luck troubles and were ashamed to enjoy arguing about them in front of him. There was a whole month when nobody bragged about having the best automobile. That was what made old George Taylor rebel. Such bragging was the greatest joy of his life. So finally he rebelled and got himself into the shameful position where he had to admit to Ed Barker that he was a conservative in overalls. For quite a spell after that old George could hardly look anybody in the eye, just as though he'd been caught in something scandalous. Ed Barker had a way of saying "conservative" that made it sound criminal. And that was how George Taylor felt for a long spell.

"George Taylor, Do You Know What You Are?" He Said, Like a Judge Ready to Sentence a Prisoner. "You're a Conservative!" He Made It Sound Like He Was Saying "Horse Thief"

The Workingman's Score

GEORGE TAYLOR had worked thirty years for this particular lumber company. He was a regular American workingman, from away back. A man of few words, there were certain subjects, nevertheless, on which he liked to express himself: The fact that age hadn't slowed him up at slinging lumber, his wife's cooking, the ability of his two oldest boys to grade lumber, the three houses and lots in which his savings were invested, and above all, the many virtues of his shiny green six-cylinder sedan. Old George was never the man to rub it in about what a fine car he had, but he did claim the right at least to mention it once in a while. At last he balked on just sitting, eating and listening to inside facts every lunch hour.

That time Ed Barker had a full head of steam up and the throttle opened to the last notch.

"Yes, sir, men, the laborer and the farmer are woke up at last," he orated, in that bull voice of his. "Their eyes is open to their shackles and they're reachin' fer the helpin' hands of our earnest, big-hearted leaders. Why, we prove it ourselves. Here we've been a-settin' at our lunches, day after day, hypnertized by the siren voice of the rotten press, as the weekly says; just settin' and gabbin' about movie stars, rajo sets, the sawmill to which we are shackled, huntin', and such truck; bawlin' about who's got the best automobile. Yes, sirs, settin' and eatin' and argyin' truck like that there; but what are we doin' now? I ask you, what are we doin' now? Why, we're settin' and talkin' as earnest as our leaders theirselves, that's what we are; talkin' about our shackles and the helpin' hands. Yes, sirs, that's what we're talkin'."

That was when George Taylor interrupted Ed for the first time.

"We!" he said in a grim way. "We! Huh!"

"I wisht you wouldn't interrup' a discussion that's just fer your own good," said Ed irritably. "When we're a-talkin' ——"

"We!" said old George again.

"Now looky here!" bawled Ed. "That's twicet right together! That comes mighty nigh to denyin' the right of free speech, you a-interruptin' that way when we're a-talkin'."

"Ed Barker, you quit bellerin' at me. I simply won't be bellered at." Old George said that in an easy voice, but the fire was snapping in his eyes. "And I'm goin' to have a word. Goin' to!"

He stopped there and stared at Ed, hard. Ed all of a sudden discovered that he had to investigate his coffee bottle. Then old George went on in that slow, easy voice of his, which was soothing after the bull tones of Ed Barker.

"I'm sick and tired of hearin' myself called a slave day after day, for it's all a lie. There's nary shackle. No, sir!" He held up his hands and looked them over. "Plenty calluses, yes, sir, and consider'ble knots and gnarls. Honer'ble scars. The marks of thirty-five years of dang hard labor, and then some. Been workin' with my hands since I was fifteen. Forty years, all told. And what've I got? Well, got a fambly, a wife whose cookin'd make even a earnest, big-hearted leader smile, two good, hard-workin' boys, and two gals who ain't so good and hard-workin' but are cheerin' to look at; got three houses and lots; got a savin's account; got the best dang car of anybody in this old sawmill. . . . Say, men, you oughter seen her make Pilot Butte in high. In high all the way up, and she only purred. Talk about a car ——

"But I forgot. I was talkin' about slaves and shackles. Tellin' what I got. Mind, it wasn't to brag. Plenty other hard-workin' men my age got more, plenty others got less. But most havesome. Millions of workin'men all over this great land just about like me. Got plain jobs. Got wages above a livin'. Got homes, famblies, cars and rajo sets. Able to look any man square in the eye and tell him to go to hell. Nary shackle. Want to keep what they got."

Stumped

"ME, I WANT to keep what I got right here. I'm all right on my job. Want to see things run on as they are. And so I'll vote for the old-fashioned kind of cannerdates. Millions more just like me. Don't want no helpin' hands from earnest, big-hearted leaders. Want to keep things as they are, for most ever'thing in this land of ourn is pretty dang good. . . . That's me, Ed Barker. Don't call me a slave again. Ain't one. No, sir. Nary shackle."

Old George stopped then, heaved a big sigh and fetched out his bandanna and wiped his forehead. He hadn't talked that much in a year, except to brag about his sedan, and it had been a strain. We hoped that politics was settled now, and everybody else sighed more or less with relief. But we sighed too soon. Ed Barker wasn't to be put down so easily. He waggled a forefinger solemnly at old George.

"George Taylor, do you know what you are?" he said, like a judge ready to sentence a prisoner. "George Taylor, you're a conservative!"

He made it sound like he was saying "horse thief." And old George was caught with his guard down. He was staggered.

"Why, I ain't neither," he protested, but weakly. "Ain't no such thing. Nobody's got a right to call me that."

"A conservative," insisted Ed Barker grimly. "Yes, sir, a conservative in overalls, by grab!" He shook his head sadly. "I might 'a' knowed it. I was simply wastin' my breath. To think that a man with calluses on his hands and wearin' overalls should be a conservative—just to think! How that would hurt the big-hearted leaders, if they only knowed!"

No criminal caught red-handed ever looked more guilty than old George did. He didn't say any more, but just flushed up and looked like he wished he was away from there. The rest of us were all embarrassed for him, and Ed didn't say any more but sat and shook his head in a sad way; and we all felt relieved when the whistle blew to go to work.

But old George had made the first break in making Ed Barker quit his bellyaching, anyway, and after that the

(Continued on Page 177)

Make it

safe to be hungry!

BREATHLESS youngsters bounding in from school. What hungry appetites they have! By all means give them plenty of nourishing food to fill that between-meals "emptiness."

Just be sure of one thing . . . let the food you give them be thoroughly fresh and wholesome. And you can't be absolutely sure unless you have scientifically correct refrigeration.

50 degrees is the danger point!

Milk and meat, fruits and vegetables must be kept at a temperature below 50 degrees *at all times* if you are to check the growth of bacteria. The General Electric Refrigerator automatically keeps a temperature several safe degrees below 50—always. What is the temperature of *your* refrigerator?

The General Electric Refrigerator was developed after fifteen years of experiment in the Research Laboratories of General Electric. It is different from all others—really "years ahead" in design. It is entirely automatic, surprisingly quiet. All its mechanism is sealed in an air-tight steel casing so that you never even have to oil it. It makes plenty of ice-cubes and uses remarkably little current.

It stands well above the floor on sturdy legs —with plenty of broom-room underneath. The top-coils radiate the mild heat drawn from inside the refrigerator. This prevents dust from settling. It also explains why so many people have called the General Electric the most sanitary of refrigerators.

Send for this graphic booklet

Write us today for a free copy of a dramatic little booklet called, "What value do you place on your family's health?" It was written by Clarence V. Ekroth, Director of Ekroth Laboratories and Ex-chief Chemist of the Bureau of Foods, New York City Health Department. The booklet has full-color illustrations and microscopic views that will give you a startling insight into the importance of correct refrigeration.

GENERAL ELECTRIC Refrigerator

"Makes it Safe to be Hungry"

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT · OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY · HANNA BUILDING · CLEVELAND, OHIO

Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

JUST to give you an idea of the extent of Universal's operations, and the popularity of its pictures, 10,327 theatres in the United States and Canada get their pictures—all or part of them—from Universal every week. Nearly a third of this vast army of theatres use everything Universal produces. To keep them supplied, and their patrons happy, our exchanges here and in Canada carry 161,000,000 feet of film, and to this we add every week the steady, normal flow of 2,400,000 feet of positive prints. These surprising figures are due to the fact that Universal is making the kind of pictures the public wants, as evidenced by the countless thousands of letters annually received from the readers of this column.

—C. L.

LAURA LA PLANTE—the charming, beautiful, talented *"Magnolia"* of Edna Ferber's *"Show Boat,"* has been accorded the highest honors in Filmdom because she was chosen over all others to interpret that fine rôle. You will see her also in the following pictures this season *"Home James," "The Last Warning," "One Rainy Night," "Dangerous Dimples"* and *"That Blonde."* Keep watch for them and ask your favorite theatre to book them.

Renee Adoree in "The Michigan Kid"

GLENN TRYON, that different comedian, will soon appear in a film entitled *"How to Handle Women."* I want you to see this clever young fellow's idea of how to dispose of a difficult subject. You'll be surprised

Conrad Nagel in "The Michigan Kid"

Another Universal picture of note which you should mention to your favorite theatre is *"Jazz Mad,"* the excellent story by Sven Gade. This gripping story of pride of family pitted against impetuous youth features such favorites as JEAN HERSHOLT, MARIAN NIXON and GEORGE LEWIS

Would you like to see a rich—spicy—daring picture with all the lure of the back stage romance? Then don't miss *"Phyllis of the Follies."* It's a real treat. Played by a splendid cast including—MATT MOORE ALICE DAY LILYAN TASHMAN and EDMUND BURNS An Ernst Laemmle Production

Hoot Gibson, Ace of Western Stars

Motion-picture theatres are now making their bookings for Fall and Winter of 1928-29 Tell them you want Universal's pictures shown in your neighborhood And if you want to know where they will be shown in your vicinity, write to me. I'll tell you definitely.

Carl Laemmle, President

Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free.

Autographed photographs of your favorite Universal Stars Set of 5 different Stars, 50c. (Name the Stars you wish.) 5 different poses of the same Star, 50c (Give Star's name.)

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

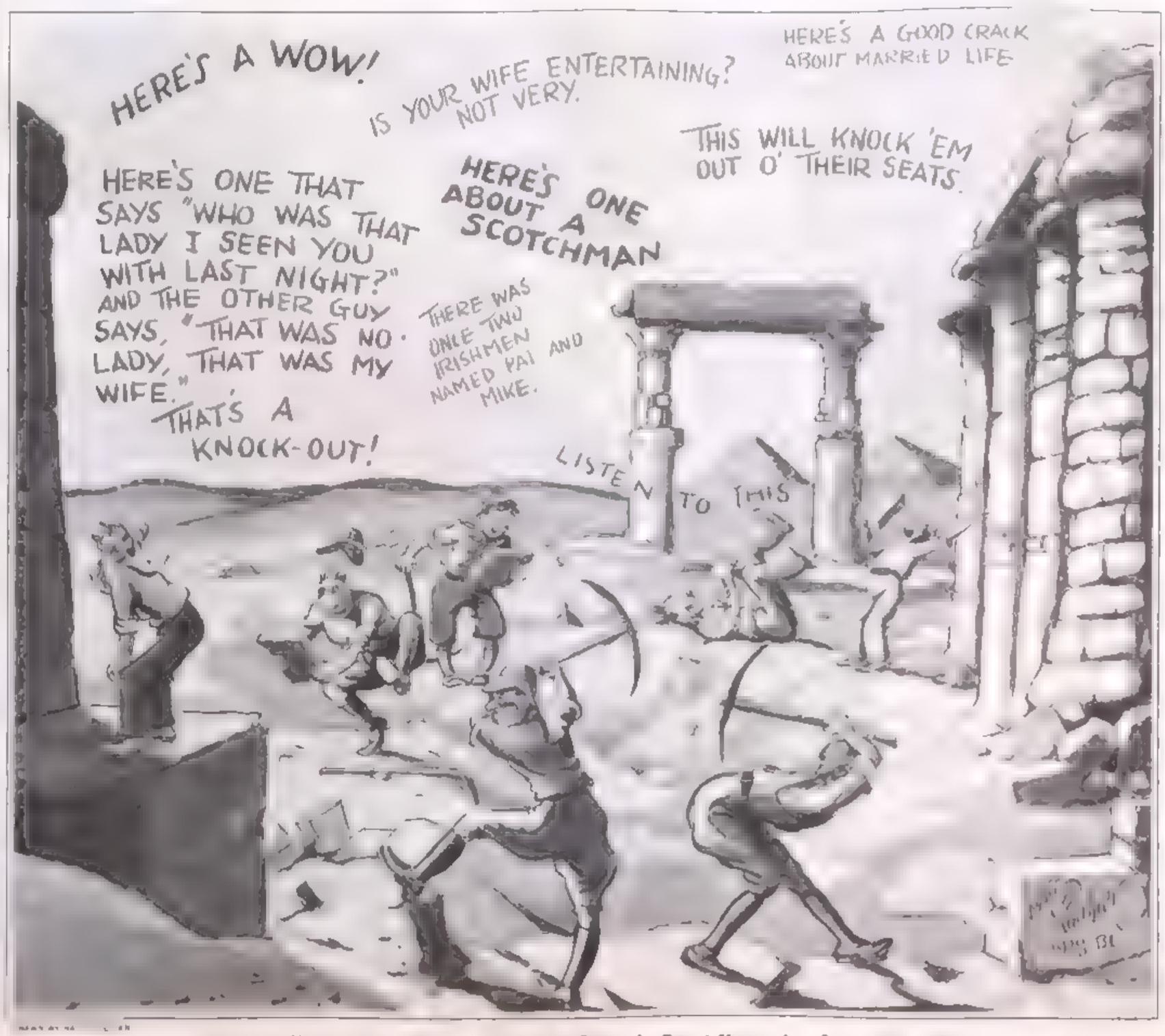
"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

Cartoon and Comedy

The English Feel We Have No Individuality in Our Dress. "All Americans Dress Alike," They Say

After Observing England's Individuality Perhaps We are Playing Safe and Sound


HERE'S A WOW!
IS YOUR WIFE ENTERTAINING? NOT VERY.
HERE'S ONE THAT SAYS "WHO WAS THAT LADY I SEEN YOU WITH LAST NIGHT?" AND THE OTHER GUY SAYS, "THAT WAS NO LADY, THAT WAS MY WIFE." THAT'S A KNOCK-OUT!
HERE'S ONE ABOUT A SCOTCHMAN
THERE WAS ONCE TWO IRISHMEN NAMED PAT AND MIKE.
HERE'S A GOOD CRACK ABOUT MARRIED LIFE
THIS WILL KNOCK 'EM OUT O' THEIR SEATS.
LISTEN TO THIS

American Vaudeville Artists' Excavating Party in Egypt Unearth a Lot of Old Jokes

Industry!

Beware of Waste in White Elephant's Clothes

White elephants in the form of obsolescent machines are trampling down the profits in many an industry. Timken Bearings in machinery drive out this form of Waste. For Timken-equipped machinery of every type invariably does better work, and more of it, at less cost.

Such equipment is superior because of the established Timken operating economies due to the reduction of friction, lubricating costs, and power waste. Such equipment has permanent Timken precision, full Timken thrust capacity, Timken rigidity, Timken simplicity—the invincible endurance of Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*, and Timken-made electric steel.

That is how Timken operating economies keep on compounding themselves, paying returns long after Timken-equipped machinery itself may be written off. Refigure on a Timken basis. Noted equipment makers in your line can give you complete information.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

CHALLENGE WASTE IN ELECTRIC MOTORS

In electric motors Timken Bearings make one of their most direct challenges to Waste. The Timken combination of minimum friction and full thrust-radial capacity means highest endurance. Rotors are permanently centered. Shafts are shorter and more rigid. Mountings are simple, compact, and drip-proof. Maintenance of Timken-equipped motors is but a matter of lubricating a few times a year.

The DeLuxe Sedan

Priceless!

There is something outside of and beyond expert salesmanship and paid-for advertising.

It is the friend to friend, word of mouth recommendation expressed by the man in the street when he says, "I wouldn't change my Victory Six for any other car in the world!" An advertisement like that is priceless. It can't be bought. It must be *earned*.

It is because the Victory Six has *earned* this honor that it has become the most popular car in its price class in America.

We can only *suggest* the superiority of the Victory Six in a paid advertisement like this; the advertisement that can't be paid for *confirms* it.

The first step toward bringing you and the Victory Six together is a demonstration that any Dodge Brothers dealer will be glad to give you. Why not take it today—yourself at the wheel?

The VICTORY SIX

BY DODGE BROTHERS

DODGE BROTHERS CORPORATION, *Division of Chrysler Corporation*

TOURING CAR $995—ROADSTER $995—COUPE $1045—4-DOOR SEDAN $1095—DELUXE SEDAN $1170—DELUXE 4-PASSENGER COUPE $1170—SPORT SEDAN $1295—*f. o. b. Detroit*

How I Got My Golf Clubs to Like Me

By Donald Ogden Stewart

IT WAS on the eighteenth tee. Tom had me seventeen down and one to play. Carefully I stepped up and addressed the ball. Carefully I took my back swing. Carefully I kept my eye on the ball and carefully I drove.

Smack!—as though propelled by some gigantic catapult the round white spheroid tore crashing into the bushes at right angles to the tee.

"Tough luck," murmured Tom. I said nothing. "Play another," he suggested.

At last I spoke. "Tom," I said, "I'm through."

"Oh, come now, old fellow!" he comforted.

"No," I said stubbornly, "I'm through."

Tom slowly grasped the seriousness of the situation. He dropped his own driver and ran over to me.

"Don't say that, old man!" he pleaded, shaking me by the arm. "What would your family think? And Lolita, that pretty little brunette who has promised to become your bride in case you play eighteen holes in less than a hundred and twenty—what of her?"

I shook my head. "I appreciate what you say, Tom," I muttered, "but when a guy gets eighteen lousy drives in succession ——"

Tom must have seen that it was hopeless. We shook hands and he went on to the eighteenth green, while I walked forlornly toward the clubhouse, followed by my equally dejected caddie. Neither of us spoke.

At the locker room he handed me my clubs. It was, thank God, the last time I should ever see them again. I had been so proud, too, that first day just a year ago. The tall shining brassy, the delightful little mashie. Delightful? I never wanted to hear the word "mashie" again. And as for "niblick" ——

I laughed scornfully. What a game! Putter — mashie — niblick — fore — seventeen down ——

And then I noticed that the caddie was looking at me as though he wanted to speak.

"Well, boy," I said, "what is it? Some trifling debt or other? Speak!"

"Oh, no, sir," he replied. "You have been more than kind to me."

"Tut-tut!" I exclaimed. "It was nothing."

Still he lingered. "Sir," he said at last, "I have a suggestion to offer."

I turned in the doorway and faced him. "A suggestion?" I asked. My tone must have frightened him, for it was several moments before he replied. "Yes?" I repeated.

"Sir," he said, "have you ever thought of trying kindness with your golf clubs? Have you ever thought of treating them as companions? They, too, have their likes and their dislikes. They must be cultivated—and won. You must make your golf clubs your friends. That is all, sir."

He was gone.

I was inclined at first to treat his advice lightly, almost with a sneer. But that night, as I pitched and tossed on my pillow, his words kept coming back:

"You must make your golf clubs your friends!"

Toward morning I sank into a troubled slumber in which a niblick named Lolita was being chased by three missed putts named Murphy, and when I awoke I was greatly relieved to find that it was only a dream. But dream or not, my mind was made up.

That afternoon, as soon as I could conveniently get away from the office I hopped into my roadster and drove out to the country club.

"It's a nice day," remarked the caddie master as I entered the locker room. "Will you be wanting a caddie?"

"No," I replied. "I have merely come to take my clubs out for a little ride."

He did not seem to understand, but the caddie of the day before gave me a sympathetic smile as I passed.

The clubs were where I had left them in my locker, and I greeted them cheerfully.

"Well, clubs," I said, "it must be pretty stuffy here. I think that we all ought to get a little fresh air."

I lifted them carefully from the locker and patted each one kindly. Then I carried them back to the caddie master.

"Give these clubs the best cleaning you possibly can," I demanded. "They certainly deserve it."

Twenty minutes later we were spinning over the boulevard. The brassy and putter were seated up in front with me, while the mashie, mid-iron and niblick occupied the rumble.

"If I'm going too fast, boys," I called back over my shoulder, "let me know."

Soon we were passing through the exclusive residential district.

"That's old Mr. Kruger's house," I explained. "He's said to be worth two or three million dollars. Street railways, I think. And over there—no, to the left—is Mrs. Scott Cumberland's—you remember the divorce. She's in Europe now. A pretty nasty business it was, if you ask me. I've never been inside, but they say she has some wonderful oil paintings. And way up there, on the right, is the Gormely house—you must have seen him on the links—a short bald gentleman. He married William Sanderson's daughter and they say he hasn't done a lick of work since. I don't think I would either, eh, boys?"

And so it went—a delightful ride.

"And now, boys," I remarked, pulling up unexpectedly in front of Taylor's drug store, "I don't suppose there's anybody here who would like a soda."

I smiled slyly and the response was instantaneous. I felt that my scheme was beginning to work.

And I wish you could have seen those five little clubs at the movies that evening. People literally turned around to stare, they seemed to be having such a good time.

"Boys," I said later that night, as we were all ready for bed, "would you like to hear a story—the story of the four good little golf clubs and the one bad little golf club?"

I lighted my pipe, settled myself comfortably in the armchair and began.

"Once upon a time," I narrated, "there were four good little golf clubs and they were very good golf clubs indeed. They were a pleasure to play with, and every time they hit a ball the ball would go very straight. Their names were Joan of Arc, Babe Ruth, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge and Colonel Lindbergh. But one day along came a bad golf club, and every time it hit a ball the ball would go off into the bushes or into Lake Erie or some other bad place, which caused the master a great deal of trouble. So when the good little golf clubs grew up, they all had money in the bank and were elected members of the house committee, whereas the bad little golf club took to drink and died in the electric chair. And now to bed."

The week passed thus very quickly, and one afternoon in September I felt that I had perhaps sufficiently won the affection of my little charges to risk another attempt at the hand of Lolita. It was a beautiful Saturday and my heart beat high as I drove up to the caddie house.

"Well, Mr. Stewart," said the caddie master, "we haven't seen you for a long time."

"No," I replied truthfully.

The caddie who had given me the good advice came forward to meet me and took my bag.

"Sir," he said, "I knew you would come."

Together we walked slowly out to the first tee. Lolita was standing on the clubhouse porch watching. I teed up my ball and then paused to say a few words to my little pals.

"Clubs," I said, "we've had a good time together, haven't we? My, it's been fun! We've been real friends, haven't we? And I want you always to feel that if there's anything I can do ——"

With a cheery smile I patted each one of them on the head.

"Now," I said, "I wonder which one of you would like to come first. Perhaps you, Brass old boy." I drew the brassy affectionately from the bag. "Good old Brass," I murmured. "I like you."

Slowly I took my position in front of the ball. Carefully I gazed down the distant fairway. Carefully I swung back. Carefully I paused and then ——

Smack!—like a rifle bullet the ball sped toward the caddie house and cracked on the roof. I seemed to hear a woman's derisive laughter. Then there was silence.

"Oh, dear!" muttered the caddie.

I gazed at the brassy. "Now listen," I remarked, "papa has been very good to you, hasn't he? You wouldn't want to hurt papa's feelings, would you?" I shook it gently. "Papa will be very angry," I said. "You wouldn't want to make papa angry, after all he's done for you." I shook it again. "Would you?" I repeated. Then I smiled and patted the club. "Of course not," I said.

I placed another ball on the turf before me. Then I drew back and swung. This time the ball bounded sharply to the left, narrowly missing a group who were waiting to drive off. Again came that mocking laugh from the porch. I looked at the brassy.

"You do that again," I muttered, "and you go to military school."

I was beginning to lose my temper. In fact I suddenly lost it.

"And what's more," I said, knocking the club against the ground, "I'll beat the hell out of you, you dirty little rat! I should make a friend out of you—I should take you home with me and be nice to you—I should—I should ——"

Words failed. I slammed another ball down in front of me, not stopping to tee it up.

"Now you—little ——" I snarled, and with that I let swing.

Smack!—straight down the course—one of those drives that start low and then rise.

When it finally came to rest it was at least a hundred and fifty yards from the tee.

I turned to the clubhouse porch. Lolita was standing there, open-mouthed with amazement.

I bowed and then handed the brassy to my caddie.

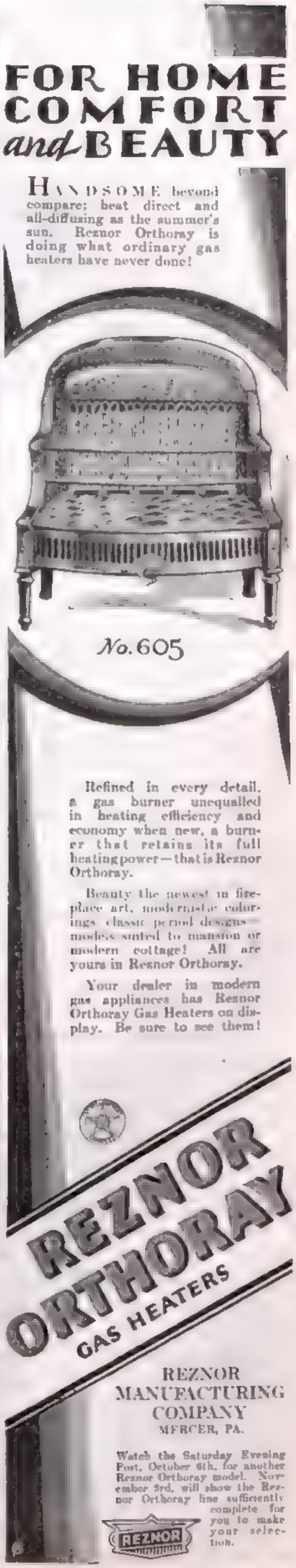
"What that club needed," I remarked dryly, "was a little old-fashioned discipline."

"'Spare the rod ——" he agreed with a smile.

The other clubs functioned perfectly. To make a long story short, I went around the course that day in 108—just twenty strokes lower than my previous best.

And that November, as I led to the altar the woman of my choice, Miss Lolita Gorden, one of the happiest guests at the informal reception at the home of the bride's parents was the little caddie who had first taught me how to make my golf clubs my friends.

Try it, fellows. It may be the one thing which is holding back your game. But remember also the lesson I learned that day on the first tee. There is a certain point at which kindness must cease. Otherwise your clubs will grow up to be a great disappointment to you and a constant source of annoyance to those with whom you play.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HANDSOME beyond compare; heat direct and all-diffusing as the summer's sun. Reznor Orthoray is doing what ordinary gas heaters have never done!
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Refined in every detail, a gas burner unequalled in heating efficiency and economy when new, a burner that retains its full heating power—that is Reznor Orthoray.
Beauty the newest in fireplace art, modern tile colorings classic period designs—models suited to mansion or modern cottage! All are yours in Reznor Orthoray.
Your dealer in modern gas appliances has Reznor Orthoray Gas Heaters on display. Be sure to see them!
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Watch the Saturday Evening Post, October 6th, for another Reznor Orthoray model. November 3rd, will show the Reznor Orthoray line sufficiently complete for you to make your selection.
REZNOR

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

How to Attract Money

FEW financially successful men of today succeeded entirely on their own capital. Native ability, plus their limited savings, plus the financial backing of men with capital, brought success.

Thrift, it is true, is essential to the successful launching of any worthy enterprise. But to a young man who must start his career without capital, the ability to attract money is fully as important as the ability to save it. The man with proper qualifications can attract thousands of dollars while he is saving hundreds.

Recently I asked a man whose career and present position have qualified him particularly well to talk on the subject to tell me some of the things that an individual may develop which give him the ability to attract money. He is John Gerdes Lonsdale, of St. Louis. Although he was left an orphan without inheritance at the age of six, John Lonsdale built a sizable railroad when he was twenty years old. Obviously he did it on his ability to attract capital, not on his own savings. As a matter of fact, he had less than $2000 when he became vice president of the uncompleted road.

I asked him how he managed to attract the millions of dollars that were required to build this road, between Hot Springs and Little Rock, Arkansas.

"I was working in my uncle's real-estate office, where I had spent my spare time during school age and all my time after I left school," he began. "I naturally talked to a lot of men around town. Everywhere I went I heard business men, bankers, farmers—everybody, it seemed—bewailing the need of a railroad between Hot Springs and Little Rock. The only connection our town, Hot Springs, had with the outside world was by a little narrow-gauge railroad that wound around through the mountains."

How the Other Fellow Succeeds

The Man Who Swings the Loan

"FROM the time I can remember, I always was interested in trains and railroads and money. Hearing all this agitation for a new railroad set me thinking. Finally, with the ignorance and blind confidence of a small-town boy of twenty, I decided to build the road myself. At the time the job did not seem so big. My stern uncle had taught me from childhood that to start a job was a moral promise to complete it. I went after this self-appointed task of building Hot Springs a new railroad with all the zeal that such training had given me.

"I don't suppose any of the townspeople took me seriously, but I'm sure they did not for a moment doubt my sincerity. Perhaps some of them pitied me, but they did not doubt my belief in myself.

"Blissfully believing that I was going to build my road, I rode a mule over the many proposed routes for the road between Hot Springs and Little Rock and amassed a surprisingly large amount of data on the topography of the district. The local business men's club was making a great deal of noise about the proposed road, but it did nothing tangible in collecting usable facts.

"Finally a promoter, glowing under the halo of a recent success in railroading, landed in Hot Springs and announced that he was ready to promote their railroad. He wanted to know what data the business men's club had. They referred the promoter to 'a boy named Johnny Lonsdale, who has been surveying the route and making some notes.' So the promoter came to see me.

"He was willing to undertake the financing of the road, provided someone furnished him a right of way for it. Here, again, my riding the mountains between the two towns came to my support. I did my surveying on a mule. That necessitated spending my nights with the farm folks along the proposed route. Having been reared among such people, I naturally was able to make some of them my friends. I liked their hound dogs, and any man who can like a mountaineer's dogs sincerely soon wins the owner's confidence. Thus I was able to secure for myself the right of way for the road. Some of the land I had to buy, but much of it, fortunately, was donated. That gave me a tangible claim on the proposed road."

The right of way was cleared, the roadbed thrown up and five miles of track laid, when the promoter quite suddenly lost interest in the enterprise and young Lonsdale was left with an unborn railroad on his hands. He had no capital and nothing tangible with which to produce capital. He went to New York and had the road put into a Federal receivership and asked the court to appoint him receiver.

"I guess they made me receiver for the simple reason that I still did not realize the bigness of the job I was up against and therefore still believed positively that I could finish it," Mr. Lonsdale continued. "Evidently that inspired confidence. Their making a twenty-year-old boy a Federal receiver inspired in me still more confidence.

"I failed to raise money in New York to complete the road, but I went to Philadelphia and fared better. Instead of going to bankers, I called upon several Quaker merchants. I told them that when a man owned a building lot the average capitalist gladly lent him the money with which to erect a house on the lot, with the understanding that both house and lot went to the financier when interest and principal were not paid when due.

"'Now I have a graded roadbed, all the crossties that are needed, and five miles of track already laid, for a railroad down in Arkansas. That is my lot. I want you to complete the road, which is the house. If I fail to pay the interest and principal when due, it is all yours.' Because I sincerely believed the proposition was sound, they believed it, too, and I got the money."

The road was completed and young Lonsdale became its first vice president. But there was more honor than money in the completed task, because his right of way, against the capital necessary to complete the road, was small indeed.

Still holding his interest in the little road, he went into the stock-and-bond brokerage business in Hot Springs. He went to New York soon afterward to make a correspondent connection there. When he presented his plain printed card to the head of the New York firm, the latter remarked:

"Well, sonny, looks to me like you're getting a mighty long way from Hot Springs."

"That's the first time that J. G. Lonsdale and Company has ever been confronted with any territorial limitations," the young Arkansas broker replied, not sarcastically but with a determination that won a valuable connection with the Wall Street firm.

"Banking today is called a cold-blooded business," Mr. Lonsdale remarked, "but, regardless of that fact, it is impossible to get away from the personal element. After all, a loan is only as safe as the man to whom it is made.

"Two men may come to the bank, each with, let us say, ten thousand dollars cash. Both want to go into business for themselves and want us to advance an equal amount. One loan we will grant, the other we will refuse, even though outwardly they have about equal chances of success.

"The thing that determines our decision in such a matter is the man himself. Does he really believe in himself? Has his past record proved that fact? Are his plans for operating the business the result of his own thinking, or is he merely a puppet, carrying out the suggestions of other people?

"When he worked for others, does his past record indicate that he used his head when carrying out instructions of his superiors? Did he gain a reputation for thinking beyond his individual duties and make suggestions for the betterment of the business for which he worked?

"Is he the sort of chap who likes himself well enough to look into the mirror twice a day—once to shave, and again to see that his tie is tied and adjusted properly—but not often enough to prove himself a confirmed egotist?

"If he meets these specifications he has a definite attraction for money. He can devote his thought to the building that money will do. He can induce others to provide the money."

—RUEL MCDANIEL.

Too Good to Ignore

WHAT is it we actually buy when we write our checks for the premiums on our life-insurance policies? It seems to me that we buy investments which pay large dividends in credit and peace of mind, and these are dividends of extremely large purchasing power. Someone with a gift for descriptive phraseology has defined life insurance as "buying money for future delivery." Though this description may be true as far as it goes, it falls far short in defining the important part life insurance may play in everyday business life if it be properly used.

Many of us now in possession of policies are not aware of the standing they give in the matter of credits. This is a particularly valuable consideration in view of the fact that 90 per cent of the world's business is done on credit. Nor are we aware, to a large degree, of the uses to which life-insurance policies may be placed in assisting us toward home ownership or the launching forth into productive business ventures.

The value of credit cannot be overestimated. It is the foundation of all business. Money invested in insurance not only purchases a good return on the investment but, in addition, marks the investor as a person of careful integrity and pays large dividends in credit confidence.

A. Barton Hepburn, chairman of the board, Chase National Bank, New York City, says: "When a man comes to us to borrow money, we want to know how much life insurance he carries: not so much because of its bearing upon his financial power, but as an indication of his type of mind, for the type of mind that induces a man to insure his life is the type of mind that makes for success in business."

It is impossible to estimate the extent to which home-purchase and land-purchase loans are supported by life-insurance policies. Banks deal largely in noncollateral loans of small amounts and many college educations have been made possible by character loans supported by life insurance. Life insurance plays an important part, too, in the financing of business ventures. Financial institutions

(Continued on Page 40)

THE NEW FRIGIDAIRE

THE TRULY QUIET AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATOR

WHAT was the first thing you noticed about the New Frigidaire? Was it the unique beauty of the cabinets? Or the way every convenience has been worked out in the most minute detail? Perhaps you didn't notice, at first, its quiet operation, because you didn't know that the compressor was running. But when you found that it was running, then you too must have been surprised at this new evidence of Frigidaire efficiency . . . this truly quiet automatic refrigerator.

And this quiet operation has been achieved without sacrificing any of Frigidaire's famous surplus power.

The New Frigidaire freezes ice quickly . . . even in the hottest weather. And it protects foods and safeguards health under all conditions.

This combination of quiet power could *only* be achieved by Frigidaire's almost limitless facilities for research and experiment, and its wide experience over the past 12 years in the production of electric refrigerators for actual service in homes throughout the country.

Make your present ice-box a New Frigidaire. Place this frost coil in the ice compartment and a compressor in the basement.

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2. The simplicity and dependability of operation with alternating-current Radiotrons (direct from electric light circuit) that have made Radiola 18 the most popular of all broadcast receivers.

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The Super-Heterodyne, because of its super-selectivity, is used in marine coastal stations, in

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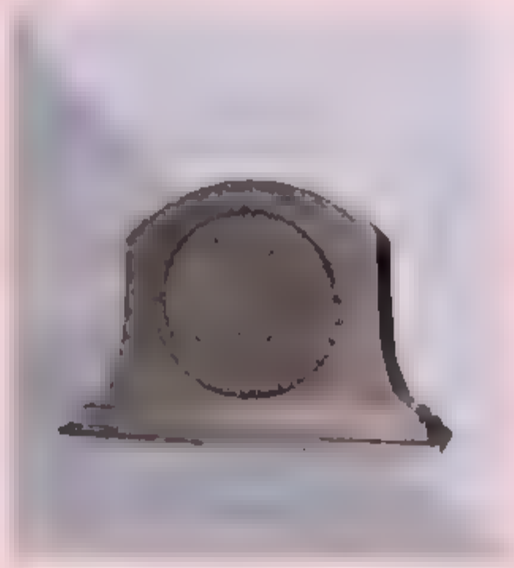

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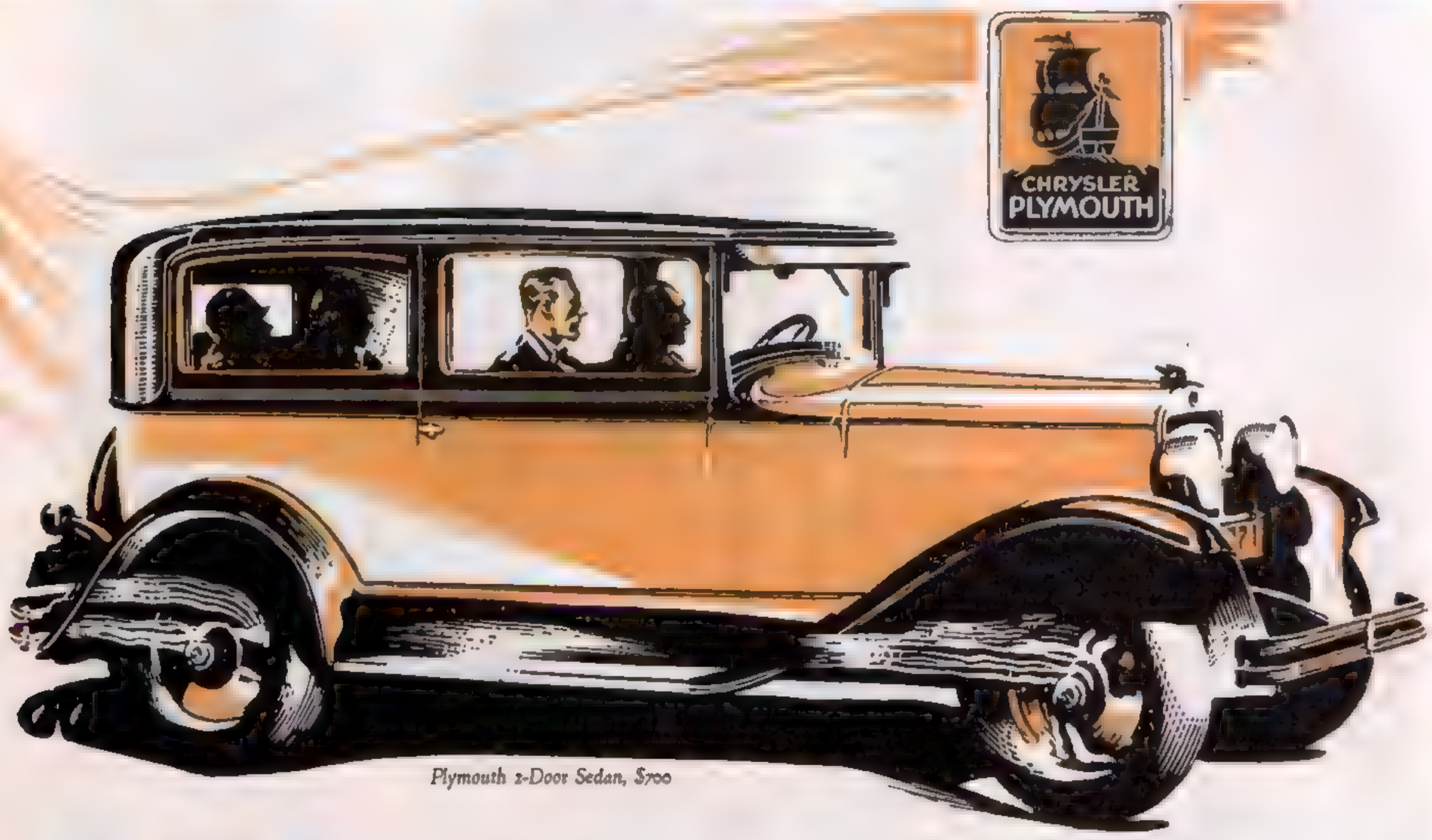

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RIVETS

(Continued from Page 46)

looked at him and there began the relentless process of impaling a human butterfly from Sullivan County. It was like taking candy from a child. Danny knew that women existed, but he had avoided them, feared them and had always warned Rivets that no good can come to anyone who fools around with them. He and his fighter were men's men and consorted with males in their hours of ease. They went to other fights, to bowling alleys, skating rinks and billiard parlors. Neither had ever tasted a cup of tea or helped a girl out of a taxi.

"This," said Ruby in wide-eyed and wistful wonderment, "is not the Mr. Ackerman I've been reading about?"

Danny breathed hard and replied in a low voice, and Ruby hitched her chair slightly nearer. She paid no further attention to Godfrey Baker, who thereupon assumed a wounded expression and pretended to sulk. Ruby and Danny talked of this and that, Danny listening and Ruby coming nearer and nearer. At nine o'clock Mr. Baker could bear the sight of the new friendship no longer.

"You two seem to be getting along nice," he remarked sarcastically, "so if you don't object I'll be on my way."

Brushing aside Danny's remonstrance, Godfrey departed and the new acquaintances finished their meal and went to the movies, with Ruby clinging to Danny's arm.

Having not the slightest personal interest in the manager, Miss Millar earned her money in honest fashion and was paid two hundred on account, which she spent joyously on Fifth Avenue. Mr. Ackerman fell into the spider's web, took on a foolish expression and sent Ruby flowers, and for the first time in his life began to have shamefaced thoughts of marriage, apartments, colored curtains and similar nonsense.

He haunted the palace of dance. He telephoned needlessly to ask Ruby concerning the state of her health, and the hard-hearted creature laughed with Godfrey and felt not the slightest remorse for toying with the soul of a human being. She dined with him, protesting bitterly to Godfrey and demanding more pay.

"How long," she asked gloomily, "does this go on? Danny isn't a bad fellow, but he bores me to tears."

"Not much longer," Godfrey promised. "All I want is to be sure he loves you."

"He does. Many men have loved me, and Danny's the worst. When a man who talks very little gets so he can't talk at all, that's love."

The cruel deception continued for three weeks, and again Godfrey walked into the dance palace and conferred with the hostess.

"Another dinner party," he announced.

"Why, when and where?" Ruby asked.

Godfrey narrated the details, and as he explained, Ruby determined to charge further fees, for the job was growing complicated.

"At this dinner," Godfrey said, "you are going to meet another boy friend of mine and the idea is to ditch Danny Ackerman and turn the beautiful orbs on a fresh victim."

"All through with Danny?" she asked, in a tone of relief.

"No more Danny. You now take on Mr. Thomas MacNab, and as you enslaved Daniel, you now enslave Thomas, sometimes known to the world as Rivets."

"Who is he and what is he like?"

"A very nice young man and a prize fighter by trade, with riveting on the side."

Ruby betrayed interest. "That sounds rough," she said. "I now go eating meals with a prize fighter, and if I am not mistaken, Danny Ackerman is manager of this same Rivets, is he not?"

"He is."

"And would the chances be pretty good of me getting a wallop on the nose from one or the other? A lady can't mangle the affections of so many men without personal risk, and I do not yearn to be hit by either a fighter or his boss. A jockey was going to shoot me once."

"There is no risk whatever," said Godfrey, "and I am paying you two hundred extra."

Drawing fifty on account, Miss Millar prepared herself for fresh victories and bought a green evening gown with beads. It was not a bad way of earning pin money and business was none too blithe at the honky tonk. She felt no compunction about throwing the worshipful Danny aside, for he was a mild-mannered chap and would do nothing violent. Concerning the unmet pugilist, Ruby was a bit more interested, for he would probably be a strong character and determined with his women. She voiced her fears.

"Not at all," said Godfrey. "Rivets is just a simple country lad, a nice boy like Danny, and has never met any girls. You will be his first flame."

"You mean if he likes me."

"He'll like you."

"Would you mind telling me the purpose of all this shenanigan?" she asked curiously.

"That would be my business," Godfrey grinned. "I am paying you in yellow money to perform and ask no questions."

"Sufficient," said Ruby. "When do we begin?"

Mr. Baker named an evening for the second dinner party at the elegant restaurant and reserved a table for four adults. He put himself in communication with Rivets MacNab, who had returned to the metropolis after a busy riveting engagement on a new skyscraper in Utica, and the boxer accepted the invitation to dine.

"Put on your evening clothes," Godfrey suggested. "I want you to meet a friend of mine."

"Another manager?" Rivets asked, chuckling.

"No, a lady."

"Females," said Rivets in surprise, and at eight o'clock he clattered into the lobby and shook hands with Godfrey. Danny Ackerman, who had been informed that the whole thing was a little surprise party, was astonished to see his battler in a Tuxedo, and likewise delighted.

"I thought," Godfrey explained, "that it would be a grand thing to have Rivets meet Ruby, and then she would know the both of you."

"That's fine," Danny admitted, and Rivets was introduced to the siren of upper Broadway. He bowed stiffly and regarded Ruby with a fixed gaze.

"I'm hungry," Godfrey announced, and the four headed for the dining room, where a flounder is known as a sole. All chatted merrily except Rivets, who maintained a masterful silence, peeking continuously at Ruby Millar, who was wearing a brand-new costume. Godfrey informed Rivets early in the evening that Ruby and Dan made a swell couple under any kind of lights.

It was a real pleasure for Danny to see the interest Rivets displayed in the new lady. During the soup, Ruby divided her attention between Godfrey and Danny, laughing in her charming way and begging Danny to dance with her as a personal favor.

Rivets crouched behind his celery, wearing the glare of a man taking his first dentist's gas. He spoke in monosyllables when addressed directly. He moistened his lips and once started to leave the table, and long before the hostess trained her batteries upon him, he was a bewitched pug.

Ruby had put on her nicest social manner and was mispronouncing words with true elegance. Her new costume, bought with Godfrey's promotion money, was a public success and the diners gazed admiringly. Mr. MacNab did not address her, but appeared to be gazing past her. At nine o'clock she suddenly leaned toward him, and as they had been sitting side by side, it was no great effort. She raised her frank blue eyes to his and stared for an instant, and Mr. MacNab knew at once that there are harder punches than can be socked a man in the padded ring. He sank without a gurgle.

"This," said Ruby in an eager voice, "cannot be the famous Rivets MacNab I've been reading about?"

Rivets picked up his coffee, resaucered it helplessly and admitted that he must be the same MacNab, if she meant the fighter.

"Oh," said Ruby, breathing intensity into her words, "it must be wonderful to be a great champion."

"Lady," said Rivets, "don't get me wrong. I'm no champ. I'm a bum prelim fighter."

"You are a champion," she insisted. "There is something about you. You are a natural leader of men, and women must be crazy about you. Is your real name Tommy?"

Rivets said it was and that the Rivets part was a gift from his steel activities. It required time and patience to thaw him to a free conversational mood, but Miss Millar had been thawing men for years—men who had been mentally frozen since birth. Godfrey Baker ate a hearty meal and surveyed his handiwork with the pleased mien of a master craftsman. At the other end of the table Danny Ackerman looked on helplessly, asked Ruby pitiful questions, which seemed unheard in the conversational murmur, and finally folded up, a flat and discarded tire upon life's brutal highway. He continued to smile, but his heart was breaking and he spilled everything he touched.

"Nice work, kid," Godfrey assured Ruby, who made no reply, but devoted herself to Rivets with increasing vehemence. She had some new twelve-dollar perfume and the fighter was only half conscious.

The dinner party ended with dramatic suddenness. "Tommy and I," Ruby announced in a gay voice, "have just thought of a lovely place to go. You two wouldn't like it. You won't mind if we dash along?"

"Certainly not," Godfrey cried heartily. "Run away. Old Danny and I will just sit here and listen to the music."

They departed instantly, Rivets walking like a man in a dream. Ruby gave the wallflowers a bright smile, seized the fighter by the arm and steered him toward the check room.

"Well," said Godfrey in an envious manner, "those two just seem to hit it off, don't they, Danny?"

"Yeah," said Danny, who had been growing paler and paler.

"Personally speaking, I never saw Ruby warm up to a fellow so quick before. She's pretty choosy about her men."

"Yeah," said Danny, looking distinctly ill. He attempted to drink his coffee, but the cup rattled against his teeth and he gave it up.

"Have some more steak, Dan," Godfrey urged.

"No," said the suffering manager, "and I ain't feeling any too good. If it's all right, I think I'll be going home."

"Home!" cried the host. "At this hour?"

"Must be my liver," said Dan, rising. "I feel none too good."

Godfrey shook hands with Danny at the door and advised him to retire early. "What you need is rest, Danny," he said in concern. "A man with a liver can't have too much rest."

Two weeks from that evening, in the course of his regular fistic affairs, Rivets MacNab boxed a preliminary in East Orange with a tough customer named Sandow Somebody, a blond brute who had been laying them low. During the two weeks Ruby spent the time completing the transfer of her affections, and Danny Ackerman telephoned her in vain. She answered, courteous always, that she was a very busy girl these days. Couldn't he come around and see her? No. Couldn't they talk things over and see what was wrong? No. What

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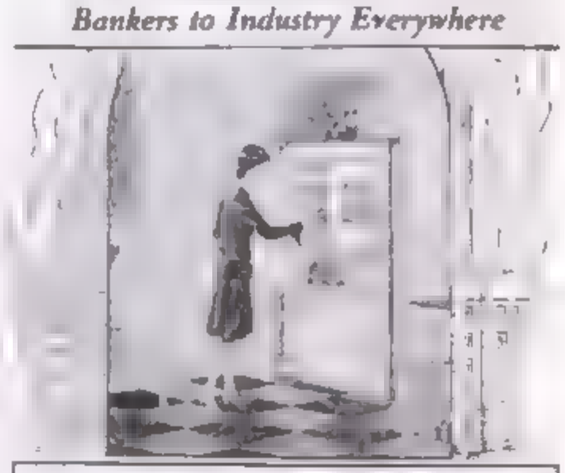

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did she mean by depriving him of the sunshine of her presence? Danny, don't be foolish. Danny hung up the instrument, tried to kill the boarding-house cat with one kick, and went out in the rain; and meantime the heartless coquette of the dance bazaar went joyously hither and yon with Rivets MacNab, who spent his money without counting it.

Danny said nothing at all to his comrade. He saw very little of the battler, and silently he slipped into the background, a wounded soul, a lover pushed aside, a victim of woman's inconstancy. Mechanically he went about his managerial duties and saw no more of Ruby, who was helping Rivets train for his next fight on afternoon tea, lady fingers and ice cream made to look like a lily.

The East Orange battle started up at nine o'clock, Eastern standard time, and Rivets stepped forward to meet Sandow, who immediately dealt him a brisk punch on the nose, flattening the organ slightly. MacNab's thoughts being of moonlight and roses, it required most of the first round for him to collect himself and realize that he was in warfare; and during this process, Mr. Sandow banged him in the eye, hit him fervently on the chin, produced a smart trickle from his nose, uprooted an eyebrow and started a general movement of tearing Rivets to small bits and feeding him to himself. A fan in the gallery began blowing a tin whistle in imitation of birds cheeping. Two gentlemen from Trenton offered to wager ten dollars that MacNab's name would be MacMud in another round, and a woman turned pale under her cosmetics. The lady was Ruby Millar, witnessing her first scrap.

At the conclusion of Round One, the surprised Rivets came back to terra firma and walked with steady steps to his corner. He glanced down, as he always did, at the face of Danny Ackerman. Danny was in his usual place and his countenance was white and calm. His arms were folded across his bosom and he did not return Rivets' inquiring look. It was the precise instant for further orders. It was the moment when Danny usually commanded his man to cover up, protect himself and back away; but the miracle had happened. Apparently for the first time, Danny could sit still and bear the spectacle of a bruiser socking Rivets in tender spots and the sight no longer hurt.

In considerable astonishment, Rivets sat himself down and rapid workmen swabbed him clean of gore, spanked him on the legs and urged him to go in there and kill somebody. They pushed his eyebrow back, and the second round opened with Manager Ackerman still grim and expressionless. He seemed to be suffering no pain.

The energetic Sandow, encouraged by his own previous handiwork, started at once to polish off the job. The crowd cheered him heartily. Rivets remembered that, after all, the evening was devoted to strife, so he removed his countenance from the damp end of Sandow's glove and buried his own fist in the Sandow midriff. He socked the blond fighter on the chin, and the fan with the bird whistle blew harder than ever. In quick succession he shot three hard punches into the opposition stomach and, assuming the sad expression of a dying gull in a winter's gale, Mr. Sandow looked once at the customers and spread himself gently upon the floor. He was towed into his corner and regained consciousness in due time. It was MacNab's first knock-out in three months, and next day the newspapers spoke of him in words of praise.

"Nice fight," Danny said later on in the dressing room. "That left jab of yours gets better and better."

Began there and then the swift rise of Rivets MacNab. He stepped into the headlines along with the baby murderers, submarine sinkers and octogenarians with all their teeth. He plowed through his fistic division like a mad dog through a shopgirls' picnic, battering down opposition, gathering momentum, money and fame, and the newspapers said:

> This fellow MacNab is another Stanley Ketchel. There is nobody in his class who can beat him.

Danny Ackerman sat through fight after fight, always in his regular corner at the ring, watched Rivets and suffered nothing, no matter how punishing the blows. Godfrey Baker loitered serenely in the background, seeing his man rise to the king row; and when he was not filling hospitals with his victims, Rivets took Ruby somewhere in a taxicab and bought her little trinkets that a girl so appreciates.

"Now you can see what I was trying to do," Godfrey told Ruby in the dance hall. "This boy is the champion sure, and the credit is all mine."

"Speaking of credit," returned the lady, "what about that last two hundred?" And so delighted was Godfrey with general progress that he paid the lady the money due.

On the night when Rivets battled Dave Darsie in Madison Square Garden for the right to meet the champion, Danny Ackerman quit his job without warning. He was not discharged, as the papers said next day. He actually resigned and it was a stunning blow to Rivets MacNab.

"What for?" he inquired in astonishment.

"I'm quitting," said Danny. "I don't want to go any further."

"Why, Danny," Rivets protested, "you wouldn't leave your old pal?"

"Yeh."

"Why?"

"I just want to quit and there's no use arguing with me," Danny said impassively. "I can't stand the racket and I'm going away."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Danny. You and I have always been a good team."

It was not the racket that had worn the soul of Mr. Ackerman. It was the sight of the scornful Ruby Millar. She had witnessed the steady rise of Rivets, generally from a ring seat, and her lovely countenance had grown pale or flushed as the battle rose and fell. Danny resigned at seven o'clock on the evening of the Darsie scrap. At eight Miss Millar stepped from an automobile, wearing a new fur coat, and at nine Mr. Darsie walked into a right hook and was knocked colder than a banker's heart.

It was one of MacNab's easy, fast contests—a fifty-second set-to, consisting of four punches, two uppercuts and two smacks to the ribs.

A new man stood upon the threshold pounding for admittance, and the sporting editors were unanimous in saying that nothing human could stop him.

Mr. Godfrey Baker beheld the fine fruition of his plans, and at a reasonable hour next day he met Rivets, who had just been paid off, bore no scars of battle and was going with a lady to a matinée.

"Hello, champ," Godfrey cried, grasping the fist that had flattened strong men. "Am I a smart one, or not?"

"Yes," admitted Rivets calmly, "you are certainly a brainy man, Mr. Baker."

"I see by the paper that Danny has pulled his freight. True?"

"It is," replied Rivets, glancing at his watch.

"Well?" queried Godfrey with a smile.

"Well, what?"

"I said I'd make you champion in a year, didn't I? I said you could keep Danny and you did until yesterday. One more pushover and you're the champ." Godfrey paused, his countenance glowing with enthusiasm and thoughts of fame, glory and wealth.

"Well?" asked Rivets.

"You going to do as you said?"

"What did I say?"

"You said if you and Danny ever split, I got the job. Didn't you?"

"I did."

"So I get it?" Baker asked.

"No," said the fighter, "you don't."

Mr. Baker scowled and refused to believe his ears. "You're going back on your word of honor?" he shouted.

"Not exactly. I'm not champion yet, which was part of the bargain, and what is more, I'm never going to be."

"Can't help being," the promoter roared. "You can turn this guy in with one arm. He knows it and you know it."

"I might whip him if I fought him," Rivets went on calmly.

"If you fought him!"

"Yeh. You see, I ain't going to fight him—or anybody else." Godfrey blinked at MacNab as though the latter had taken leave of his senses. "The fight last night was my last. I'm all washed up. Something's happened."

"What has happened?"

"When Danny was my manager, he couldn't stand seeing me socked on the snoot, and that held me back for years. Now it's worse, because it's Ruby. Say, it used to hurt Danny pretty bad, but it hurts Ruby just nine thousand times worse. Every time I fight, she's a nervous wreck next day. So ——"

"What's Ruby got to do with it?"

"Well," said Rivets unsmilingly, "she's going to be my wife. You might say that's having something to do with it."

"No!" gasped Godfrey.

"Yeh. And she's probably the most chick-hearted woman in the world when it comes to me being hurt."

"Married!" Godfrey said, stunned.

"Sure! We like each other, and I'll never do anything to scare her. From now on she's the manager, and she's asked me wouldn't I please stop fighting. So ——"

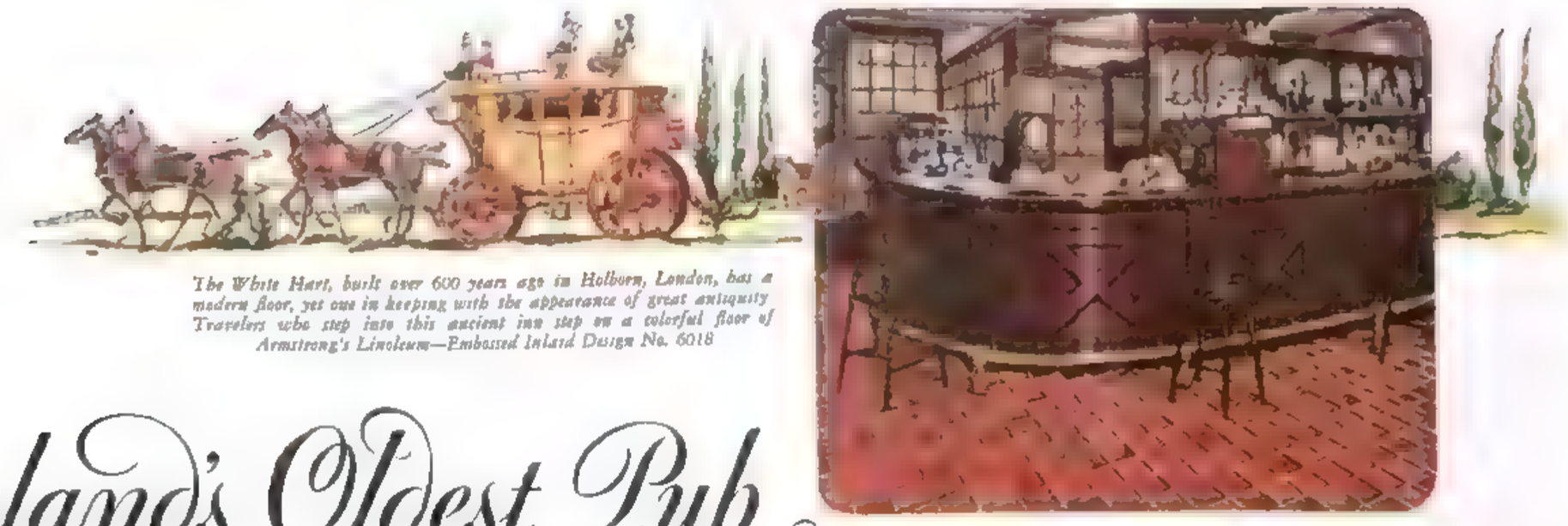
"You're not going to fight the champion?"

"Nobody."

Mr. Baker reached for his hat.

And that is the true inside story of why Rivets MacNab fought himself up to the door of the championship and then faded entirely from the sporting news. The papers explained that he had some trouble with his eye, but it was not his eye. It was the internal organ commonly associated with sweet romance and the wooing of woman. Godfrey Baker is still walking the streets of New York with an eye to the main chance. He recently passed a new building where men were toiling. Elevators dashed merrily up and down and donkey engines puffed. Men were throwing rivets to other men with barrels and Godfrey stared long and intently at one of them—a big fellow, singing at his job. The promoter shook his head sadly and pushed onward through the throng.

"Fool!" he exclaimed in a loud voice, and a little man carrying a box of dry goods offered to knock his head off for the insult.



The White Hart, built over 600 years ago in Holborn, London, has a modern floor, yet one in keeping with the appearance of great antiquity. Travelers who step into this ancient inn step on a colorful floor of Armstrong's Linoleum—Embossed Inlaid Design No. 6018

In England's Oldest Pub and America's Newest Inns

Armstrong Floors help mine host outsmart "old man overhead"...

"SORRY, sir, the hotel lobby is closed. We're having our floors refinished". . . or "Would you mind walking on the carpet? The floors are being scrubbed again."

Maybe guests won't mind little inconveniences like these. Maybe they will excuse soiled, worn floors—overlook drab, colorless expanses. But what *can* you do with floors that are on duty twenty-four hours a day?

Others made tests for you

Hotel men know that floors are one of their biggest overhead items. All kinds of floorings have been put to practical tests. One product—Armstrong's Linoleum—most nearly meets the various requirements—quick installation without serious upset even during the busy hours . . . eye-appealing in color and design . . . built to retain fine appearance regardless of wear or weather . . . quiet underfoot and springy, too . . . cleaned at low cost, the special new Accolac finish, a dirt-resisting lacquer, never needs scrubbing.

You'll see these Armstrong Floors in large hotels and small—in every type of business home, for that matter. And local merchants will demonstrate just how they will look in your own place of business . . . tell you how quickly they can be installed, permanently, cemented over builders' deadening felt to last for years *without refinishing*. Not too costly. And not at all costly in terms of daily upkeep and overhead.

One hotel man writes to another

Manager, Stevens House,
Lancaster, Pa.

Dear Sir: Very recently I had the pleasure of stopping at your hotel. The floors in the guestrooms and dining-room appealed to me very much. Will you kindly advise me the name of the product, where and by whom manufactured?

Prop. Phoenicia Hotel
Phoenicia, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Elmendorf: In the rebuilding of the Stevens House, we wanted to get the most satisfactory floor material from the standpoint of appearance, wear, and cleaning ease. We found by actual tests that Armstrong's Linoleum Floors are entirely satisfactory, so much so that in all of our work now under way we are using Armstrong's Linoleum.

Manager, Stevens House

At the foot of the famous Chimney Rock Mountain, Lake Lure, N. C., stands Lake Lure Inn. Wrote Grant W. Mallery, Manager of this modern hostelry: "Our Armstrong's Linoleum Floor has met with hard use incident to the mammoth construction going on at Lake Lure and is highly satisfactory in every way."
(Hand Made Marble Inlaid No. 76)

* * *

Floor Facts . . . Illustrated . . . How to cut floor costs . . . provide needed comfort for patrons and employees . . . put more showmanship in your selling—these are a few of the important floor facts "Enduring Floors of Good Taste" brings you. Illustrated in full color, with types of business homes similar to your own. Your request—and a copy goes to you free. (Canada, 25c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 309 W. Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pa.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · PRINTED · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

THANKSGIVING EVE

(Continued from Page 17)

Those about him began to contemplate the sky. The Germans regarded each other nervously.

"What is the matter with them?" coughed the general. "You don't suppose they're deaf!"

"The general is speaking Spanish and French to them, sir," faltered the aide. "Perhaps they don't understand either."

"Well, they ought to," snapped the general. "It's a foreign language."

"I think the word for 'friend' is '*Kamerad*,'" hesitated the aide.

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?"

To the prisoners, "Kamerad—er-beaucoup—er—in fact all—all Kamerad ——" He waved his arms toward that part of France that the enemy occupied, then brought them in as though he clasped the whole German Army to his bosom.

"Ya! Ya!" cried the prisoners. It seemed that they began to understand.

"All Kamerad," went on the general. He grunted as though in delight and made signs of eating. From a retired part of the church, where smothered laughter could not be heard, Lieutenant Claflin and the battalion adjutant watched. The general waved his hand toward the choir loft where the stores were. The Germans chuckled.

"I get what he's trying to say if the Jerries don't!" said the adjutant. "He's telling them that if their friends come over they'll get a feed of the stuff he's just showed them."

"Well, they won't," snapped Lieutenant Claflin, "because that's our Thanksgiving dinner and it just cost the mess fund five hundred dollars. That's what I went up to Paris for."

"Well, I know," said the adjutant, "but he can say that we eat food like that regularly, can't he?"

"H'm—I suppose he can. But ——"

"Lieutenant Claflin!" barked the general.

"Here, sir."

"Yes. Now just conduct these prisoners to where you found them."

"Sir?"

"Conduct these prisoners to where you found them!"

"And what shall I do then, sir?"

"Why, let them go."

"Let them go—let them go free?"

"Yes, let them go free! Don't repeat my words in that silly way! Let them go back to their organization. How else can they carry my message? Didn't you see how starved and badly nourished they were? Didn't you see how they relished that breakfast? Well, I have explained to them that if they'll bring their friends back with them, we'll give them all just such food as we have shown them here until the end of the war. Why, the Boche will surrender by divisions!"

"Yes, sir. But if they don't?"

"Well, all we've lost are these two wretches. I don't think their presence in the Kaiser's army will affect very much the result of the war. We can spare them. U'm—yes, I've had a plan such as this in my mind some time." He beamed on those about him.

The lieutenant weakly waved his hand to the two guards and they started away with the prisoners. "Take them back to the Second Platoon," he choked. "I'll be right up." He then turned to take his leave of the general and the others.

"Say, Claflin," whispered the adjutant, "is this cook here the one that found the diamond?"

"He's the one. I got him an offer of ten thousand francs for it from the best shop in the Rue de la Paix."

"Gee!" gasped the adjutant. "That ought to take him a couple of nights to spend, even in Paris!"

"Yeh, if he doesn't get into a crap game first. . . . Well, so long."

"So long. . . . Say, when you're going through these prisoners we're going to get, see if you can't pick off a diamond or two for me, will you?"

The ground in front of the Second Platoon's trench was the most dangerous part of the sector. A ridge that shut off all view of the country beyond ran diagonally across the plain. It was only a fold in the ground, not more than twenty feet high, but it masked the fire of that part of the American trench completely.

The French, years ago, had tried to occupy it, but any trench or position on the ridge could be taken in defilade from woods occupied by the enemy, so the attempt had been abandoned.

The ridge had one advantage. It ran down to the ruined town between the lines, and American patrols, going out at night, were safe from observation until they reached the first houses. There was a gate through the wire so that patrols could go out. Two hurdles, attached by chains to strong posts, formed this gate, which was further protected by a machine gun, among the crew of which was the man Johnny.

The gun was taken down during the hours of daylight and the crew retired to their dugouts, to the right and in rear of the Second Platoon.

The machine gunners were too occupied in eating their breakfast, and in cursing Johnny for his tardiness in bringing it to them, to notice a hum of excitement from the Second Platoon's trench. Just before evening stand-to the platoon sergeant was sent for, and he did not return until the gun had been set up in front of the gate.

"This is a dizzy outfit—I ain't kiddin'," was the sergeant's comment when he returned. "What do you suppose they done with those two Jerries they got this morning? Turned 'em loose! The old general filled 'em full of food and told 'em to go back and get their friends. Considerate as hell, ain't he? He never figures we draw them rations accordin' to our strength on the mornin' report, and not to feed any krauts he's a mind to invite over here. If Florida Water had any guts he'd have spoke up to him an' said so."

"You'll get us a growl for talkin' durin' stand-to," admonished the corporal.

"What yuh mean—talkin'? I'm givin' orders, ain't I? Think I come out here in this sap to play blackjack with yuh? Listen t'me now! You guys be extra vigilant on this gun. If them Jerries come back with friends they'll come through the gate. They was let out of it a-purpose so they'd know where it was. Well, maybe they'll come back with six—maybe with only two—maybe a whole flock.

"You're to send a man down to the gate, and when he hears the bell ring, he's to go back into the trench and tell the sentry. Down goes the relief and lets the Jerries through, while the sentry's wakin' up Florida Water to come down and superintend. He's to say how many squareheads we let through at a time. They're to be took back into the trench, searched and shoved off outta here. They built a pen down back o' the church all ready for 'em. That's what the hammerin' was that kep' us awake all afternoon.

"Well, that's the orders. Now I'm gonna tell you somethin' in your ear. I been in the Army a long time an' I seen lots o' foolish things planned. That's all right—that's an officer's privilege, like havin' a dog robber an' his own beddin' roll, but I'll say this—that I don't think them Boche will come back, an' if they do, they won't bring back more'n one or two with 'em. The man that wakes up two hundred heavy sleepers like we got in this outfit to guard four poor tremblin' mavericks like them two we caught this morning is liable to get knocked right out from under his back teeth. There—that's what I'll say!"

"An' it's a mouthful," agreed the corporal.

"How they know there's a bell there, sergeant?" asked Johnny.

"Florida Water showed it to 'em."

"Gee, that was a bright stunt, to show 'em the bell an' everything!"

"They change the signal every time a patrol goes out, don't they?" barked the sergeant. "An' what happens if anyone jerks that bell? The whole sector turns out to see what the gang comin' in got for souvenirs!"

"H'm—I'm glad we got somethin' interestin' to think about," remarked the corporal. "It gets cold and monotonous out here night after night in the mud, an' it rainin'."

"Think about Thanksgivin' dinner tomorrow," advised the sergeant.

"It's goin' to be good," spoke up Johnny. "I saw the stuff this morning. Apples, canned squash for pies, turks! Ah, boy! The looey did a good job in Paris! An' there was them said you turn him loose in Paris with the mess fund an' you'd never see him again!"

"He had the cook's diamond too."

"H'm—that's what makes the night seem twice as long," said the corporal, "just lyin' there thinkin' about the dinner to come and how many hours it is before mornin'."

"Well," said the sergeant, "this ain't gettin' baby no shoes. You better shove a man down there to that gate now an' get the chains off."

"Johnny," said the corporal, "you go down. Take them chains off and get ready. An' while you're waitin' for the Boche, think of us waitin' for you to come with our breakfast this morning."

Johnny went down. The mud was gluey and icy cold. He looked overhead into the black sky and the rain fell upon his face softly, like the brushing of silk. From in front of the trench, as he now was, he could see the whole front line marked by the bursting flares curving off into the distance toward Bathelémont. Far away to the rear, the flash of some great gun glowed on the low clouds, and then, long after, would come the growl of its report. He heard a stir from the trench, coughing, the rustling of slickers and the click of equipment.

Stand-to was over and the men were going into the dugouts. He felt doubly alone. He leaned against the post and waited, shivering. His eyelids drooped. Even with the cold and the misery of his feet freezing in the mud, he felt himself falling asleep. All afternoon the hammering of the men building the stockade for the reception of the expected horde of prisoners had kept him awake. When he could have slept he had been unable to, and now when he must keep awake, slumber engulfed him in a rising flood.

Plop! went the distant flares. Gr-r-r-rowl! roared the great gun. A battery far away on the other side of the marsh ripped off a salvo and subsided again into silence. Johnny leaned against the gatepost and bowed his head in his hands. The movement raised the tail of his overcoat and slicker so that the wind and rain drove against the back of his legs. He straightened up again, groaning softly.

Tinkle-clink!

Johnny started violently. Beside the gatepost was suspended a bottle with a spike hung loosely from its neck. A cord ran from this bottle to the enemy side of the wire, and returning patrols gave notice of their presence by pulling this cord. This apparatus was known as the bell. Had the Boche rung it, or had he shaken it himself? Johnny could not tell.

He leaned down, feeling for the bottle with his hand. There! Ha! It jerked violently in his grasp! The prisoners were there! They had come back! He opened his mouth to call, then closed it again. How many were there? If there were only two, or maybe three —— He turned and ran the short distance that separated him from the trench and squeezed through the opening.

"Sentry!" he whispered. "Hey, Number 1! Where are yuh? The Boche are here!"

"No! Here? How many are they? Yuh let any through the gate? Wait'll I wake up the corporal! Hey, corporal, here's the Boche! The Boche are down at the gate!"

"Huh? Boche? Oh, sure! Wait now—don't make no noise. Gimme a hand to wake these guys up."

The other members of the relief groaned and muttered sleepily, already partially awakened by the murmur of voices.

"MacElroy, go wake up the lootenant. The rest o' you guys follow me! No noise now! Come on, Johnny, lead us down!"

"W-w-w-will I ring the alarm?" stammered the sentry, shivering with excitement.

"Alarm? Hell, no! Get this whole garrison up, an' maybe for only two Jerries or even one? Boy, the guy that woke 'em up wouldn't need to worry about handkerchiefs—they'd hammer the nose right off him!"

They squeezed out through the opening in the parapet and hurried down to the gate. The bell jingled madly.

"Where's the looey?" complained the corporal. "Gee, we better let in a few of 'em! They might get mad an' go away again."

"The chain's off," suggested Johnny.

"Well, open her! Hey, Kamerad! Come on through, you guys! Alley oop, chop-chop, or whatever yuh say in German! Come on! We won't bite yuh!"

Lieutenant Claflin had been duly awakened, but he had been unable to come down to the gate until he had first reported by telephone direct to the brigadier that the arrival of the returning prisoners had been reported. The officer on duty at the brigade post of command thereupon notified the infantry, the artillery and the troops on right and left that any suspicious activity noticed in front of position B-14 was the surrendering of a large number of German deserters and that they were not to be fired on. Meanwhile the lieutenant hurried down to the gate.

"Who's in charge here?" he demanded. "Here! Where are you running to? Who let all these Germans through? Stop stamping around that way! Answer me!"

Figures appeared out of the darkness, bulked large, disappeared. Feet churned the mud with the sound of a stampeding herd.

"Lieutenant ——" cried a voice that was shut off instantly. There was a heavy blow and the lieutenant's ears could not have heard any more had the speaker been able to continue.

In the trench the sentries on the fire step heard running feet, they smelled a strange odor of disinfectant, of salvage piles, of barracks long occupied by foreign troops. Men galloped by in the trench. H'm—those were the Jerries. They sure had come in in droves. What was the grand idea in running them back to the pens so fast?

The man on the machine gun that guarded the gate lay on his stomach and listened to the running of feet in the mud below him. What was going on down there? Things didn't sound quite right. Behind him, in the sap, he could no longer hear the sleepers snoring because of the noise in front. Should he waken them? But if everything was all right, and they unwound their blankets and got all wet for nothing —— Naw! Not for him! Yet—yet—what was that?

C-r-rack! again. Someone was tearing down the posts that supported the wire.

"I'm gonna wake up the corporal," he decided.

He made the decision too late. Five seconds later he was an inert form and the dismounted gun was rolling down the slope.

(Continued on Page 68)

··to do ALL THINGS WELL— *as a pencil and a five cent notebook will prove····*

ALMOST every car that roams the highways and byways today is alleged to have some particular virtue in which it excels.

That you who buy these automobiles may have some basis for fair comparison, Reo makes this simple suggestion.

Try it out with each of the two, three, four, or more automobiles you demonstrate before you buy. A pencil and five cent notebook can be your only tools.

After each demonstration jot down those things which impressed you most in the car you've just driven: the acceleration—the steering—the riding—the speed—the comfort—the style—or whatever the outstandingly impressive points may have been.

Do this for each car you try.

Then drive the Reo Flying Cloud of 1929 with your notebook before you.

Check it on every point that each of the other cars did well. Check its top speed against the fastest of the others.

Stand off twenty feet and compare the Reo Flying Cloud's lines with the handsomest of the others.

Point it up hills which only a few of the others could climb handily.

Stop it on shorter notice than the best of the others.

Pit it against the flashiest performer you've driven when the stop light turns green.

Take the rough roads faster than you dared to in the easiest riding of the other cars.

We know what your answer will be. For the Reo Flying Cloud of 1929 is built like the famous clipper ship for which it is named—built to do all things well.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY · *Lansing, Michigan*

FLYING CLOUD

Sport Coupe, *illustrated above*, $1725
Coupe . . . $1625 Sedan . . . $1845
Victoria. . $1795 Roadster. $1685
Brougham $1645 *f. o. b. Lansing*

REO

WOLVERINE

Cabriolet $1195
Sedan $1295
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Sillimanite makes

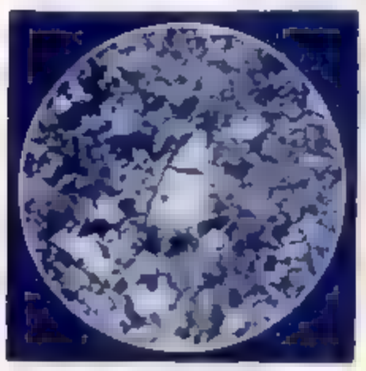
IN actual service and under terrific stress—in an amazing number of scientific laboratory tests—Champion has proved beyond all doubt that it is the better spark plug.

This is obviously due, in a very large measure, to its famous *sillimanite* insulator.

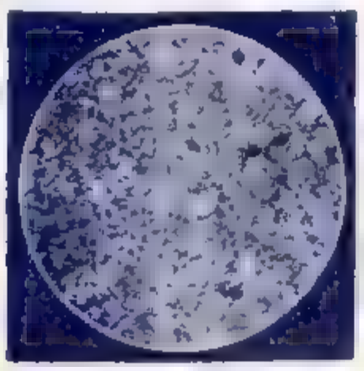
Sillimanite is a very rare mineral. Sillimanite is exclusive with Champion.

No other spark plug employs sillimanite in its construction—for the very excellent reason that Champion owns and controls the only commercial supply of sillimanite ever discovered. Furthermore, Champion owns the basic patents covering its industrial use.

Champion sillimanite has made possible refinements and improvements in design, structure, and ultimate performance, impossible of attainment with any other ceramic material.



Photomicrograph (150 diameters) of high grade porcelain showing rough, uneven structure



Photomicrograph (150 diameters) of sillimanite. Note close-grained homogeneous structure

Sillimanite is a rare mineral mined by the Champion Spark Plug Company in the Inyo Mountains of California.

It is regarded by ceramic scientists as the finest insulator of electrical current that has ever been discovered.

No other spark plugs can have a core of sillimanite because Champion controls the only known commercial supply.

Not only has sillimanite made Champion the better spark plug, but it is now being adapted to various processes in industry where its great mechanical strength, electrical insulating and heat-resisting properties make it superior to other ceramic substances.

Sillimanite Developed by Champion Scientists

Manufactured sillimanite was originally developed in Champion laboratories by Champion ceramic scientists after years of intensive research.

When the extraordinary virtues of sillimanite for spark plug service were discovered and determined, Champion scientists scoured the world for commercial supply.

Small quantities were discovered here and there in various parts of the world, but only in California did they unearth a supply sufficient to meet industrial demands.

That supply is now the sole and exclusive property of Champion.

Why is Sillimanite Superior?

Sillimanite's superiority over other ceramic materials is instantly revealed if you but study its structure under the microscope.

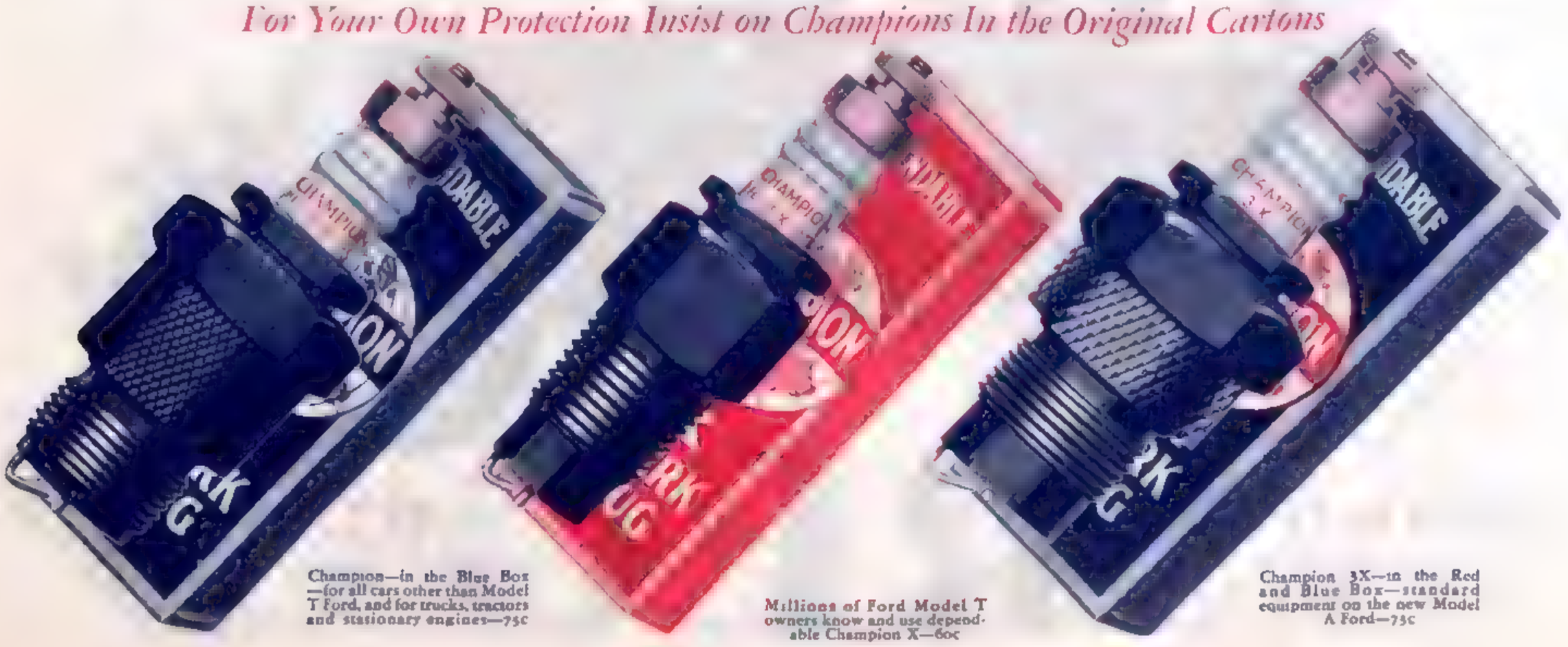
You will discover that the minute sillimanite crystals are fused in a mass more densely solid and compact than can be approached by any ordinary ceramic material.

Translated into terms of efficiency in spark plug service, this means:

1. Amazing mechanical strength.
2. Extremely high resistance to heat shocks.
3. Imperviousness to electrical current, even at extremes of temperature.
4. Remarkable heat conductivity.

These constitute but a few of the reasons why automotive engineers regard Champion

For Your Own Protection Insist on Champions In the Original Cartons



Champion—in the Blue Box—for all cars other than Model T Ford, and for trucks, tractors and stationary engines—75c

Millions of Ford Model T owners know and use dependable Champion X—60c

Champion 3X—in the Red and Blue Box—standard equipment on the new Model A Ford—75c

Champion the better Spark Plug

Spark Plugs as superior to any spark plug ever heretofore produced.

In point of fact, if Champion engineers had not developed the Champion Spark Plug to its new high plane of efficiency, the remarkable improvement in engine design of the past two years would yet be a dream for future realization.

Champion Meets Stress of Modern Engine

The modern high-speed, high-compression engine imposes a tremendous strain on spark plugs.

Even the best spark plugs of five years ago could not function an hour under today's operating conditions.

But the new modern Champion Spark Plug meets the most exacting requirements of the designers of modern engines.

In addition to the exclusive features with which sillimanite endows Champion, there are other positive assurances of more efficient service operation peculiar to Champion:

Outstanding Champion Superiorities

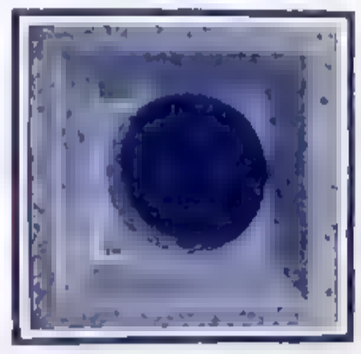
1. The new all-copper gasket-seal of Champion's two-piece construction, which remains absolutely gas-tight against the greatly increased compression of today's engines.

2. The special analysis high-compression electrode which assures a fixed spark-gap and blazing-hot sure-fire sparking under all driving conditions.

3. The uniform homogeneous structure renders the insulator practically impervious to carbon and oily deposits.

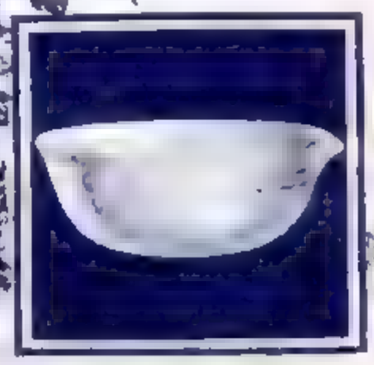
All these exclusive features and improvements keep Champion far in the lead as the better spark plug.

They assure the uninterrupted and continuous preference for Champions by two-thirds of the motorists the world over.



Sillimanite electric furnace refractory having characteristics and efficiency far beyond any other material for like purposes

Champion sillimanite protecting tube housing Brown Pyrometer. Unharmed by corrosive gases and chemicals—a perfect insulator



Sillimanite chemical laboratory ware is uniformly glazed, and far superior to any chemical porcelain now available

Sillimanite in Other Fields

Since sillimanite has demonstrated itself to be the finest spark plug insulator ever developed, it has rapidly taken its place as the greatest of all ceramic materials where heat resistance is essential.

Today it is regarded as the best ceramic material for the tubes housing pyrometers which are used to control extremely high furnace heats. It is extensively employed for laboratory ware, including beakers, casseroles, combustion tubes, crucibles, etc. —all of which are practically unbreakable, of high heat conductivity and practically impervious to chemical action.

Another newly developed and revolutionary use of sillimanite is in scientifically designed blocks for electric furnace refractories. The low co-efficient of expansion, mechanical strength, and great resistance to heat shock of this refractory has built up the efficiency of the electric furnace to a point literally impossible with any other refractory material.

These varied uses of sillimanite conclusively demonstrate its supreme strength and heat-resisting qualities—and explain the universally accepted superiority of Champion Spark Plugs.

Champion Better for Every Engine

There is a correctly designed dependable Champion Spark Plug for every type and kind of gasoline engine. More than 100,000 dealers, garages and service stations sell Champions. Be sure to get Champions in the original carton.

CHAMPION Spark Plugs

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

WHERE *did you get this* LOVELY ROOM?

Textone adheres perfectly to Sheetrock and is obtainable in a wide range of colors

MANY a house—your own, perhaps—has a charming room like this hidden away, unseen, unshaped, ready to be called into reality.

Look about your home, and see where you might discover such a room. You may find it any place in the house, in some unfinished part now serving merely as a catch-all, or even in an extra large old-fashioned room that could be easily divided.

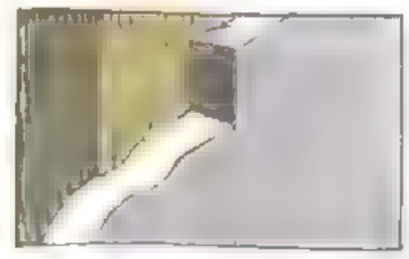
Then all you need is SHEETROCK, the fireproof wallboard, and *Textone*, the plastic paint. Both give superior results.

Use Sheetrock for your partition walls and ceilings. It is fireproof gypsum, factory cast in smooth, flat, rigid sheets that come all ready for nailing to the joists or studding. It does not warp, bulge or buckle. Sheetrock with its PROTECTED EDGES—the USG patented folded edge for nailing strength and the USG Reinforced Joint System insures flat, tight-jointed surfaces, ready for any decoration.

For your wall and ceiling decoration, in the textured, tinted surfaces now all the style, use *Textone*. It adheres perfectly to Sheetrock, is obtainable in a wide range of colors, and takes any pattern from classic Colonial or ancient Moorish to modern, novel effects.

Your painter and decorator supplies and applies *Textone*. Your dealer in lumber or builder's supplies sells Sheetrock in any quantity you may require. Be sure you get Sheetrock—every sheet has the PROTECTED EDGE and is plainly marked SHEETROCK for your protection. When you get SHEETROCK with PROTECTED EDGES, you get the wallboard for strong, rigid, smooth-surfaced and durable walls and ceilings. Insist on SHEETROCK. Made only by UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY *General Offices:* 300 West Adams Street, Chicago

PROTECTED EDGES



Sheetrock's Protected Edges insure delivery of the material on the job in perfect condition. Give extra nailing strength. Make tight, close-butted joints. Insure uniform thickness, flatness and smoothness. Provide the perfect base for decoration.

Copyright 1928, U. S. Gypsum Company

Many a house has a charming room like this, still unshaped, ready to be called into reality

FIREPROOF SHEETROCK INSULATING

Reg U S Pat Off

(Continued from Page 64)

A survivor from the sap sped across country, shrieking "The Boche are through! The Boche are through on us!"

"Gee, listen to that hophead!" chuckled the sentries. "Imagine that! A-scared of these prisoners!"

On the right, sharp and clear, there was the sudden crack of a rifle.

"Man! The guy that fired that'll catch hell!" thought all who heard.

Shouting. A machine gun began to purr. Then here and there certain men who had sense fired flares into the air to see what this was all about. It showed them the place swarming with the enemy. A frantic officer stammered into a telephone that a column of Germans had broken through beyond the church and were setting up machine guns to command the approaches to the town.

"Go back to bed," laughed the man at the other end. "You dreamed it. We got orders from the brigade not to fire on B-14. They got a big haul of prisoners—that's what you saw."

The conversation, with variations, was repeated many times in the next ten minutes. Then those who went up dugout steps or climbed to observation post, to have a look at what might be going on after all, heard the crash of the Bangalore torpedoes tearing up whole city blocks of barbed wire, saw the sky jeweled with the light of strange rocket signals and heard the wild clamor from the front, like a menagerie at feeding time.

But it was half an hour before the horrid truth was plain to all. The enemy had double-crossed them and, instead of surrendering in droves, had come over armed to the teeth and with malice aforethought, and had penetrated well into the second line.

The irruption of the enemy into a section of trench system did not mean that all was lost save honor. The American garrison had a very definite plan, worked out by the general commanding, assisted by certain French officers. The general had spent the night with the colonel commanding the regiment in order to be early on hand to welcome his expected guests. He might have had radical ideas on the best and quickest way to increase his ratio of prisoners taken, but having made a mistake, he lost no time in realizing it and going about readjusting matters.

"We'll do nothing until we have some information on this thing. Find out for me how far through they've broken, and what units, if any, are still in place."

This was easy to do, for there having been no artillery fire, the telephone lines were still intact and had been humming for some minutes. The enemy, it appeared, had penetrated in depth as far as the outlying houses of the ruined town.

"Very good!" decided the general. "Colonel, what's your estimate of the situation?"

"The enemy has seized the town with the intention of establishing a strong point there from which to exploit his gains laterally. He will not have had time as yet to do any organization of the terrain. Have the flank units of the first battalion fold back according to plan to prevent lateral attacks, have the Third retire to position I *bis*, bring up the Second Battalion out of support and counter attack the squareheads out of there."

"Let's notify the French," suggested the general. "They know how to stop these things better than we do. I wouldn't want these krauts to get through and take any guns on us."

"I'd suggest that we just ask them to stand by," said the colonel. "We can do it while the liaison officer is telling the guns where he wants fire."

It was some time, though, before the wheels began to turn and the plan of elastic defense to operate. It was an elaborate plan, but for a wonder it worked very well.

The general sat in the regimental P. C., his watch in his hand, listening to the reports coming in. Five minutes' intense bombardment of position H-3, then the barrage would lift to H-4 and the counter-attacking infantry would proceed to mop up any enemy left in H-3.

The counter attack having successfully reached a certain point, a unit on the left flank would advance, overcome resistance in its front and proceed to turn the western half of the town, which could not be taken frontally.

The general, in his admiration of the well-oiled smoothness with which his counter-attack plan worked, began to feel less chagrined at the failure of the one that was to result in wholesale surrender of the enemy. When the word came down that the western half of the town had been cleared, he rose and buttoned his overcoat.

"They'll be clearing out the town soon, colonel," said he. "I'm going up and watch it. Like to see it, by George!"

"They're raising hell up there," said the colonel. "Both armies are shelling the place."

"I don't care," said the general.

He went out, accompanied only by his aide and two runners. They wound their way forward through the trenches, stopping here and there for the general to inspect some cog in the great machine that he had invented. Here should be an emergency station. It was there—doctor, orderlies, stretcher bearers and stretchers, complete, ready, alert. They had no wounded, but they had hopes of some at any minute.

At another place there should be an advanced message center, so that runners coming in from the attacking units could have their messages telephoned back and valuable time saved. This message center kept pace with the advance. It was there, functioning perfectly, runners coming in, their messages being taken down in duplicate, eager telephone operators pulling plugs, a calm-faced lieutenant superintending.

The general glowed with pride. Why, the thing was as perfect as a chess game! He began then to come across platoons kneeling in communication trenches or standing patiently in bays, their bayoneted rifles pointing skyward, their officers a little apart in attitudes of vigilance.

These were platoons of the battalion reserve. Beyond they found the support; then, shortly after, the second wave of the attack. The town, so returning runners informed the general, was clear of raiders and the advance was waiting for the barrage to lift to clear out the front line and thus drive the last German from the American system. This news went back, appropriate orders were given and the whole machine—dressing stations, message centers, reserve and support—surged forward another two hundred yards. At daybreak all was clear, the Americans were back in their own front line once more and a reserve machine-gun battalion had gone into position to protect the gaps in the wire until night and darkness would admit of their being repaired again.

There was, by then, quite a group of officers about the general. As the last report came in he rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

"I know a kitchen about here," he said. "Shan't we just step there and see if the Boche have left us a little coffee? Then we can get some idea of what this has cost in casualties and whether the enemy is perhaps the biggest loser, after all. Major Barlowe, have you any idea of your losses?"

"Not a man, sir, not a man. Not one wounded, killed or missing, unless later reports show a change."

"And the counter-attacking battalion? Captain Lovejoy, tell us about it."

"We didn't lose anyone," said the officer addressed. "I'm positive of it."

"How heavy a resistance did you encounter?" asked the major.

"Well, not very heavy. It was dark, and with all the firing, you couldn't tell whether any of it was at us or not."

"Huh! I have a sneaking feeling you didn't encounter any!"

The general looked at this Major Barlowe. He had a disagreeable fat face. The general made a mental note that at the first opportunity Major Barlowe should be transferred to some other brigade to exercise his talents.

"It seems hardly probable to me," said someone severely, "that it would take five hours to advance a few hundred yards and take a town unless the resistance was heavy."

The general noted who he was. Officers of that stamp should be advanced.

"Not if you have to sit down every few feet and write a report," scoffed the major, "and wait for Tom, Dick and Harry to write theirs, and then all shake hands all around and stick another toe in the water to see how cold it is!"

"Let's not discuss it further, gentlemen," said the general coldly. "This is the church, I believe. Be careful of your heads going under the wall."

They ducked under the wall and entered the church. There was a murmur of voices and of excitement that hushed instantly as the first officer appeared out of the trench. In the semidarkness the general could just make out that there were a great many soldiers in the church, and that there was some kind of terrific tension. He looked closer and saw that most of these men were but half clothed, in spite of the bitter dawn. Some had rifles and no belts and others no arms whatsoever.

"Who are these men?" he asked.

"This is E Company's kitchen, sir," replied someone. "They're the ones that are the hardest hit. The enemy came through on their Second Platoon."

"Yes, but why are they all here? Why ——"

As the general advanced, a lane opened in the crowd to let him through.

"What's this?" he gasped suddenly. "What's the matter here?"

Fifty flash lights illuminated the scene. Where the kitchen had been was what looked like a hog wallow, made by the mud of the floor, an overturned marmite of coffee and the churning of many boots. A can or two appeared half buried in the mud, a German overcoat lay on one side and an American blanket on the other. The general's boot crushed a banana beneath it. Beyond the overturned table his gaze fell upon a man who knelt, holding in his arms, as a mother might hold her dead babe, the trampled, flattened, muddy carcass of a turkey. The man raised his eyes and perceived the general.

"They got our Thanksgivin' dinner!" he cried. "They come in an' turned around an' run out with it!"

He added words that even the general had never heard before. There was a horror-stricken silence while minds raced on to the only conclusion.

"But they went on from here to ——" began the general half to himself. But the kneeling man interrupted.

"Nah!" he barked, "They wasn't here three minutes. I was in the trench an' seen it all. An' when they was gone this was all was left!" He waved the turk in the general's face.

"There was five hundred dollars' worth o' chow there!" murmured the men listening.

"Er-ur-rumph!" coughed the general, with ice about his heart, for the truth began to break upon him. "Let's get back to business. We were here to discuss casualties. How about this E Company? They must have been the hardest hit."

"Sir, Lieutenant Polk speaking, E Company. We haven't lost heavily. I've just finished a preliminary check. We've lost a machine-gun crew and the man who was on the gate. Most of the rest of us managed to turn up. But"—his voice changed to a solemn tone—"Lieutenant Claflin is missing."

"I'm one ain't missing, sir," cried a voice. "I got knocked cold for a few minutes, that's all. I bet I know where Lieutenant Claflin's body is. He was by me at the gate. Hot dog, they socked so many bayonets into him ——"

"What's this?" shrieked the man that knelt behind the table. He leaped to his feet and the general recognized the lank round-shouldered form of the company cook. "Florida Water's missin'? No, no! Don't tell me that! Johnny, is that you that said so? Was you by him?" The cook began to thrust his way through the crowd.

The crowd meanwhile stirred and shifted like an avalanche about to fall. In the half light that came through the shattered roof beams men could be seen easing away, dropping into the trench and disappearing with a sound of eggs being beaten, as their hobnails churned the mud.

"Don't let them guys go!" shrieked the cook. "That damn Johnny —— Hey, come back here, you crooks! I'll never camouflage canned willie for you guys no more!"

"Hadn't somebody ——" began the general.

"You're a hell of a man!" said the cook bitterly, advancing toward the general. "I'm an old man, with only two more years to go to retire, an' you broke me for bein' absent. I wasn't gone but a day, either. D'yuh mind I sat up two nights all night stuffin' them turks that's gone to Germany by now? Bananas an' oranges an' stuff! Findin's is keepin's with them krauts—I ain't kiddin'! Now you gone an' killed Florida Water for me!" He choked and seemed to struggle for words.

The officers behind the general remained silent. Probably they did not even realize what was happening. Each one was busy with his own thoughts, of the wonderful plan of counter attack, of the first-aid stations, the message centers, the support and reserve, the well-timed advance, and the enemy all meanwhile well on their way home, bearing with them E Company's Thanksgiving dinner.

"Give this man a jolt in the arm," said the general coldly, "and take him out of here."

Several medical corps men who had been weaving their way toward the cook suddenly fell upon him and cast him to earth. Two bared his arm and a third produced a needle and squirted it tentatively toward the light.

There was a shout from the trench, echoed by exclamations from the officers. A man appeared, bareheaded and very muddy.

"Claflin!" cried the officers. "Man, we thought they'd got you!"

"They did," grinned the muddy man, "but they let me go again. The birds that were guarding me were afraid they wouldn't get their share of the chow."

The men that held the cook allowed their attention to waver and in just that second he had thrown them off and had rushed to the returned officer.

"Lootenant—lootenant!" he gibbered. "I thought you was dead an' now you ain't! They said you was missin'. I went off my conk with it, an' they was gonna give me a jab an' a strait-jacket an' everything! An' you ain't dead!"

The cook sobbed brokenly. "Lootenant, I'm glad you ain't dead. I'll be all right now. Findin's is keepin's in this outfit! Gimme the receipt for my diamond an' then if you get killed it won't matter."

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ELSPETH COMES OUT

(Continued from Page 27)

made the best crowd at Barrett or not. I like Doris Knaben and—what difference did it make whether she was in the Social Register?"

"And now?" I pressed.

She stared at me with wide, haunted eyes. "It's that Agnes Duchois that did it," she murmured, more to herself than to me. "Ever since the day when she said ——"

"Said what?"

"Well, you see, one day I was coming out from a French recitation and I heard Agnes say to Ellen Van Feder Nest: 'It's just what grandma always says—you can't keep these parvenus out of their French verbs.' It was all because I had just done awfully well in class and *mademoiselle* had cried, '*Épatant, chérie.*'"

"And why was that so important?"

"Because," she retorted, her blue eyes glinting with fury, "I made up my mind that moment I'd do something to show them. Before then I always said I wouldn't come out. But now I'm going to do it. I'm going to ——"

She stopped here and the pupils of her eyes dilated. Simultaneously I heard down the driveway the sound of a car.

"It's father," breathed the girl. "This is the way he always comes—without a word of warning."

I followed her to a window and together we watched the lights of the car playing over the last upward curve of the driveway. It was just as the limousine swung up to the porte-cochère that I got a brief but vivid glimpse of its inmate—of a rigid figure with folded arms, of a face set stonily under its felt hat.

"It's he," whispered Elspeth, almost with awe. "Our petrified one is back."

VI

IT WAS significant that I should meet James Lyken just as he was rising from a chair. For I subsequently discovered that he respected these articles of furniture not as destinations but as so many diving boards. No sooner had he touched one than he was off seeking another inspiration for motion.

On this occasion of our first meeting, the particular diving board was one of the Jacobean chairs of the dining room. At eight o'clock on the morning after his arrival I entered this room on my way toward the butler's pantry. The hour was so early and Mr. Lyken's arrival had been so late that I was unprepared for the sight of that tall rigid figure just rising from the chair that Harleigh had drawn back. Almost in embarrassment, I stopped short, and as I did so I got the first sense of eyes which, widely spaced as those of his daughter, were startling in a face of such sharp and narrowed confines.

"I hope I haven't disturbed you," murmured I. Then I added hurriedly: "You see, I'm Mrs. Pemberton—perhaps Mrs. Lyken has written you about my being her social secretary."

"Oh, yes, uh-huh," he responded, and I was struck by the dull curtness of his voice.

"I hope you had a pleasant trip abroad," I ventured, feeling progressively more uneasy under the steady scrutiny of those wide-set gray eyes. What was it about their gaze which was so disconcerting? Was it that its keenness gave one no sense of life, that it only confessed James Lyken's limitations?

"Oh, yes, uh-huh," retorted he. "Not any worse than usual."

I did not attempt to prolong a conversation that promised so little interchange, and with a confused smile I went on immediately to the butler's pantry. Here I was soon joined by Harleigh.

"We have the lord of the manor with us now," announced the princely butler, fixing his eyes on the pile of silver laid out for cleaning. I made no reply, and a second afterward Harleigh added: "I fancy he won't stay long—Mr. Lyken. He seems a very nervy type—all on edge, as one might say. I had great difficulty in serving him breakfast just now. It was like passing coffee and rolls to one of the animals in the merry-go-round. He seemed to be moving even while he was sitting."

I was to be reminded many times of Harleigh's figure of speech during the weeks that followed. To be more exact, I was to translate it into the terms of my own figure of speech. Before James Lyken's arrival I compared his magnificent country estate to the palace of Sleeping Beauty. Nowadays it was still sleeping, but to its dormant population had been added a somnambulist, an unquiet, somber figure of which one never lost consciousness. It did not make any difference whether he raced into town in his car or spent the day with his secretary in the country; whether he was out going over his yacht with Captain Endicott or talking to the superintendent of the estate—his presence filled the house and his movements never by any chance suggested an arrival. They were all simply modes of departure.

"Isn't he simply dreadful?" commented Mrs. Lyken one day just after her husband had rushed into town. We were sitting that June morning in a summerhouse looking down toward the Italian garden and my employer had looked up from the paper to ask me this question.

"He is certainly very restless," answered I discreetly.

"Yes, and do you know what's the matter with him?"

There were two answers to this, but I deemed it inadvisable to furnish either one of them.

"I'll tell you," said she solemnly, putting the society news on the bench beside her and clasping one knee with her hands. "I know what's the trouble with Jim Lyken. He hasn't any resources in himself."

"No?"

"No, not a single one. Now take me—here I am happy as can be far away from all my friends—just glad to be alive along with the"—here her eye sought the horizon in an effort to locate congenial companionship among Nature's bands—"with the—well, with the Lombardy poplars," she brought back triumphantly. "When it rains, do I go prowling about like a caged animal? No, for I have resources in myself. Why, is there anything, Mrs. Pemberton, more elevating than reading? The society of the printed page—think of it!"

Considering everything, it might have been more accurate to speak of the printed page of society. But not for worlds would I have wrecked the current tableau. Instead, I put to her a question that had just occurred to me.

"When do you and Mr. Lyken go off for a cruise in your yacht?" asked I.

An expression of terror came into those glossy brown eyes which reminded me alternately of mahogany and horse-chestnuts. "I suppose any time now," she offered lugubriously.

"You don't sound very eager," smiled I with a mischievous recollection of her first idyllic presentment of such excursions.

She fidgeted and looked about at the landscape for vindication of her mood. Again the Italian garden supplied her with inspiration. "Well," she vouchsafed, "I feel just like one of those beautiful Lombardy poplars. I have roots, Mrs. Pemberton. But you know yourself how it is—to be a real daughter of the plantations. There's something about the feel of the ground that gets us Southern women. We just can't be—well, water lilies." And smiling radiantly over the success of this last imagery, she resumed communion with the Gadfly.

Subsequently I found out whence sprang the objection to any shift of her botanical center. If anyone, indeed, was ever ill-equipped for the career of water lily, it was my employer. Far was it from her destiny to bloom upon the surface of the waters. The sea made her hopelessly and ignominiously ill.

On the evening of this day Mrs. Lyken came to me in a state of great excitement. "What do you suppose, Mrs. Pemberton," she confided breathlessly. "Mr. and Mrs. Stone Laird are in New York for a week before they sail for Europe and now we have a chance to get at them. Will you please write and ask them to come down to Lyken Hold for this next week-end?"

I did as I was bid and the answer was in the affirmative. What else, indeed, could have been expected from the wife of one of New York's most fashionable architects, in view of the fact that this master builder had been intrusted with the plans for the Lykens' Fifth Avenue mansion? Mrs. Cuttle had once said of Laird that what he built was not houses but ladders for social climbers. It was a fact that many a wealthy newcomer to the metropolis employed him merely because of his hereditary social connections, and that he always had to calculate at least two "yeses"—one to a house party and one to a dinner—in the cost of his services to such patrons.

I was reporting the acceptance to Mrs. Lyken in her bedroom when her husband strode in upon us.

"Jim," she cried excitedly, "they're coming—the Lairds are coming!"

Watching him closely, I saw that for one instant a gratified smile relieved the tightness of his lips, the tensity of his eyes. Immediately, however, it faded into the look of animosity with which he usually regarded her.

"Humph," he grunted in his dull, curt voice. "I guess it was up to Laird to do something after that bill of his. Now if you only don't ruin it all."

For a moment I thought she was going to hurl the coffee cup in her hand straight at him. Certainly each word of her reply was a projectile in itself. "I ruin it all!" she cried. "And how about you? Look at the one swell dinner I tried to give last winter. What did you ever say but 'Uh-huh? Uh-huh, uh-huh,'" she mimicked ferociously. "I wonder what people think of you anyway? Oh, yes, a fine, polished gentleman you are, aren't you? For all the good you are to me in society you might be some old Sioux wrapped up in his blanket."

Outraged by such a scene, I was turning to go, when my employer said, "Don't go, Mrs. Pemberton! It's time somebody in the world was to understand just what I have to go through with—not once, but every day of my life! And to think what I've done for that man! Why, I've made him! If it hadn't been for me—h'm, do you suppose for a moment he'd be anything today? No, he'd still be sitting out with the coyotes and the sagebrush studying a Greek grammar."

During her outburst the habitual animosity of his regard of her had deepened into positive hatred, but at her last words this expression was inflected by something else. Was it fear or was it a kind of famished appeal? I decided in the moment's silence following her speech that it was the latter. Yes, that was it. James Lyken was always looking toward this wife of his for some explanation of his success. Deep down in his heart he must have believed that she could restore to him those living reactions which now he could only make up for by ceaseless dead actions; that it lay in her power to say to him one day: "Here it is. This is why you get rich."

"Well, no use squabbling again," he commented sullenly as he moved toward the door. "All I say is, my money gives you the chance. Now it's up to you to make good."

It was during the day when I had been privileged to overhear this gracious interchange that I saw Elspeth again. She had arrived from Barrett for the summer vacation late in the afternoon and it was during

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the course of my dinner, served to me always by the parlor maid in my own sitting room, that she knocked on my door.

"Well, well, Mrs. Pemberton," she greeted me with a smile of sunny friendliness, "how goes everything with you?"

I regarded the figure in the simple white georgette dinner frock with eyes of frank amazement. The girl was even more beautiful than the last time I had seen her. She replied to my look of admiration in a tone of objective dryness.

"I really am," she agreed, and taking a step toward the glass over my writing desk, she frowned at her face critically. "Yes, yes, you're not so bad," she assured the image in the mirror as she stretched toward it her long slim throat. An instant more and she had wheeled about, had dropped me one of her deep, ironic curtsies. "Thanks so much for your encouragement," said she blandly, "but of course this is simply nothing to what I'm going to be."

"Then it's all deliberate?" I questioned laughingly as I took my last sip of coffee.

"But of course," retorted she, arching her brows. "Don't you suppose there are just lots of girls who lose their chance to be good-looking just through sheer absent-mindedness? There's a time when you have to make up your mind quickly just how you're going to look, and they let the moment go by."

"And you were conscious of this glorious opportunity?" asked I.

She settled herself on a chaise longue with her slim round arms clasped behind her head.

"Certainly," she returned calmly. "I suddenly felt my features running about—not knowing what to do next—and I said to them: 'Jell, profile, jell!' After all," she reflected, bathing me in a look of angelic serenity, "real beauty is all a question of jelling. One may have the finest features in the world and still look—well, just a recipe. By Jove!" cried she, springing up with the gratified smile of one who has just overheard some unexpected proof of her own cleverness, "isn't that good? I wonder why I never thought of it before. It's a perfect description of mother—isn't it just? Doesn't her face look like a cooking table with all the ingredients laid out—five heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar—that's her smile when company is around—two teaspoonfuls of pepper—that's her eyes when she's looking at me ——"

"Hush," I interrupted her conscientiously. "You really mustn't talk that way about your mother." I looked at her somewhat sternly, and then I added, "I'm a little worried about you, Elspeth. There's a streak of terrible cruelty in you."

"Bah!" cried she. "Don't be sentimental. Is there anything about mother to inspire anything else? I might just as well try to be soft-hearted about a cyclone or a typhoon. But tell me," she demanded suddenly. "How is she these days?"

"Very much excited at present," I returned dryly. "Have you heard the great news?"

"No, of course not. I haven't even seen mother and father. I went straight to my rooms and have just finished dinner there. What's happened now?"

"The Stone Lairds are coming to spend the week-end."

I had expected from her some mocking comment. But instead—could it really be? But yes, it was true. Into Elspeth's turquoise eyes had leaped something that hardly differentiated them from the glossy brown ones of her mother.

"You seem very much impressed," I commented gravely.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Well," she remarked in a matter-of-fact tone, "there's no use pretending that the Stone Lairds are not important. Oh, dear," she added after a moment's thoughtful contemplation of the opposite wall, "if only they would bring Melville."

"And who is Melville?"

"Oh, he's their oldest son. He's one of the Boughton School boys and they say he's awfully good-looking. Ellen Van Feder Nest and Veronica Silver are always talking about him. Of course they all belong to the Newport set."

At this point she walked abruptly to one of the deep windows from which several weeks ago we had watched the approach of her father's car. For a long time the tall, white-clad figure stood there motionless. Then suddenly she wheeled about and stamped her foot.

"Oh, how perfectly stupid!" she raged.

"What is stupid?"

"Oh, the whole idea of building out here in this place. Mother's quite right. Father was a perfect fool to do it. A Versailles out in the backwoods! A palace without any courtiers!"

And without another word she flung herself out of the room.

VII

JUST two days after this the architect and his wife arrived at Lyken Hold. I was in my room when the head chauffeur brought our guests up the driveway in the most voluptuous of our imported cars, and from my window I noted in surprise that they were not alone. From the limousine stepped out first a tall, slender, disdainful-looking boy of seventeen or eighteen. It was Elspeth who informed me of the identity of this third guest.

"Oh, what luck, Mrs. Pemberton!" cried she, bursting in upon me about fifteen minutes after the Lairds' arrival. "They've brought Melville along! Isn't that just too wonderful? Wait till you see him. He's the best-looking boy I ever saw."

"Oh," remarked I without thought of subtlety, "they brought their son along! And without writing a word!"

She knew as well as I that the Lairds would not have waived formality in another case, that to bring an uninvited guest indicated the insolent assumption that here were people who would be glad to have them on any terms. But she chose to drown any such reflections.

"Why not?" she questioned almost angrily. "They couldn't help it. Melville was going up to their lodge in Canada with his tutor and then at the last minute the tutor was taken ill. What else were they to do then? But, oh, isn't it the most wonderful luck?"

When, some moments afterward, Mrs. Lyken summoned me down to the living room for tea, I found Elspeth demonstrating her satisfaction in the situation more practically.

A first glimpse of the enormous hall showed me that she and the boy had withdrawn far off from a group composed of Mrs. Lyken and the two older guests and that they were talking confidentially together in front of the fireplace.

"I'm sure you remember Mrs. Pemberton," said my employer as she brought me toward the great chairs in which Mr. and Mrs. Laird were ensconced. "Of course you've heard," she added, "of my great good fortune in getting Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle's social secretary."

The Lairds, who had never been identified with Mrs. Cuttle's most intimate circle beyond the point of invitation to some of her largest balls and dinners, probably did not remember me by name, but no such lapse was apparent in the faces that they turned upon me—those two faces which had been worn down under the waters of society to look as round and smooth and expressionless as twin pebbles. Under the blank welcome of those exteriors was undoubtedly a perfect recognition of why I was brought in. The Lairds knew that I was one of the captives with which this Zenobia of golden conquest decked her triumphal procession.

Not less useful was Harleigh in the rôle of trophy. After he had served me he left the room for an instant, and his absence presented Mrs. Lyken with an opportunity for which she had long been thirsting.

"Such a treasure he is!" she sighed happily. "You know we got him straight from Viscount and Lady Bockton, so he's quite unspoiled by America. He was groom of the chambers over there—isn't that a wonderful title?—doesn't it sound exactly like something out of Dickens? And of course that's just the way he is all through—just reeking of the tenantry and the parks and the deer—all those delightful foreign things, you know."

Her guests murmured some sympathetic comment. And then, a moment later, I noted something. An ominous light had gathered in my employer's eye. In fanatical determination, in single-minded ferocity, I have seen this expression rivaled only on one other occasion. That was once when, in crossing the ocean, my own personal happiness, as well as that of most of my fellow passengers, was wrecked by a tall angular woman with stale blond hair who cried every moment: "Come on now, let's get up something! You'll go in the potato race, won't you?"

My apprehension at seeing this look was heightened by some resentment. For previous to the coming of the Lairds I had warned Mrs. Lyken against any unhallowed zeal in the way of entertainment.

"Let them amuse themselves," I had counseled. "Mrs. Cuttle and all the other great hostesses have always done that."

"How about taking a drive over the grounds?" I heard her say. "I'm so anxious to have you go through the Italian garden. You know, Mr. Verlaine says there's nothing like it in the country, and as for that reporter who came out here—well, he simply couldn't get over it."

With the same haunted look of the steamer victim who, just settled in his chair with a good book, hears the goading call to the potato race, the architect and his wife replied that nothing would give them greater pleasure.

I was sure that at this point Mrs. Lyken shot a glance of defiant triumph at me. But any such minor observation as this was entirely absorbed in the astonishment of the next few seconds.

"But first of all," I heard Mrs. Lyken saying, "I want you to look over our laundry."

I saw the jaw of Mr. Stone Laird drop. I saw a wild, unearthly light in Mrs. Stone Laird's eyes. Even those two smooth, pebble-like faces were not proof against self-betrayal of such a shock.

It was Mrs. Laird who revived first. "Delightful, I'm sure," she drawled.

"A wonderful privilege indeed," followed her husband.

At Harleigh, who was then removing the tea-service, I did not dare look. But I did steal a glance at Elspeth. She was feeding the Great Dane a last bite of cake and it was quite evident that she had not heard a word of her mother's invitation. Having once turned my eyes toward her, I could not take them away. Even in this moment of horror I was, in fact, fascinated by that divided expression as she held the morsel of cake high above Fafnir's imploring eyes. Was the delight more for promising a happiness or for delaying that promise? One could not say. One only knew that at this moment Elspeth Lyken summarized in her teasing, graceful gesture, in her half-tender, half-mocking eyes, every provocative woman in history. It was not strange that the eyes of young Melville Laird were riveted helplessly upon her.

I am sure that the two young people were not conscious of the solemn procession which, headed by Reynolds, the handsome footman, started a moment later for the laundry in the cellar. I myself remember none of the preliminary details. I recall only that instant when the elegant Lairds were drawn up solemnly to confront the magnificence of our tube, mangles and ironing equipment.

"Turn on the switch, Reynolds," commanded Mrs. Lyken, sunnily proud as the owner of an American factory invited to show off his plant to some visiting crown prince. A moment later everything had been set in motion and now my employer resembled no longer a factory owner but some marquise tripping daintily among her

(Continued on Page 74)

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flower beds. "This," she explained, "is the mangle for the sheets," and from her tone one might have thought she was saying: "Look at the exquisite markings on those orchids." Then, moving down the line, she pointed with equal lyricism to a smaller object. "A special one," she explained, "just for the small laces."

I stole a glance at Mrs. Stone Laird—she who was born a Duchois—putting up her lorgnette at the successive scenic beauties unfolded before her and I wondered if even she, inured as she was to the heavy tread of climbers, could resist one penetrating comment. She did not.

Just before Mrs. Lyken led the way upstairs she turned to her hostess and said in a low, well-bred voice, "You seem so much at home with your delightful tubs and things, Mrs. Lyken. I dare say you've spent a great deal of time with them."

But that rapier touch never penetrated Mrs. Lyken's protective plumage of thought.

"Oh, yes," she simpered, "I'm a real Southern woman. Everything in my home is dear to me."

When we got upstairs we found Elspeth and young Laird moving toward the door of the living room.

"Where in the world have you been?" asked the girl of her mother.

It was Mrs. Laird who replied to the question. "Oh," she drawled, "we've just been having the most wonderful treat. Your mother has showed us all over her princely laundry."

Elspeth changed color and I saw both humiliation and rage cloud the turquoise eyes. Reverberations of this story sounding all through New York society and echoing even in the Barrett School—doubtless she anticipated these poignantly enough in that second before she spoke. And doubtless she reviewed any number of responses before making her voice.

At last she took a step toward her mother and, encircling the latter's waist with a quick, catlike gesture, looked down at her fondly. "Dear little mother," she purred. "So you did consent at last, did you? . . . You know"—and now she addressed Mrs. Laird—"a great friend of Mrs. Percival Van Clef who lives out here is always begging to see that laundry and she never would do it before."

No, it was perhaps not good, but at least it elevated the occasion to a flattering exception in the Lairds' favor. Certainly no one could have done more and the art displayed by this fifteen-year-old schoolgirl resulted in a sudden attentive glance from Mrs. Laird.

"What a stunning girl that is," remarked she to Mrs. Lyken as Elspeth and Melville passed out of the room.

There was undoubtedly a veiled insolence both in her tone and in the appraising manner with which she raised her lorgnette to study the girl's receding figure. But to Mrs. Lyken no manner, however offensive, ever assumed more seriousness than the tinfoil wrapping of a bonbon. If conscious of it at all, she tore off the tinfoil with one greedy gesture and devoured the sweetmeat of words inside.

"Oh, I don't know about that," she deprecated gently. "We never thought Elspeth was good-looking at all. It's her sweet nature—that's the important part about her. And with that brilliant mind of hers—well, you can imagine just how congenial we two are."

"Er—yes—yes, of course, you must be wonderful companions"—the languid words of Mrs. Laird trailed like feathery fronds over a pool of silence, with the effect that each seemed to gather a little added weight from its predecessor—"but really you mustn't underrate her beauty. I don't know when I've seen a lovelier young thing. . . . Do you, Stone?" she appealed to her husband.

"Exquisite," assented the architect. "I predict that when she comes out everybody in New York will know the name of Lyken."

Was it unconscious or deliberate on his part? I do not know, but I suspect that at this moment the security of my employer in one of her favored rôles was seriously shaken. I am inclined to think that she saw herself now, not as "Mrs. Lyken, admitted member of New York society," but as a besieging warrior whose success depended not on herself at all, but on some despised talisman that had been thrust into her hand. Otherwise, why that sudden look of suspicion, of resentment, which this final praise of her daughter evoked?

As it happened, the young people reentered the room at this moment and Elspeth received the full force of her mother's expression. Yet it was in her most honeyed accents that Mrs. Lyken asked the girl where she was going. Elspeth replied that one of the chauffeurs was taking them down to the beach and that they were then off for a sail.

"And who is going with you?" inquired Mrs. Lyken, pursing up her lips.

Elspeth frowned. Her personal maid Celeste had not yet come to Lyken Hold, and Lucy, Mrs. Lyken's maid, was ill. "Oh, bother," protested the girl. "Why do I have to take anybody?"

At this point I offered my services and we were all about to exit when Mr. Laird stopped his son with a word. "Melville," cried he, "how about that errand in town?"

The boy snapped his fingers. "Oh, sure enough. I had forgotten all about him," said he impatiently.

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Laird, turning to Mrs. Lyken, "you may be able to tell us something about this young man. You see, my son's tutor who was taken ill has suggested, by way of a substitute, a chap that lives in this town. I wonder if you know anything about him. His name is Lovegrove—Christopher Lovegrove."

It was as if that name dropped from a great distance to the ground. Mrs. Lyken positively shook from the impact and Elspeth suddenly stiffened.

"You know him?" pressed the architect after a long silence.

Mrs. Lyken moistened her lips. "I certainly wouldn't advise you, Mr. Laird, to take that fellow into your household," was her ultimate contribution.

"Really? But Melville's tutor recommends him so highly. He says he's one of the finest men in his class at Harvard—letter man, Phi Beta Kappa—all sorts of admirable things. What is there to his discredit?" And Laird's face bent toward his hostess' response with almost irritable intentness.

"Well, naturally I don't know the Lovegroves personally," rejoined Mrs. Lyken, scrupulously inhaling her vowels. "They're just the most ordinary people in the world. Old Lovegrove keeps a secondhand furniture store down here in the Main Street——"

"Oh, is that all?" interrupted the visitor curtly. Then his face broadened into a smile. "Perhaps that's all the better. That ought to qualify him for keeping a secondhand mind. . . . Eh, Melville?"

The boy's handsome slate-gray eyes responded to the joke with tolerance rather than appreciation. If possible, indeed, he looked somewhat more disdainful than before. Certainly, too, his habitual expression showed no signs of corruption during the progress of Mrs. Lyken's next speech.

"Oh," protested milady, "I assure you I wasn't thinking just of that. Mr. Lyken and I—why, where would you find two people more simple and democratic than we? But this Lovegrove boy—that's very different. For as it happens I met him once in a situation where he might have shown gratitude—at least good breeding. Instead, he proved himself a thorough ingrate."

"But isn't this fortunate, Stone, that we've found out about him in time?" remarked Mrs. Laird.

Her husband knitted his brows. "Well," he decided at last with obvious reluctance, "I suppose there's no use in following up the lead. Seems a shame, though—they tell me he's putting himself through college and we pay a good wage."

Elspeth, who had been listening to this entire conversation with rigid lips, made a sudden move and I suspected that she was about to say something. At this point, however, the boy touched her sleeve.

"Come on," he urged impatiently. "I'm glad the fellow's turned out to be a prune. Now we can go sailing in peace."

He started off toward the door and Elspeth took several steps after him. Then she stopped abruptly. Another second and she had wheeled back upon the group.

"You mean, you're not going to have him?" she asked of Mr. Laird in a low, choked voice.

Startled by that voice and by eyes suddenly filled with wild appeal, the Lairds looked at each other without speaking. They were perhaps not even conscious of Mrs. Lyken's violent start in the depths of her chair, of the long look with which she threatened her daughter. For a second Elspeth, turning from the architect to her mother, implored the latter by her silence.

Then at last, mastered by some furious inner thing, she cried out: "Oh, tell them the truth about him—please tell them the truth! Don't let him lose his position!"

It was I who broke the spell that followed. Going over to her, I put my hand on her arm.

"Elspeth," said I, and in both voice and touch was the urgency of a real concern.

She turned to me dazedly and as she met my eyes she burst into terrible sobs. Shaken by these sobs, she ran from the room.

VIII

FIVE minutes later I was seated with Elspeth and young Melville Laird in one of our limousines. Directions had been given to the chauffeur to go to the beach, but as we descended the curves of the long driveway I began to suspect that this would be merely our ultimate destination.

The first hint of this came to me as Elspeth said suddenly to the boy, "Tell me, if you wanted this chap, could you have him?"

"What chap?" asked young Laird. It was quite clear that his mind, so far as educational interests were concerned, was a bog so admirably constructed that tutors and books could be sucked down instantly without leaving a trace of their presence.

"I mean this person here in town—this Lovegrove.

"Oh, him! I say"—and he scanned the profile beside him even more thirstily than before—"what is all this about Lovegrove anyway? Why were you so cut up in there a minute ago?"

"Because," returned she with great composure, "I felt that my mother had been awfully unjust to him."

Here was a point at which the boy's mind was obviously open. "Oh, that's the way they always are," he commented. "I really never pay any attention to anything father and mother say."

Elspeth looked remarkably cheerful over this unquestioning disloyalty. "Then," she pressed, "if you want to engage this—this Lovegrove, you could do it on your own, without consulting them?"

"Of course."

She hesitated for a second. "Well," she resumed, "you see, it's this way. Your parents would never dare engage Lovegrove. That would be too rude after what mother said. It would look as if they didn't believe her. But you——" Her eyes held out to him fresh and inviting vistas of insubordination.

He was prompted to snatch at them. "Very well then. Why don't we go see the chap?" he suggested.

Her eyes studied him now with an almost taunting narrowness. At last she gave a little shrug.

"Perhaps, after all, you'd better not," she vouchsafed carelessly. "They probably wouldn't let you keep him."

"Let me!" echoed young Laird arrogantly. "Believe me, if I engage a tutor I keep him. Please tell the chauffeur to drive to his pop's store."

(Continued on Page 76)

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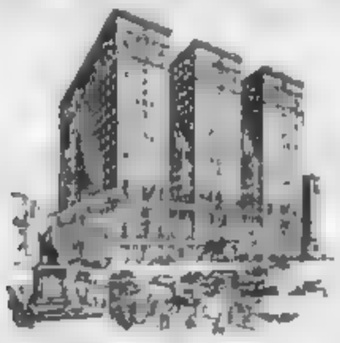

Convention Headquarters
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October 17-18-19, 1928

(Continued from Page 74)

I suppose that I should have interfered at this point. But as between the moral issue of deceiving Mrs. Lyken or robbing a poor young man of his employment, I decided upon the former crime. Ten minutes later our car had driven up in front of the Lovegrove store.

This was one of those secondhand institutions that do not discriminate between the honor of the disused piece and the ignominy of the used one. As a result, its windows and a section of the pavement outside were heaped with a miscellany which invited both the connoisseur and the poverty-stricken. Here one was likely to find beside some rare pine cupboard of early Colonial workmanship, a hideous golden-oak sideboard, and flanking the cool, silvery green of a Revolutionary bottle was perhaps an onyx clock topped by a muddy bronze Ajax.

As we found a parking place outside, it was evident that the Lovegrove stock was being augmented by some of its baser elements. A van filled with dingy and commonplace household goods was drawn up in front of the door and from it a tall young man was now taking various pieces. Perhaps, had it not been for the locality, I should have failed to identify him with the half-drowned Christopher Lovegrove who had risen to defy Matilda Lyken.

Even so, I felt something approaching surprise as I heard a tense, undoubting voice beside me whisper, "That's he. That's Christopher Lovegrove."

Melville stared dubiously at the older youth. And certainly if ever external appearance was calculated to inspire distrust in the aristocratic consciousness, it was that of young Lovegrove at this moment. He was coatless and his arms, bared to the elbows, were weighted with strange merchandise. In one arm a stuffed owl peered over the top of a cuckoo clock and from the other yards of faded green-velour portières trailed to the pavement.

Yet to me he himself offset such handicaps. Studying him curiously, I noted that his hair—which had been black from the water that night I had first seen him—was a dark brown and that each individual hair seemed to have a spark of gold at its end. This served as an index to his entire appearance. For his brown eyes had an undercurrent of bronze and his arms, as well as the clean strong line of his neck, showed a vigorous color breaking through their tan.

Everything about this young Lovegrove gave, in fact, an impression of stored fire released only at the surface. Sensible of Melville's prejudice, Elspeth's eyes again narrowed, almost tauntingly.

"I think you'd better not speak to him," said she. "I'm sure your mother and father wouldn't like a tutor that looked like that."

At the word young Laird threw open the door of the car. "Hey, there!" he called commandingly as he did so.

Wonderingly, Christopher Lovegrove looked in the direction of our limousine. At first he seemed to take in only the figure of Melville. Then his eye traveled backward. He saw and obviously recognized Elspeth Lyken.

That he did so, however, was not due to the cooperation of the daughter of millions. Glancing at the girl, I saw that now she was staring straight ahead of her. Her eyes were stonily fixed and the corners of her mouth had resolved into the faintest of arrogant smiles.

Meanwhile Melville had gone up to him and said something which I did not hear. But Lovegrove did not even glance in his direction. Unwaveringly he importuned that dainty, obdurate profile under its blue felt brim.

Finally Melville scowled impatiently. "Well, how about it?" he demanded in a voice audible to us in the car.

At this Lovegrove turned to him dazedly. He nodded his head and a second afterward led the way into the store. As he walked the faded velour portières trailed after him dejectedly and the head of the stuffed owl peered out over his crooked bare arm like a gargoyle from its parapet.

I peeped at the hard young face beside me. "That Lovegrove is a wonderful-looking chap," remarked I casually.

She did not reply, but a second afterward she broke into a long, low laugh and its every note was an icicle. "The junk man!" she murmured cruelly.

After about five minutes had elapsed young Laird came out of the store by himself.

"It's all right," he announced as he opened the door of the car, "I've hired him." He said no more until we had left the town behind us, and then he suddenly remarked to Elspeth, "You know, I think that Lovegrove and I shall get along. Of course I explained to him the kind of chap I am."

The girl had not said a word since we left the store. Sitting there stiffly between Melville and me, she had been staring ahead of her with the same flinty eyes that she had turned from Lovegrove. Yet now, with a look of dazzling attention, she turned to Melville.

"Really?" she inquired. "And what sort of chap are you?"

"Well, I'm odd, you know. For one thing, I just can't seem to make myself do anything I don't want to do." He paused with an air of waiting for these words to impress Elspeth with proper respect for a distinguished temperament, and then questioned suddenly: "Are you like that too?"

"How do I know what I'm like?" And she made the reticent answer sound somehow intoxicatingly confidential.

His arm lifted to rest on the upholstery back of her. "I know what you're like," he proffered. "You're like a girl in a book."

It was a ritualistic tribute—this one of young Laird's—and yet somehow the boy made it sound fresh and convincing. One could see, too, exactly why this was possible. For between a youth born into the most fashionable circle of New York society and those romantic sources that inspire the printed page there is a wide and almost impassable space. Although only in their teens, the companions of Melville Laird represented a formalism through which real feeling seldom emerges. He was already used to a routine of entertainment which never aspired to recreation, and for this reason Elspeth had touched his imagination more vividly than if he had been brought up in another stratum of society. Yes, undoubtedly Elspeth, with her strange gust of emotion there in the living room; Elspeth, with her unexpected turns of speech and caprices of expression, seemed to wave to him from far and long-obscured shores.

His next speech certainly indicated a desire for more permanent identification with his new-found heroine. "It does make me mad to think I never met you before!" I heard him exclaim. "Why didn't Ellen Van Feder Nest ever have you to any of her parties last winter?"

For an instant the girl made no response. Then, without a hint of bitterness, she rejoined: "Well, I'm just not in her set—that's all. She looks on me as a nobody."

Was it uncalculating candor, or was this truth born of an unerring political instinct? Looking upon the girl as I know her today, I am sure that at this moment the two were thoroughly reconciled in her. There was something about her that hated pretense, yet at the same time her brain never lost sight of the fact that such hatred was intensely profitable to her cause. Be that as it may, no social mentor could have directed better her answer. Indeed, the mentor might have overlooked one expert point of omission. Note that she did not mention the one single party to which Ellen Van Feder Nest had invited her! Instinctively, she had known that this solitary exception would sink her from the comparatively romantic rôle of outsider to the ignominious one of hanger-on. Yes, yes, this girl was bound to go far in spite of father and mother. I realized this even as young Laird said with passionate indignation: "She look on you as a nobody! My word, I like that—the wettest girl in the whole crowd. I bet she's jealous of you—that's what." A second afterward he stared at her with all the ardor of a Perseus just about to strike the chains from Andromeda. "Wait till next winter!" he cried. "I'm going to give a lot of swell parties then, and before I'm through they'll all see. Take it from me," he added with superb pride, "they all listen to me."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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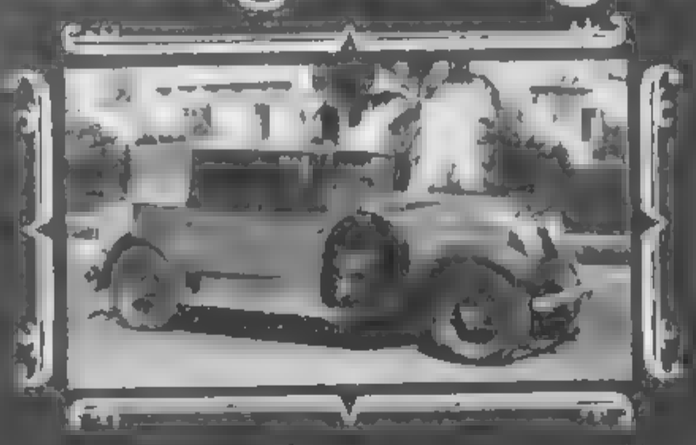

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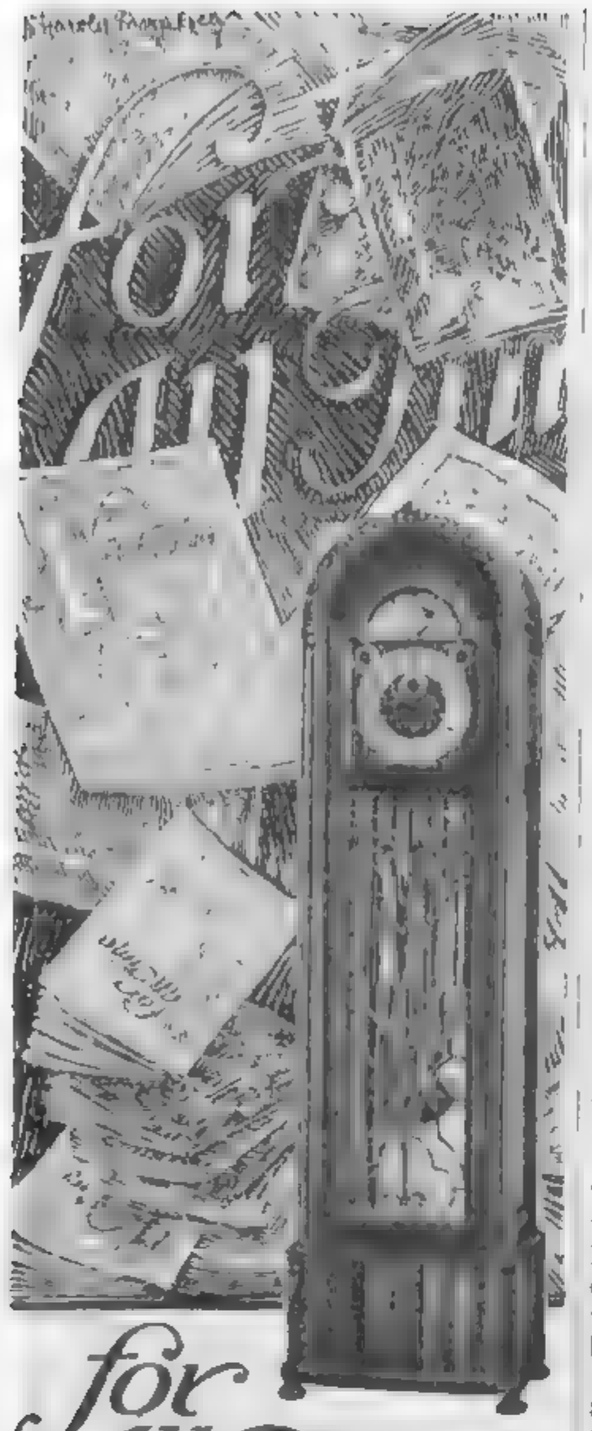

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COLONIAL CLOCKS

CONDITION

(Continued from Page 13)

Tunney, to the indignation of sports writers of the old school, found diversion in reading; also, he liked to talk about anything but prize fighting. Jack Dempsey, at the end of his training sessions, leaned toward checkers and casino, and he had to win or the afternoon or evening would be ruined utterly for him.

To any normal man, the task of devoting his entire time to getting himself into his best condition is irksome enough. The hours are monotonous, the simple meals become monotonous. There are many who sniff when a prize fighter speaks of the grind of conditioning, but if you have tried it yourself, or if you have held under close observation anybody passing through it, you will understand. It is a grind and nothing else.

They agreed with a startling unanimity—the experts, I mean—that Tunney in his last fight was in superb condition. In retiring, the undefeated champion said himself that he felt that he had brought himself to the peak of physical fitness for that bout.

The methods by which he attained this fitness were about the same as those followed preceding the two bouts with Jack Dempsey. In all the training sessions for his three championship matches, I was a member of the Tunney training camp, sharing the training table and the sleeping quarters.

It always was a simple matter for Gene Tunney to start training, because for the past ten years his main purpose was to keep himself physically fit. When he decided to become a professional pugilist—this was his own classification of himself—he realized that this was the first requisite. For him training for a bout meant simply an increase in the amount of exercise, a little more care in the matter of diet and a little closer regularity in the matter of sleep.

At the Training Table

When I saw him on his return from Florida just before he started for Speculator, a little village in the Adirondacks, he was recovering from a slight attack of grippe, caused by the change of climate. There was a little bulge at the waist line.

"Yes, I shall always have to fight that waistline a little," he said—"even when I get through with this business, which will be immediately after this fight. But I have been taking care of myself and it will be no trouble to get into perfect shape."

A few weeks later I moved into the training camp at Speculator with him. The waistline bulge already had disappeared. But the gladiator who was under 190 pounds at Chicago weighed an even 200 pounds, he told me. He looked bigger, but at the same time there was no suggestion of incipient corpulence.

Here is the routine of Tunney in the training camp: He rose about nine or a little before, and putting on woolens and an old suit and sweater, took to the road—a dirt road up and down hill. He ran and walked and at times shadow-boxed, making motions at an imaginary adversary. Always he would run one mile backward. If he did the road work in the morning, there would be no other work for the day. If he did not plan road work, he would not rise until about eleven. He would box and punch the light and heavy bags in the afternoon instead.

In training, Tunney never had more than two meals a day, and these were fairly light. The breakfast always was the same—orange juice, prunes, boiled eggs, broiled bacon, toast and a glass of milk. The evening meal also was standardized—soup, roast beef or steak, baked potato, a cooked vegetable, a salad, bread and a glass of milk. He never ate heavily. Not a particularly ravenous eater myself, I used to eat about the same amount and I was training for nothing in particular.

Sometimes I do not blame the experts for having doubted Tunney's condition. He arrived at it without much visible effort. He seldom, if ever, was seen at his road work. He ran alone; and as a man in the act of shadow-boxing looks particularly foolish, Tunney never let anybody see him going through those motions.

Once or twice he invited me on the road with him and slackened his pace for me. These were times when he wanted to discuss certain problems of his own. Experts saw him only during his training in the ring and that was not particularly impressive, for though Tunney was one of the most skillful of the boxers, he did not wear the air of ferocity that is worn by other pugilists under these circumstances.

With few exceptions, other fighters have trained in more populous sections. They go on the road with a retinue. In some cases this is insisted upon so that the pugilists will not shirk their road work or cut it down. Tunney, of course, was too sensible to cheat himself in this regard. Also, other pugilists in their boxing at the training camp try to impress by putting over staggering blows on their sparring mates. Tunney never did this, nor was he ever piqued when one of the sparring partners landed a particularly telling blow on him.

"If I hit my sparring partners too hard it discourages them," he said. "If they think I am trying to beat them up it will make them timorous and I don't get the best out of them. I want them to feel that they can give me all they have, and that if they shake me up I will not get angry. If a sparring partner can shake me up it will mean that I am not in shape, and that is what I want to know."

It is a tradition of conditioning that when athletes, leading this unnaturally regular life, approach the peak of condition they become very irritable and highly nervous. I never noticed any particular indications of this state of mind in Gene Tunney. He had only one irritation at Speculator—a bell which was rung at a semireligious colony near the cottage where we slept. I must admit that I never heard it, but Tunney did, and it used to wake him abruptly in the morning. At first he complained mildly, then he became more bitter. Nothing could be done to have the bell silenced.

Tunney's trainer, Lou Fink, listened to him growling one morning. Afterward he said to me, "The big boy is rounding into shape. As soon as he starts complaining about that bell, I know that he is getting there. You will hear that bell cursed every morning from now on—only a little harder as the time gets nearer."

Eventually, Tunney moved his bed farther into the woods, but he still complained about the bell. Out of training, I am sure that Gene Tunney could sleep in the Dome Hotel at Cologne and not blink an eyelid at the sound of the cathedral bell. If it had not been for the bell at Speculator, Tunney in condition would hardly be human. When they are nearing the edge they must have something to make them irritable. If it had not been the bell, even with the young man of the perfect self-control, it would have been something else.

Fresh From the Skies

Tunney's flight from Lake Pleasant in the Adirondacks to New York was not intended as a stunt. When he flew through the mists of the morning from Stroudsburg to Philadelphia I am convinced that he was practicing a little psychology on Mr. Jack Dempsey. He wanted Mr. Dempsey to say to himself, "What manner of a man is this who thinks so lightly of me he comes to the fight in one of those aeroplanes?" And I think that this did have some mental effect on Dempsey, who had been regarding the young ex-marine rather lightly. Dempsey camp followers have told me that it did.

When it was announced that Tunney was to fly to New York he was besieged with telegrams and letters begging him to forgo the flight. One of his friends, a well-known editor, pointed out that the mental strain might overcome all the reserve he had built up through his powers of relaxation.

With this letter in his hand, Tunney told me: "I would get more strain out of the train trip. It is a long one, and the heat and the crowds would irritate me to such an extent that I would be as limp as a rag by the time of the fight. You know, I almost lost the Gibbons bout because of a trip like that one on the train. I went to New York a night before and I could not sleep. I actually suffered, and if Gibbons had known how poorly I felt he might have won. I am in condition now, and the best way to keep that condition is to sleep tonight in my own bed and get to New York as quickly as possible."

On the trip to Philadelphia from Stroudsburg, Tunney had become somewhat plane sick. I pointed that out.

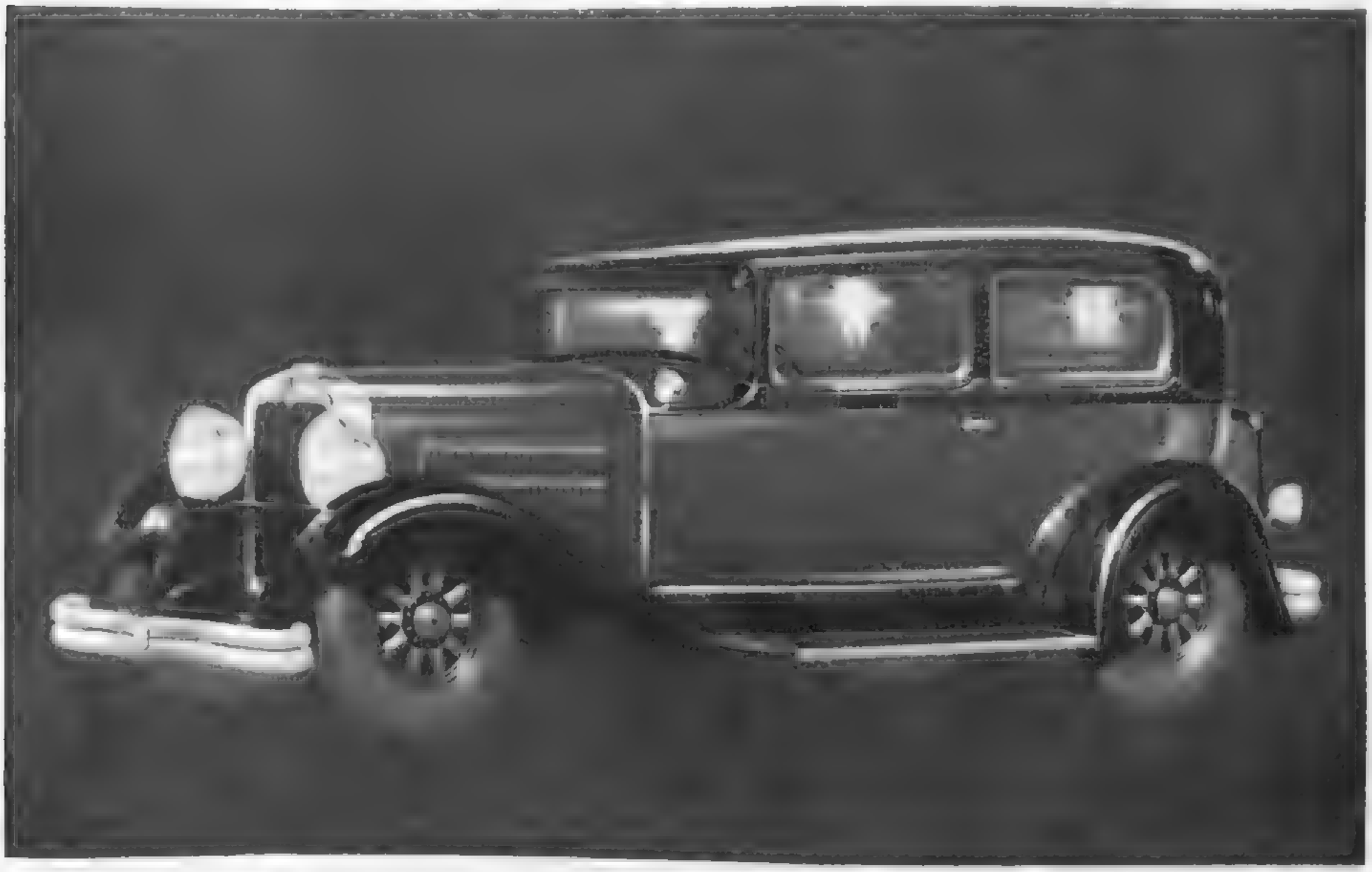
"Yes," he said; "but there was no mental strain and the trip was a quick one. And I was in condition and I won the fight, didn't I?" The answer was obvious.

I flew with him to New York in the Sikorsky amphibian plane, rising from Lake Pleasant in the morning. Tunney is not a

(Continued on Page 80)

The Applicant for the Position of Life Guard at Psyclasconsett Displays His Prowess, With the Assistance of a Couple of Handy Stenographers

THE WORLD HAS A NEW AND FINER MOTOR CAR



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We only ask you to read the features Nash offers—compare them to the new offerings of any other manufacturer . . . *then exercise your own good judgment.*

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CHROME, a preservative, guards power when your Burgess "Super B" Batteries are not in use. Thus extra life and service are added. The valuable properties of Chrome in lengthening battery life were long known to scientists, but it remained for Burgess engineers to discover the secret of utilizing Chrome in battery construction.

The year's noteworthy achievement in radio enjoyment and economy is the Burgess "Super B" Batteries:

"Super B" No. 22308 is a medium size heavy-duty 45-volt battery designed for general, all around use.

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These two "Super B" Batteries answer practically all radio set requirements.

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BURGESS "SUPER B" BATTERIES

(Continued from Page 78)

flying addict in any sense. This was no adventure for him. It was merely a utilitarian move.

Four thousand feet up and headed south for the Hudson River Valley, he appeared just a bit uncomfortable. Then he relaxed and sprawled back in his seat, leaning his head on a hand. Bill Winston, the pilot, glanced back and indicated the champion. I glanced around and Tunney appeared to be dozing peacefully. He really was taking a nap and free from the slightest suggestion of mental strain. He drowsed in this fashion until we could see the Island of Manhattan ahead and below us. Then he woke, apparently refreshed.

Afterward he told me that he had felt some of the symptoms of seasickness, but that when he closed his eyes these passed, and that when he awakened there was no suggestion of any nausea left. Once on the Hudson River pier, his smile was radiant and his eyes as clear as ever.

An Incentive Needed

That his method of bringing his perfect condition intact to the ring was eminently successful the experts verified unanimously. They said of him that there never had been an athlete in such perfect condition as Gene Tunney showed that night when he stepped into the ring against poor Heeney.

This is how one man—an exceptional man, at that—attained perfect condition. The methods he used might not have been the sort that Heeney should have used, but I think that in the main the theories for conditioning are about the same. Mr. William Muldoon, who runs a health farm, drills his clients much as Tunney drills himself, and it was from Mr. Muldoon that Tunney obtained his theories. Muldoon, before him, inherited them from the men of the London prize-ring era.

Any man can get himself into condition, but there must be an incentive. Mr. Tunney's incentive was obvious and financial. The clients of Mr. Muldoon are moved by the knowledge that if they do not get themselves into condition they have not long to live, and that, too, is something of an incentive. But there are few men who will get themselves into condition and fight to keep themselves that way for the sheer joy of being in condition, unless they are of the type of Muldoon, who has worshiped physical fitness all his life, making of it a religion. It is not easy to preach the gospel of physical fitness to the normal man unless he is a professional athlete or unless he is close to the ragged edge. For the business of keeping supremely fit is monotonous, and men will not endure monotony except for a price. Also, it occurs to me that if the urge comes to all men to attain their best physical condition there will be little else done for the time.

Aside from the matter of the monotony, which irked Gene Tunney, an imaginative young man with a passion for learning, the task of Tunney in getting into perfect condition was easy as compared with the labors and agony of Babe Ruth, another famous athlete. The appetite of Babe Ruth once was famous. Considerable has been written about his gastronomic feats which culminated in a stomach ache that was felt around the world. The Babe had this to fight in the first place. Then his disposition was set against training of any sort. But the time came when the Babe, uttering many groans, had to submit to the drill of conditioning, and he did it perhaps just at about the right time. If he had not submitted to the discipline, he would be at the current writing a corpulent gentleman unable to see his own shoe tops, let alone a low ball.

The diet which is normal for Tunney is starvation for Babe Ruth. The Babe would pretend to ignore the increasing waistline rather than face the prospect of profuse perspiration. His conditioning was forced upon him as an arduous part of his business. But he is our most emphatic proof of the need of constant conditioning for the professional athlete, and of the necessity of never letting oneself get too far out of the best condition.

And even the task of getting the Babe back into condition and keeping him there was simple, after all. It was a modification of the method used by Gene Tunney and all the gladiators before him. Only, in the case of the Babe, the discipline and the dieting were not self-imposed. He submitted to them only when it was drilled into him that if he did not he would be on his way to the minors shortly.

It is group conditioning that is intricate. There is the case of the California crew which was selected to represent the United States at the Olympic Games. To my mind they represent the matter of group conditioning brought to perfection. Before they came East they won all their races in the West. Then they were called upon to row various distances from the Henley route to the four-mile drill on the Hudson. They won all their races and they always seemed to be perfectly conditioned.

Pull, Boys, Pull!

Now the matter of conditioning for a crew is more difficult than keeping a football team in condition. If certain men are out of condition in a football team, others in perfect condition can help out in the weak places, and there always are the reserves.

But in a crew, one man out of condition can destroy the synchronization of the oars in the boat, and once the rhythm of that is destroyed the crew is gone. If the others have the reserve strength that might make up the deficiency of one or two men, they cannot use it, for the extra effort would spoil the synchronization of the oars. When you have a perfectly conditioned crew you have a great achievement in the matter of conditioning.

And who can tell when a crew is perfectly conditioned, when boxing experts never can tell on the eve of a contest whether one man is in condition? The man himself cannot tell unless he happens to be a Gene Tunney—and there is only one of him.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 56)

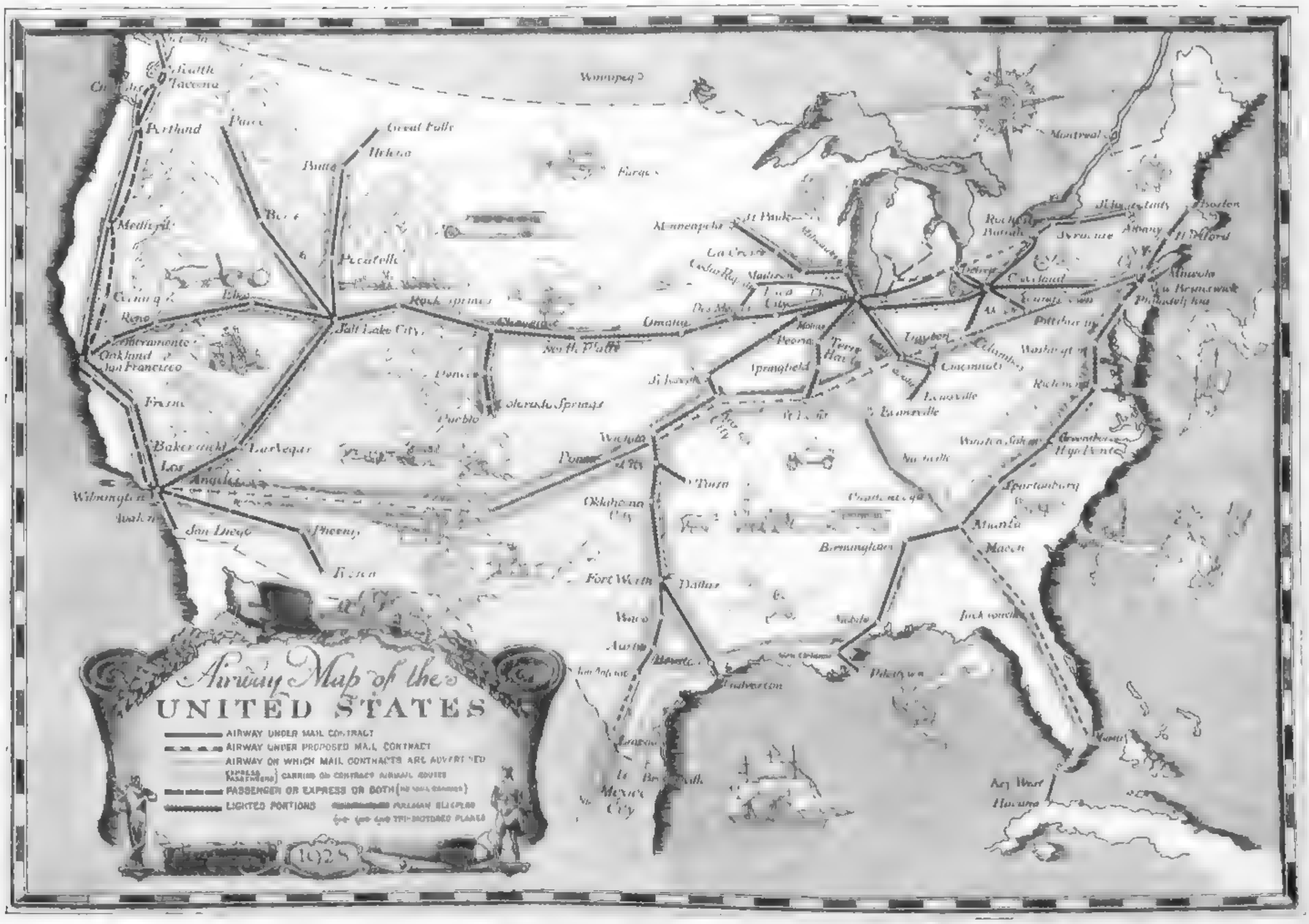
never want to take over the physical assets of a client. Therefore, the business man who protects his business associates against loss in the event of the directing force being removed is the one to whom the greatest consideration and lowest rates of interest are accorded by banking institutions. It is estimated that 75 per cent of the value of any business is found in the brain power of the man who controls the business. When the business is protected against his removal, its solvency is assured and its credit more firmly established.

Partnership arrangements protected by life insurance are more likely to prove successful and less likely to prove costly to the surviving partner and the creditors than such businesses not so fortified. The one-man business needs credit insurance even more than the partnership or corporation. Such business is usually less able to comply with collateral-loan requirements, and financial institutions cannot safely advance capital for growth when the security is based only on the human equation.

"A contented mind is greater than great riches," according to the Book. This element of contentment is one of the big dividends paid by investments in life insurance.

I hold no brief for any particular insurance company or form of policy, but feel that life insurance of the right kind is too good an investment to ignore.

ELWOOD LLOYD IV.



THE HIGHWAYS OF THE SKY

Two rackety wood-burning locomotives halted by the shores of Great Salt Lake, and two dusty groups of bearded men in stove-pipe hats descended. A gold spike was driven into a tie. *The iron highway was open from Coast to Coast, reducing travel time from three months to three weeks!*

That was in 1869. . . .

Some time in 1920, perhaps your chief clerk remarked casually, "They're carrying first-class mail by air now all the way across the continent." No outburst of feeling marked the event! *Yet a golden feather should have fluttered from the sky to symbolize for American business this dawning of a new age in transportation. Space had been conquered . . . time reduced to hours!*

Today, less than eight years later, privately owned and operated Air Mail lines are reaching into 31 states, giving efficient postal service to a commercial area embracing close to 70,000,000 people! Literally hundreds of planes are streaming along the highways of the sky continuously, carrying freight, mail and passengers.

Last year private mail planes alone flew 3,823,214 miles, carrying nearly sixty million letters. Every conceivable object that calls for swift delivery is being transported by them . . . letters, bank exchanges, bullion, jewelry, samples, films, replacement parts, medical supplies, engraved plates, hundreds of products of commercial importance.

It took years for the railroads . . . after suffering serious losses from bus competition . . . to awake to that danger threatening their short-haul business. Alert railroad men of today are recognizing that the new winged vehicle presents as great a threat to long-haul business! *Probably the most significant development in commercial aviation this year has been the organization of the first transcontinental passenger Air-Rail Line!*

This line is a merger of the transportation facilities of both railroad and airplane . . . railroad by night, for the more spacious comfort of a Pullman sleeping-car, tri-motored plane by day, for speed and the enjoyment afforded along the highways of the sky.

This is a most logical use of the commercial plane. For America is only at the beginning of the development of its great resources. Hundreds of thousands of miles of rail must yet be laid; millions of miles of hard-surfaced roads will yet be needed. *The airplane simply expands the scope of America's possibilities, by trebling the speed of its communications!*

It is already of immense importance to American business that dependable transportation at a hundred miles an hour over the trunk lines indicated above is available day and night throughout the year.

This map does not show many thousands of miles of well-established intermediate and branch lines, connecting virtually all the major cities of the United States . . . with extensions to Canada, Mexico and Cuba.

The Ford tri-motored, all-metal plane, with a record of over a million miles of regular commercial service, carrying freight, passengers and mail, has proved the safety and efficiency of this commercial type . . . practical, economically sound, and useful. All the resources of the Ford industries have been at command in its production . . . *in the firm belief that it will take and hold its place with honor in the service of commerce along the highways of the sky.*

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

"... and *you* moved all this heavy furniture *alone!*"

"I CERTAINLY did. But I put Bassick Casters on first, then, everything moved so easily and quietly that I just couldn't resist the temptation to change things about."

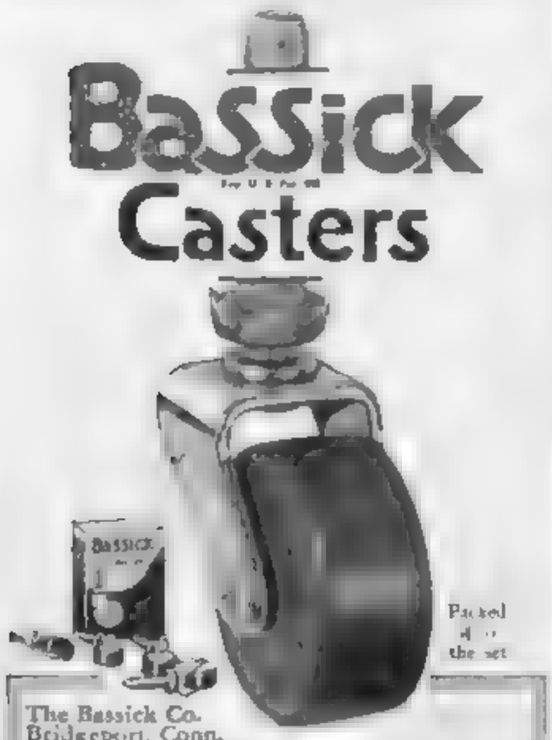
No need to worry about straining wives or furniture, or marking rugs and floor coverings, when your furniture rolls on Bassicks. Bassicks start, roll and turn so easily that moving furniture is child's play.

Put Bassicks on *your* furniture. If your hardware, furniture or house furnishing dealer cannot supply you—order direct. Make selection from list below. Send remittance and dealer's name.

Two Bassick Casters that meet most home needs.

How easily *it rolls* on Bassicks

BASSICK Casters



The Bassick Co.
Bridgeport, Conn.

Send me sets of
for which I enclose $

NAME

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DEALER'S NAME

HIGHBALL!

(Continued from Page 15

flying out of his mouth and knocking a hole in the leading car. That was the kind of stogy it was, and, relatively speaking, they were moving even faster than the stogy was black. It was a Wheeling stogy too.

Fred pumped; so also, upon occasion, did Rush. They had four bridges with yellow slow boards to hold them back, yet they made the forty miles to Baltimore in thirty-six minutes to the tick. The speed recorder above the throttle brace took some awful punishment; the dial was only graduated to ninety miles an hour, with a peg at approximately ninety-two to stop the needle. Rush shoved the needle up against the peg and tried to bend it, not once, but several times. To deep, perfectly leveled ballast, heavy, slab-like rail, a right of way as straight as a plumb line, a wide-open throttle and an engineer with nerve, add an Atlantic-type locomotive with eighty-inch drivers—and the *x* of the equation is 100 miles an hour. Or better than 100 miles an hour.

Fred was bouncing up and down on the seat box and chewing away at the stogy half afraid, half exultant. Rush had wedged himself tight with legs and arms, forever straining forward to catch the first glimpse of the automatic blocks. John, needless to relate, had more business than a gutter mutt in a barrel with fourteen tomcats. How he kept her hot and at the same time wasn't thrown from the gangway or had his brains knocked out on the fire door is a little detail evolution should get credit for. His far-off ancestors must have been half grasshopper and two-thirds cocklebur.

They went through Baltimore at an idle forty miles an hour, and from Baltimore to Bayside yard was a long down-grade. "Here's where I get this cigar lit," thought Fred. "He'll hold her down through that yard and I'll have a chance to get this thing lit." So he slipped over to John and bellowed in that worthy's ear.

"Oh," said John, "a match. Why, sure." He produced about ten that were soggy with sweat.

Fred was disgusted. He stood to one side of the fire door and held the matches up against the warm metal to dry them out. Half consciously he realized they were coming down on Bayside at an ungodly rate of speed, and half consciously he waited for Rush to start holding her back. He glanced at Rush. That party gave him a cold look, pulled his cap a little farther over his ears, pulled a hefty pull on the already wide-open throttle and let her ride.

You come down to Bayside on a straight, descending grade, and as the tracks enter the yard they swing to the right. There is little, if any, time wasted in making this swing. The yard block was green, but nothing short of an X ray could see around the curve, and everybody on the railroad knew this place to be the most crowded railroad yard east of hell—jammed with cars. They had to keep the main line open by bloody sweat and switchmen who got the same kick out of a hoghead's funeral that is supposed to be got out of a practical joke.

The first switch lamp went past the gangway like a bullet, the signal tower like a shell, and the crash that came as they passed the first box car sounded like an explosion. Fred's paralyzed and goggling eyes tried to focus on the speed recorder, but he never got his optics in focus. Forgotten was the cigar, forgotten also the matches. Then they hit the bend!

Fred was off balance; he caromed off the fireman as the engine-truck flanges bit the outside rail, and he half rolled, half slid, toward the left-hand gangway. His body struck the step, or raised deck, under the fireman's seat, but his head and shoulders were in the gangway. Simultaneously with the acrobatics of Mr. Deekman they shot past the box cars that lined the left side of the main line.

Fred was, without exaggeration, simply too scared to move. He wondered what that crazy Rush Golden would do next. The 1465 heeled over and Fred was on the side that did the heeling. He swore afterward that every box car that lined the main line had to be repainted, and that what letters and numbers the 1465 didn't scrape off, he, Fred Deekman, scraped off personally with his nose and the end of his cigar.

John helped the master mechanic to his feet. He had hard work to keep from laughing outright—the fireman, not Mr. Deekman.

"Why don't you light your seegar?" bellowed John.

Fred produced a weak smile. "I couldn't light it with a kerosene torch!" he declared.

"It's kinda busted up," observed John.

Fred surveyed it. "Yeah," he acknowledged. He pointed to the battered end of the stogy. "It got caught on that first box car!" he bellowed. "See the paint?"

John looked it over carefully.

"That was one of them new ice cars!" he shouted. "I could prove it in any court!"

Fred laughed. Rush shouted across the cab, asking if he was all right. Fred laughed and stuck the cigar in his mouth—the wrong end. Not that it mattered.

From Bayside they slapped through the gathering twilight with Fred champing down on the stogy every time she tried to swap ends. They came screaming down on the mile-long Susquehanna bridge like a bolt from the blue, with the automatic block clear before them. Fred stepped over to the right-hand side.

"Rush," he bellowed, "respect the thirty miles an hour on this bridge!" Rush looked slightly displeased. "I don't care how sore he gets," thought Fred, "I'll make him slap that air on or start a war."

"Thirty miles an hour!" he bellowed.

"All right," said Rush disgustedly, reaching for the air.

The men in the cab sensed the drag as the brake shoes bit; they dropped from their reckless, space-consuming gait to thirty miles an hour, to the smell of scored steel and cast-iron, to the screaming hiss of two heavy air reductions. They clattered onto the bridge at the regulation speed.

"Got a match?" screamed Fred in the ear of John, trying to make himself heard over the smashing clatter.

"I give you all I had," answered John.

Fred chewed on the black cigar and wished for a match. They came to the last span; Rush opened her up a little.

"Here we go!" shouted John.

She was stretching her legs again; they swung onto the river bank to the matchless rhythm from her valve ports, to the square, clean-cut cadence of the working steam.

"She talks sweet," thought Fred, clamping down on the cigar again. He pulled his watch from his pocket. "We've lost better than five minutes on that lousy bridge," he decided. He did some mental arithmetic, came to the conclusion that they were still a few minutes ahead of the parade. They'd take water at Deer Creek; they'd have to slow for it. They'd take water on the fly, but they'd have to slow for it just the same. That would give them plenty of water. He crossed over to talk to Rush.

"Take water at Deer Creek?" he shouted. Rush nodded. "What's the fastest you ever took water?" yelled Fred.

Rush reflected. "Hanged if I know for sure," he declared, "but it musta been better'n fifty. Right around sixty."

"Listen!" shouted Fred. "If we can keep her head up like we been doin', we'll make Philly ahead of the circus! Now we put a new scoop on this baby that's thicker'n boiler plate—replaced th' old scoop when we shopped her! You hear me?" Rush nodded. "We even threw away the old cylinder an' put on one with half again as big a bore. It'd pick a horse up, see! I bet you she'd take a drink at better'n sixty!"

"Faster'n this fast?" demanded the engineer. The needle was moving steadily toward seventy.

Fred looked dubious.

"You be the judge!" he shouted.

Rush shouted to John; the fireman set his shovel in the bunker and came across the pitching deck.

"You watch the next block while I talk to John!" shouted the engineer to Fred. Fred crossed to the left side to watch for the next automatic signal. Fred set his teeth on the stogy and watched for the block and wished for a match. He saw the signal set for clear.

"Clear board!" he bellowed.

Rush was wrangling with the fireman.

"That master maniac," he shouted, "says we got a extry stout scoop on the tank an' he wants to pick up a dipperful at better'n sixty!"

"That so?" said John.

"Yep!" shouted Rush. "Whaddya think?"

"Whadda you think about it?" countered John.

"Might try it."

"Yeah?" sneered John.

"Well, why not?" demanded Rush angrily.

"You'll knock all the water outta the trough!" shouted John heatedly. "You'll prob'ly knock the scoop off too! They ain't no tellin' what you might do. You slow down to forty when you hit the marker; they ain't no chance in takin' such chances."

"Hell's bells, fellah," shouted the engineer, "I've taken water that fast!"

"I can yodle too!" sneered John.

"Well, we're gonna try it," retorted Rush.

"I don't want nothin' to do with it," declared the fireman disgustedly, and walked back to the bunker.

Rush stepped down on the deck, shouted in the fireman's ear.

"When I see the marker," he yelled, "I'll holler! You be down here on deck; when you hear me, you drop her!"

"You gonna slow down?" demanded John.

"No, I ain't gonna slow down!"—angrily.

John looked at his better half disgustedly.

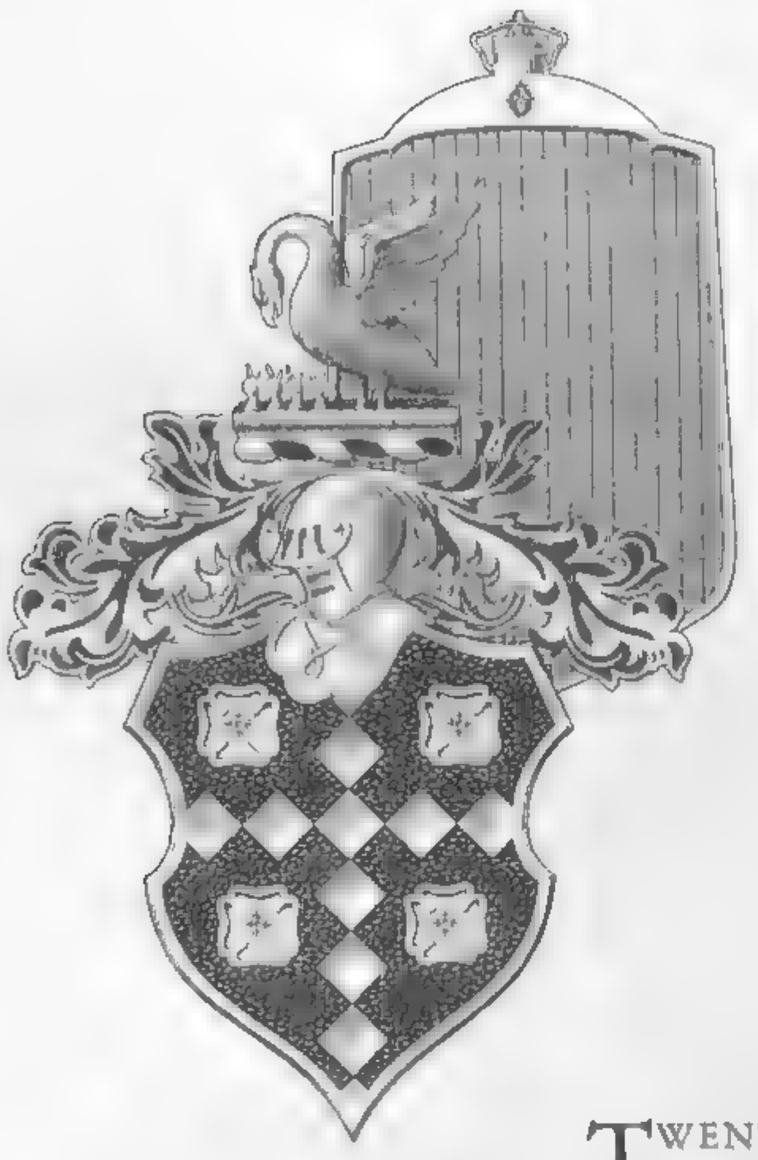
"Oh, all right then," he gave in. Rush stepped back to the throttle. John pitched a shovelful of coal clear up against the flue sheet.

"Dumb hoghead!" he growled.

To take water on the fly the tank of an engine is equipped somewhat as follows: There is a scoop made of steel with a copper mouthpiece, which works on a hinge under the center of the tank, or tender. Don't confuse this scoop with the coal scoop—that's another breed of cow. This scoop—water scoop—is forced down into the water, which runs in a trough between the rails. An air piston forces it down. The reader can readily understand the tremendous impact which occurs when the scoop hits the water, and can understand, also, the force by which the water is driven into the tank. As the engine traverses the water trough and nears the end, the scoop must be lifted back into a clear position. The air piston does this little job also.

On the left water leg of the tank, in the gangway, is the lever which operates the piston. The fireman knows when to throw this lever because of a marker placed alongside the track. This marker resembles a switch stand to some extent; there is one to tell the fireman when to drop the scoop and another to tell him when to raise it. Now, when the lever is thrown and the scoop is shoved down into the water trough, the water is driven upward through a pipe, right through the center of the water compartment of the tender. A gooseneck is put in this pipe at the top, above the highest water level of the tank, and the water is shot downward, discharged toward the bottom. That's all there is to it. It's so arranged for two reasons: It does away with a valve of any kind—the water in the tank is never as

(Continued on Page 84)



TWENTY-FIVE years ago Packard adopted a distinctive style of hood and radiator design. Changed slightly in dimensions as powerplant needs have increased, it is still distinctly Packard.

There are but few American cars which bear even the slightest family resemblance to their ancestors. In the rush to produce a new model every year and to make cars to fit all sizes of pocket-books, styles and even names have changed. The ordinary car you buy today may be hopelessly out of date tomorrow.

But Packard has created an enduring style. You may buy a Packard car, whether new or used, with the assurance that it will always be recognized as a Packard, and that you will always be proud of it.

PACKARD

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Adjusto-Ray
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT
BAKES OUT PAIN

Adjusto-Ray is the improved therapeutic lamp. Wonderful for relieving rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia, lumbago, headaches, nervousness and many other ailments. Its sun-like rays quickly soothe the affected parts, penetrate to the seat of the trouble, ease pain and help to *remove the cause*. Recommended by physicians everywhere.

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Clamps—stands—hangs

Adjusto-Ray is simple, convenient and safe. No assistance needed—just clamp Adjusto-Ray on your bed or chair—or stand it on a table—or hang it up—and attach to any electric light socket

Adjusto-Ray is built on scientific principles. It throws a parallel ray and has no focal point. Complete with 260-watt bulb. Comes in three styles—hand model, $6.50, clamp model (as illustrated): $9.00; floor model: $13.50. Sold by all leading dealers.

Manufactured by
S.W. Farber, Inc., 141-151 So. 5th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 82)

high as the goose neck. It also checks the force of the water by throwing it against the bottom, and if the manhole cover is battened down, very little water is lost.

The 1465 was stepping through the dew as they neared Deer Creek, and Fred, sitting on the left-hand side with the larger portion of his cigar still intact, swore to himself that he really had read the number on the smoke-box door when she tried to change ends as she hit the straightaway. They were on the water-trough marker in the space of a handclap; there was a high-pitched shout from Rush, and John, one hand on the handrail to steady himself, threw the lever.

The only way approximately to describe what happened is to make a scale drawing of Niagara Falls and include the uproar. Fred was leaning out the window, over the trailer wheels, looking back, and he was somewhat dubious as to whether it was Niagara Falls. He had an idea that it was the second flood. The scoop was driven down into the water, and what water wasn't knocked tail over tin cup in jets to either side went up the scoop and up the pipe like a liquid projectile.

Why the scoop wasn't torn off was inexplainable, for the water, at that speed, had the same consistency as a brickbat. The truly amazing thing about the whole nit-witted performance, however, took place on top of the tank.

The manhole cover was literally blasted off, and a column of water shot through the opening like a cataract and lit on the cars behind like a cloudburst. Mr. Wilkins, the trainmaster, engaged in holding down the Pullmans, thought a mountain had fallen on them. It was certainly something to write home about.

The fireman was staring back over the tank; he looked as though he was bearing witness to the dismemberment of some dear, particular friend or the wife of his bosom. Even Rush, staring straight ahead, seemed to sense that all was not according to the dope sheet. It was a marvelous spectacle, well-nigh a poem, but no one on the 1465 was in the mood for poesy. Fred was in as good shape as anyone in the cab, and he was about as far removed from poetry as an Arab stallion is from a Rocky Mountain canary.

It was all over in one shaky second. There came a shout from Rush; John slapped the lever to the return position. John and Fred looked at each other in stunned amazement. The fireman spoke.

"We played hell!" he said thickly.

Fred came down off his perch and the two men opened the try cocks on the left water leg of the tank. It didn't require a mathematical genius to tell them there was no more water than had been in the tank before they hit the trough.

"Maybe there's something wrong with these try cocks!" bellowed Fred.

"There ain't a thing wrong with 'em," retorted John in a nasty voice. "Th' trouble's with that jackass on the right-hand side!"

"I'll go back an' look down the manhole," said Fred courageously.

John indicated he would hold a good thought. Fred got a husky bite on the cigar and staggered through the coal bunker. John approached Rush. Rush regarded John guiltily out of the corner of his eye.

"Get a full tank?" he shouted with a confidence he didn't feel.

"You played hell," declared the fireman. "We ain't got as much as we had."

"Couldn't of lost none," retorted Rush belligerently.

"Well, that's what happened!" bellowed John.

"Must be a mistake," said Rush, shoving his jaw forward.

"They ain't no mistake!" yelled the fireman. "I told you not to try such a fool thing. Now listen. When we come to the trough at Stanwick you hold down to forty an' I'll put some water in her. You an' your seventy-five miles a hour'"

"You better quit achin' an' put some coal in her," answered Rush angrily.

"What's the use in my puttin' coal in when I ain't got no water?" shouted the outraged fireman.

"Will you shut up!" yelled Rush. "I'm runnin' this engine; you ain't!"

"You're playin' merry hell," sneered John, picking up his scoop and beginning to ladle in coal. Fred came forward over the swaying tank and the sliding coal, made the deck in safety. He shook his head sadly when John met his eye. He approached Rush.

"We didn't do so good at gettin' that drink," he declared.

Rush favored him with a bleak glance and devoted his attention to the track ahead. Fred thought possibly he hadn't heard.

"We ain't got but half a tank of water!" bawled the master mechanic.

Rush turned on him.

"How can I run this engine with all this argument goin' on?" he screamed. "Between you an' that tallow pot, you'd think I was runnin' a hand car!"

Fred was so surprised that he stuck the cigar back in his mouth and let loose the cab support with his right hand. "Is this the way to talk to an official of the railroad?" he thought angrily. Who did this hoghead think he was—a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission? He clamped down on the cigar and let loose his grip with his left hand on the throttle brace. At that precise moment the 1465 hit a bend and the master mechanic staggered against the open fire door, got most of a scoopful of coal square in the belly from the hands of the industrious John, and burned his hand on the fire door as he untangled himself. He got a strangle hold on the battered Wheeling stogy with his teeth and a strangle hold on his temper by superhuman mental effort, and approached Rush again.

"They ain't nothin' to get sore about!" he bellowed, brushing off coal. "We'll get a drink when we hit Stanwick."

"Nothin' to get sore about?" howled Rush. "Didn't you tell me we could take water? Didn't you talk me into it? Didn't you'"

"All I told you was the scoop wouldn't bust off," exploded the master mechanic. "And it didn't bust off. It's under there now if you wanta take a look at it!"

"Yah," bawled Rush, "an' look what happened! We didn't pick up no water. If you nut busters wouldda left the old scoop on we wouldn't of had no mess like this!"

Fred was past all speech, including profanity. The fireman tapped him on the shoulder.

"There ain't no use arguin' with a dummy, Mr. Deekman," he advised.

"Who's a dummy?" screeched Rush, swinging sideways on his seat and glaring at John.

"If you ain't a dummy," declared Fred, "you're close kin."

He went back to the left side. Rush was saying a lot of unpleasant things, all presumably directed at the fireman, but the words were indistinguishable. John had an impudent and imprudent grin on his dirty face; for once he had the Indian sign on Old Rush, and Rush knew it. As they bore down on the reverse curve at Little Northwest, Rush was so sore he was ready to do anything to get back at the fireman and at Fred. They were wide open when they hit the first bend; Rush never moved a finger to hold her back. He was a dummy, was he? He'd show 'em!

Fred knew Rush was sore, but he never dreamed the engineer would have the nerve—or the lack of brains—to take them around Little Northwest like a cannon ball. They swayed as a tide surges, the cab floor lifted and buckled, the whole engine slanted as they hit the first bend. There was a slamming and wrenching and giddy straining such as has been required of no piece of machinery since the engine Montezuma was shipped around the Horn. Fred pressed himself tight by jamming one foot against the back boiler head and getting a viselike grip with hand and arm around the back window. Not to mention the stogy!

She pitched like a bronco; she rocked on her springs like a canoe in a tide rip. Fred glanced over at Rush; saw him clearly for a split second in the flare from the fire door; saw the prominent jaw muscles and the tight-drawn lips. He had both hands hooked over the polished throttle, both feet braced against the reverse-bar quadrant and lever. Rush was scared nearly out of his wits, even though he was too much of a man to show it. He'd wanted to teach the fireman a lesson, wanted to shake a little of the cockiness out of him, and he'd misjudged the speed. They were on the curve now; it was suicide to hold her back.

The thought came to Fred that should they leave the rail and flip end for end like a flung stick, even then Rush would never shove the throttle shut. He glanced down at John, and the sight that met his eyes was never forgotten. John was the boy with guts. Fred and Rush had windows to leave by; Fred and Rush had a fighting chance for life no matter what happened. John didn't have a prayer. John was in the center of the deck, firing that engine, and because it was next to impossible to fire standing up, he was down on his knees! Down on his knees before the fire door, bailing in the coal! Fred never forgot it. Everything in semi-darkness except the kneeling, sweat-stained figure before the fire door; a blinking, bloody-colored figure. "He'd fire this hog through hell," thought Fred.

And this was most assuredly hell, he decided instantly. A rush of wind like a tornado, a roar of mingling thunders, the knowledge, like a sword hanging over their heads, that the slightest of track defects meant curtains.

They made the first bend, primarily because God was on their side, and as they fled down the narrow steel ribbons beneath them Rush felt an overpowering desire come over him to hold her back. It might be suicide to try it, but it was equally as suicidal not to try it. If he held her with the air, it might steady them; also it might let the slack bunch up behind them. And if the slack ever bunched behind, and came from behind and shoved, good-by, ball game! If he let the air alone and maintained an even drag on the couplings, if the train was kept strung out, they had an even chance to make it. All this and a lot more went through Rush's brain in a fraction of a second. He kept his hand off the brake valve and let her ride. You've heard the expression, "Like a bat out of hell"? That was exactly the way the 1465 came around the curve at Little Northwest!

Fred's heart was in his mouth; there was hardly room for the stogy. Where before he had been on the low side, now he was on the high. Whether or not he really heard the drivers pound can't be sworn to, for it was the crisis, and a man's mind sometimes plays tricks under such circumstances. But John claims to have heard it also; so it is here written that it actually happened. The left-hand drive wheels were clear of the rail; Fred heard them pound like a steam hammer! He glanced down at John. John was staring up at him from the deck; both thought it was their last moment on earth. The drivers on their side were off the rail, but every time the main pin came around the wheels were driven downward to the rail by the force generated by the weight of rods and pins. She'd lift and slam, lift and slam; they were aboard a pile driver run amuck. they were riding a steam hammer with a driving smash, a hammer blow with 400,000 pounds in the bean bag. Do you know the meaning of rounding a curve on two wheels? Well, when the 1465 went around the reverse curve was the time and the place this expression originated.

Mechanically speaking, she should have turned turtle and rolled like a barrel. But she didn't. Yet she defied every law of gravity, known and unknown; she smashed like a falling safe and she bounced like a golf ball. But she kept her head up and she stayed on the rails. It might be that the grim-faced man on the right-hand side kept her upright, held her upright, by his death

Continued on Page 86

"Ready to Gallop into the Night"

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There are the powerful draft-horses,—the big engines that pull the longest and most heavily laden freight trains over the mountains.

There are the quick trotting-horses,—the electric engines that take city folk out to near-by bathing beaches and commuters to their homes and that take the big trains into and out of the larger cities.

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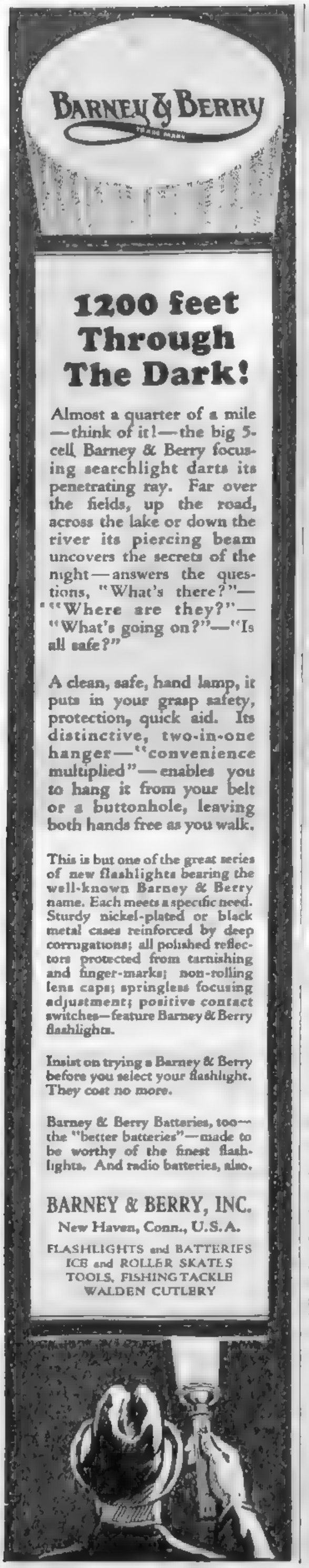
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ICE and ROLLER SKATES
TOOLS, FISHING TACKLE
WALDEN CUTLERY

(Continued from Page 84)

grip on the throttle. Write this in the notebook, gentle reader: He certainly tried to! Whatever it was—this saving factor—she made the bend. She settled back on her springs to a level keel and came down the straight track like a star through the night.

Fred was sweating like a June bride. He and John looked each other over.

"You all here?" shouted the fireman.

"I think so!" bellowed Fred.

They looked each other over again, to check up. They looked over at Rush. That worthy had something on his face that could best be described as relief.

"For the love of Mike," shouted Fred to John, "don't crab no more about that water!"

"Listen," said John. "I won't even be thirsty for thirty days!"

"I'll tell you what!" shouted Fred: "We won't bother Rush about callin' the trough marker at Stanwick. We'll just get him to slow for it, an' I'll call it. Whaddya think?"

"He'll slow down all right," declared John, "without us sayin' nothin'. Jus' don't say nothin' about it. When we get there, you call it."

Fred said he would.

Rush called to Fred from across the deck; the master mechanic crossed over. Rush was grinning somewhat sheepishly.

"Brother," announced Fred, "I don't mind tellin' you, I was shakin'. If you gotta run that fast around curves, for the love of Mike pick out a easy one!"

"They got these bends banked pretty good!" shouted Rush, still grinning. "They're just as good as a straight shot!"

"A straight shot to where?" demanded Fred.

Rush burst out with a guffaw.

"I've got some blind blocks up ahead!" he shouted after a moment. "I wantcha to watch 'em for me!"

"At Newton?" shouted the other.

"At Newton an' just beyond," answered Rush. "Holler your head off."

"You'll hear me," answered Fred, and stepped back. He spoke in the ear of the fireman. "You be ready when we hit Stanwick!" he shouted.

"Huh?" questioned John.

"I'll call the water trough at Stanwick!" shouted Fred. "You be ready!"

"Oh, sure," answered John.

Stanwick is just beyond Newton. There was slow order out at Newton, and Rush, of course, knew it. John knew it also, but it must be remembered that John was what might be termed engaged. So the following took place:

They came down on Newton at a rate of speed that effectually prevented any flies from nesting on the boiler. The block was on the left-hand side. Rush had asked Fred to call this board for him, and the minute Fred saw the clear signal he let out a mighty whoop: "Clear board!"

Rush had just made an air reduction to hold them up a little on account of the slow order. John had just picked up a shovelful of coal. The fireman thought Fred had called the water trough at Stanwick—because John had been working like a horse, you savvy, and they might have passed Newton without his noticing it—and he dropped the coal and made one jump for the lever that drops the water scoop. As he was reaching for the lever he saw a light flash by the gangway. This was a switch stand, but John thought it was the water-trough marker. This convinced him and he threw the lever. All this, you understand, in the flicker of an eyelash.

The water scoop dropped all right, right square on top of a crossover, caught on the heavy rail and was torn off like cardboard!

The instant it happened, John, as well as the other inhabitants of the cab, knew the exact feeling that comes when the bottom drops out of a person's stomach. If the metal scoop had broken the switch tie rod, then the switch was thrown under the Pullmans. John made a leap through the coal bunker, looked back. The cars rode steadily behind them. He waved weakly to Rush and sat down on the coal.

The whistle sounded; there was a track foreman up ahead, barely distinguishable in the half darkness. He was waving them on. As they passed him Fred slipped down the gangway, pointed under the tank, pointed back toward the damaged switch.

Fred had no way of telling whether the man understood or not, so he returned to his seat and painfully scribbled a note to be thrown off at the first opportunity. He tied it around a bolt and threw it off at the next station.

John stepped up to Rush to take his medicine.

"Who played the hell this time?" demanded the engineer.

"Me," said the fireman in a sick voice.

"Maybe I ain't the only dummy on this railroad," suggested Rush blatantly. John said nothing. "Now what we gonna do?" bellowed Rush.

"I don't see how we can make it unless we stop for water," said John in a sick voice.

"We ain't got no time to stop for water," answered Rush. "How much water we got?"

"We ain't got much," answered John.

"Come here," said Rush. "You reckon if you saw a red one you'd have sense enough to stop?" John nodded glumly. "Get up here, then," said Rush. "It's a sweet note when the dummy has to do all the figurin'."

The fireman got up on the seat box and Rush went back to look at the water. He opened the try cocks on the water leg of the tank and wrinkled his brow. Fred started to step back to speak out of turn, but thought better of it. Rush took the throttle again and John went back to work. Fred called the next block and then crossed over to speak to Rush.

"Where d'ya wanta take water?" he asked.

"I was just thinkin'," said Rush, "that maybe we could make it."

"You think so?"

"We'll go as far as we can," said Rush; "if we think we can get in from there, we'll try it."

"You're the doctor," said Fred.

"Aw, no," said Rush; "I'm just the dummy. That fireman over there is the guy with the brains. Yeah! That fellah can pick up ballast instead of water!"

Fred grinned.

Just before they came to Willamette the signal whistle in the cab began to bleat. Rush regarded it with some rancor.

"They must want us to go slower," said Rush to Fred, "or maybe they want us to go faster. They ain't no tellin' what that trainmaster might want."

"Don't pay no attention," advised Fred. "We got enough troubles of our own."

But the whistle set up a constant wail, and Fred and Rush were both worried for fear the worthy Mr. Wilkins would throw the air on them, so Fred looked back to see what he could see. The next second he was shouting in Rush's ear. There was a hot box on the rear Pullman; it was blazing up to the car floor.

They were inside the Willamette yard limits when they stopped. Fred ran back to meet Wilkins

"I thought we never would get you flatheads to stop," growled Wilkins. "I was all set to throw her in the big hole."

They tossed a couple of buckets of water on the blazing journal box. It sizzled very nicely, but did no material good.

"We'll have to brass it," declared the ambitious Wilkins.

"Brass it, my eye!" retorted Fred. "Whaddya think this is—a freight train?"

"It won't take no time," answered the trainmaster.

"We're gonna cut this car off right now," declared Fred. John had come up. "Get on the other side where Rush can see you," he ordered the fireman, "an' pull the pin." He turned to Wilkins. "You get all these news hounds in the front car," he said. "The idea is to make this run on time; they won't mind." He stepped out of the growing circle, broke the air and the signal couplings. "Tell him to pull up!" he called over to John. The fireman pulled the pin and Rush moved forward on the hand signal.

Wilkins had followed Fred. "We can't leave this car out on the main line," he protested.

"What've they got a switch engine here for?" demanded Fred angrily. "We'll drop a note off at the telegraph station an' tell 'em to get it. Get these people aboard," he exclaimed.

Wilkins and Fred shooed the news hounds back to their coops.

"Hey!" called Fred to a man standing in the vestibule of the set-out car. "Get your buddies an' get up in this front car! An' hurry up!" The man looked down at him in rather a puzzled manner. "Don't stand there an' rot!" shouted Fred. "We ain't got all day to hang around this place. Get up here in this front car!"

"You want us up in the other car?" asked the man.

Fred threw up his hands and turned to Wilkins. "Get that lame brain in a safe place," he said, "inside of two minutes, or we'll leave him here to sleep it off." He turned away to scribble a note. He glanced up a moment later and saw the man he had yelled at, helping a young woman out of the vestibule and down the steps. They passed him in going forward and the young woman spoke.

"We don't have to ride in that coach with the rest, do we?" she asked.

Fred looked up, surprised. "Listen," he said sarcastically, "I don't care if you ride on the roof!"

Wilkins interposed hastily.

"You can ride anywhere you want to, madam," he said very politely. "We can fix you up with more privacy in the baggage car—that is, if you don't mind."

"Anywhere at all," said the young woman, looking for confirmation at the man.

"Why, of course," he declared.

"Well, for the love of Mike," squawked Fred, "get some place. We can't hang around here all night!"

They hurried up to the baggage car; all the newspapermen were hanging half out the windows. Fred got there first and beat on the door until the photographers opened it.

"Got a passenger for you!" he shouted. "Come here, you!" he said to the young woman. Before she could protest, he had caught her, swung her high, and seated her none too gently in the door of the baggage. Wilkins' eyes were the size of alarm clocks. The man started forward impetuously, but when he saw the girl was laughing, he stopped and grinned.

"Well, get aboard," snapped Fred. The man and Wilkins climbed up. "Get a good grip on your hat," called Fred to the girl, "an' be sure your friend don't get lost!"

The young woman smiled, the man grinned. She said something in a low voice to her companion. He called down to Fred. "She wants to know whether we'll be on time?"

"Just close your eyes, sister!" shouted Fred. "When you open 'em you'll be in Philly!"

Fred was running forward, waving his hand in the highball. There came a high-pitched blast from the whistle; the train started as Fred pulled himself into the cab.

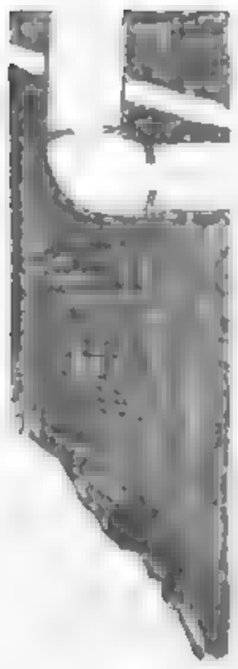
"We lost between eight an' ten minutes," growled Rush.

"We had the world by the tail till it happened," agreed Fred.

They came through the station at Willamette. The platform was jammed with people. "What's coming off?" wondered Fred. They flashed past the crowd and Fred threw off the message. He looked back and saw a man pick it up.

Rush called to him, asked him to check up the water. They were going down the grade toward the tunnel with the needle of the speed recorder slapped against the stop pin, Fred stuck his head out the window and lost his hat, nearly had the stogy jerked from his mouth. He felt his stomach muscles contract; to all appearances they were batting square into the side of a mountain. The

(Continued on Page 88)



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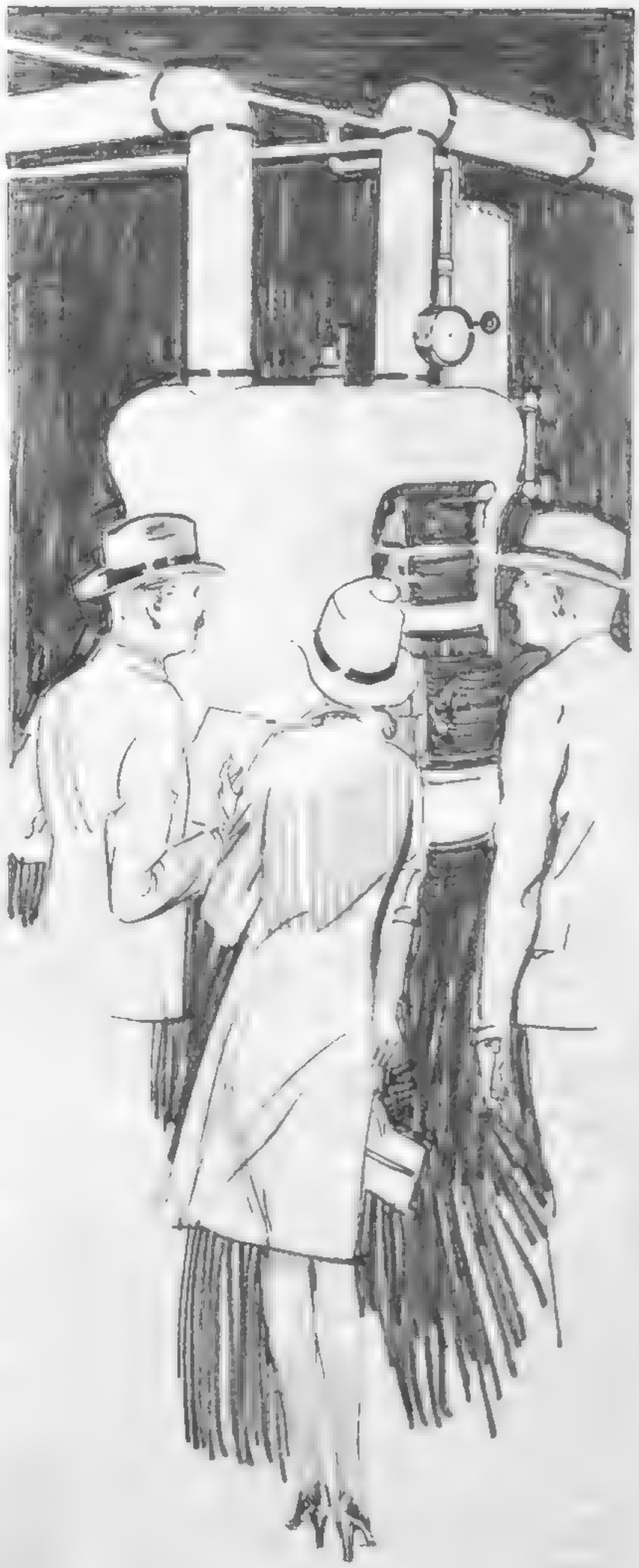

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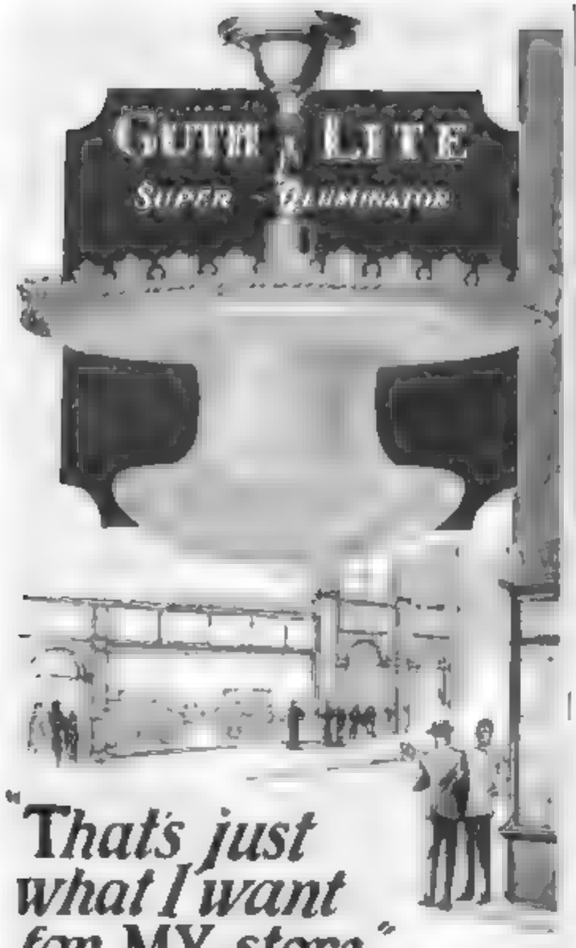

"That's just what I want for MY store"

—exclaimed the proprietor of the Lakewood Pharmacy of Cleveland, when he saw the light flooded salesroom of the Trace Motor Car Co., across the way.

"Each car stands out like a gem in that light," he said. The Trace Salesroom illuminated by GuthLites was the most outstanding display on the street. The other places looked dull, in comparison.

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EDWIN F. GUTH COMPANY
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(Continued from Page 86)

next second they were in the tunnel, the world was an eruption of noise. You could cut the smoke with a knife. Fred hung on, deafened, half choked. They went through the tunnel in a nightmare of thunder; they came out of the east mouth like a bursting bomb. The tunnel watchman was standing at the east mouth when they erupted, and it took him exactly three weeks to get back to normal.

"It's either take water at Dolby or run for it!" shouted Fred.

"How much water we got?" from Rush.

"Almost down to the floor."

"Get up here!" shouted Rush. Fred looked at him inquiringly. "Take my place a minute!" shouted Rush. Fred climbed up behind the throttle with a great deal of misgiving. He assumed an experienced attitude; the fireman quit working to snicker.

Rush came back with a knotted brow. He told Fred they had a bare chance to make it; that they'd give it a try. As they came down on Dolby, Fred was on the left-hand side, hoping the street crossings were down. They passed the first crossing so fast he couldn't tell for sure, but he presumed they were. There was another big crowd on the platform at the station; Rush pointed, shouted inquiringly. Fred shook his head. How was he supposed to know what the dizzy public was looking for?

He had his watch out, trying to do some mental arithmetic and at the same time remain in the cab. They'd have to stop at the drawbridge; how they could stop at the drawbridge and still make their schedule, even if the water lasted, was a mystery he couldn't solve. They had such a small margin of time to make it in; it was just one of those things that couldn't be done. Rush had made a wonderful try, but they'd be about four minutes late. So thought Fred. Rush thought differently.

The tracks approach the drawbridge on a sweeping bend from above. You can't see the drawbridge tower, with its signals, until you are smack on top of the bridge approach. They came around the curve with the wheels and rods and crossheads blurred with motion. Rush was holding her open, giving her the gun. Fred waited confidently for the air to go on, waited for Rush to shove the throttle shut.

Rush was leaning out of the cab window, straining forward, trying to see. "What for?" wondered Fred. "There ain't a cockeyed thing to see."

Suddenly Rush returned to a more normal position, looked over at Fred, grinned cheerfully, reached for the whistle cord. Two mighty blasts, echoing and reëchoing. Fred stared over, dumfounded.

The engineer had gone bughouse, was his conclusion. He'd seen a light somewhere and he thought it was the tower light. But it couldn't be the tower light; it was impossible to see the tower light.

He sprang across the deck, shouted to Rush: "Shut her off. You can't see that block!"

"She's clear!" answered Rush with a grin.

"You're nuts!" shouted Fred. Rush was pointing. Fred followed his finger. High up on the headland to the right twinkled a green star. Fred nearly fainted. The green light was half a mile or more from the right of way; it had no more connection with the railroad than had Mars!

Fred made a grab for the throttle to shove it shut, he grabbed with his other hand at the brake valve. John caught him from behind, hooked him by the elbow. John was shouting in his ear. Everything was all right; that green light on the headland was their highball!

"Let loose of me!" snarled Fred, cursing and struggling.

"That's a signal!" John was shouting. "He arranged ahead for it. Rush's brother is the drawbridge tender; he put that light up to tell Rush the draw was closed!"

Fred felt his joints become soft and taffy-like. He got over to his seat and relieved himself of various profane and blasphemous utterances. They hit the bridge wide open. Rush thanked his brother with the whistle. They went rocketing across the bridge, climbed the bank on the other side, came roaring down on Philadelphia.

The left injector was breaking; there wasn't enough water remaining in the tank to be picked up and injected into the boiler. Fred shouted to Rush and pointed at the gun; Rush tried to get his injector to pick up. It broke too. Instead of throwing a steady stream of water into the boiler, it would knock a few quarts past the check valves and then quit. What little water remained in the tank was bouncing around like a frog leg in a frying pan. Both Rush and Fred closed their injectors and put their faith in the Lord.

The only water they had left was in the boiler, and when that dropped below the level of the crown sheet any number of strictly unpleasant things might happen. For example, the engine might blow up. There were some first-class chances that this might happen, unless they killed their fire. And if they killed their fire they wouldn't have the beans to get over the last bump and roll home. Fred was standing beside Rush; they had nearly two gauges of water, but they were running like the devil before dawn and the water level dropped like an elevator. John threw on some coal—no more than necessary—and got the squirt hose ready.

They came over the hill at better than eighty miles an hour and the water was below the bottom gauge. You couldn't see water in the water columns. There were no formalities about putting the fire out, and no time wasted. They drifted down on the terminal with no fire, no water and no steam to brag about. The platform at Philadelphia was jammed with people. They slammed to a stop, a trainman pulled the pin, and they had just enough left in her to pull out of the way and let the relief engine hook up.

All three men had their watches out. Rush was the first to speak.

"Write it down," he said. "We're two minutes ahead of the circus!"

They were all three standing in the cab, talking, feeling their relief, when Fred heard someone call from below. He looked down. There was Wilkins, and with him were the couple who had come through in the baggage from Willamette.

"What'd I tell you, sister!" shouted Fred. "We brought you here on the money!"

"Shut up," said Wilkins, "and come down here."

Fred came down the gangway. Mr. Wilkins introduced the couple. They were none other than the bridegroom and the bride, and the bride was the daughter of the President of the nation.

Fred was flabbergasted, not to mention dumfoozled. He started to speak, discovered he was unable to speak.

"See here," said the man; "we slipped away from them at Washington and made this train. We had it fixed. But somebody let it out—some newspaperman—and we thought if we got off here at Philadelphia we could get away. Nobody saw us, and if we wait until the crowd leaves and all of us walk out together like we were all railroad people, then perhaps my wife and I can have a little privacy on our honeymoon. Will you help us out?"

Fred managed to bob his head. He glanced at the bride. She smiled.

"Thank you for putting me in the baggage car," she said.

Fred's speech returned. "Oh, don't mention it," he said.

"Hey, Mr. Deekman!" called down John. "There's a young lady over here on this other side wants to speak to you. She's walking around now."

"I bet it's my girl," said Fred. Mabel appeared, stepping carefully. Fred advanced to meet her.

"Honey," said Mabel, with no preliminaries, "it was awfully sweet of you to get back so you could take me to the dance. You'll have to hurry and get cleaned up. Goodness, but you're dirty!"

"Yeah," said Fred. They walked back to Wilkins and the bride and groom. Fred introduced Mabel. Mabel was little short of speechless. Very nearly, but not quite.

Fred and the groom talked about the best way of getting out of the station. It was agreed that all of them, including the engine crew, would simply walk out together. So Fred called to Rush and John, and they came down out of the cab and met the famous passengers. All this took place on the side of the 1465 that was away from the station; no one, of course, could see them. Everybody thought the bride was a knock-out.

Fred took the arm of the bride, the groom attached Mabel, and all in a bunch they marched out of the station. And in a little side street they parted; the bride and groom via a cab to parts unknown, Mabel and Fred to parts decided upon by Mabel, and Rush and John to parts known as homes.

And when Rush and John were walking up the street alone, Rush said:

"You know, John, that master maniac looked kinda sick when we left him. He sure looked bad."

John laughed. "Believe me," he said, "he oughtta been sick."

"Yeah?" asked Rush.

"You remember that stogy he had?" asked John.

Rush said he did.

"Well," said John, "he took a good bite at Bayside yard, an' when we went around Little Northwest he musta swallowed pretty near half of it—not to mention the first time we tried to take water. I seen some of that seegar in his mouth jes' before we come to th' drawbridge, an' that was th' last I seen of it. That's all's the matter with him!"

"Oh," said Rush, "is that all?" and grinned. "I bet you," he added, "that he's pretty near as sick as Collett was!"

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The writer knows that at the time of this story green was not used in the East to denote "clear." White was clear, green was caution, red was danger. But because of the almost universal acceptance of green for clear, yellow for caution, and red for danger, the latter were used. Green has always been used on railroads west of the Mississippi to denote clear.

The Way to Enjoy Cheese

FIRST be sure you are buying *good* cheese. By that we mean cheese that is rich, ripe, mellow and true in flavor; cheese that is rich in vitamins, protein and mineral salts. Then choose the varieties or flavors that most appeal to your individual taste. And then learn some of the many appetizing ways in which they may be served.

Taste alone will determine your favorites, and our recipe book—which is free—will teach you how to serve them, while the question of obtaining the very best cheese has been simplified to a point where it is necessary for you to remember only to say "Kraft" before you say "cheese."

You can find the kind of cheese you like bearing the Kraft label. Sold by the slice, and in half, and quarter pound cartons, packages and jars.

Green Peppers Stuffed with Cheese

7 green peppers
2 cups Kraft American Cheese, grated
2 cups bread crumbs
1 teaspoon chopped onion
3 tablespoons butter
Seasoning to taste

Cut a thin slice from the stem end of each pepper and remove pith and seeds. Parboil the peppers for two minutes, drain, and fill with the remaining ingredients which have been thoroughly mixed. Stand the peppers upright in a baking dish, sprinkle the tops generously with grated cheese, and bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

For this and other choice recipes write our Home Economics Department, 406 Rush Street, Chicago.

Kraft-Phenix Cheese Company

"I screamed . . . the hot paraffin seemed to eat into my skin"

"Last August I was putting up some tomatoes. I was sealing a jar with melted paraffin.

"Suddenly the jar popped open. I dropped the cup of paraffin, which splattered over my hand.

"You can imagine how painfully I was burned. I telephoned to a friend, who advised Unguentine. I applied it thickly. The pain was relieved instantly. The hand was well in ten days. And no scars! Naturally, I'm delighted."

* * *

In the home as in the hospital, with housewives as with physicians, the first thought for burns is—Unguentine. Avoid suffering, terrible infection. Keep a tube ready!

Unguentine soothes burned tissues at once. It helps prevent infection. It fosters quick, normal healing. Soon, almost invariably, *not even a tiny scar can be seen!*

Use it for cuts, scratches and bruises, too. In severe cases, bandage lightly. At your druggist's—50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. Canada—193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

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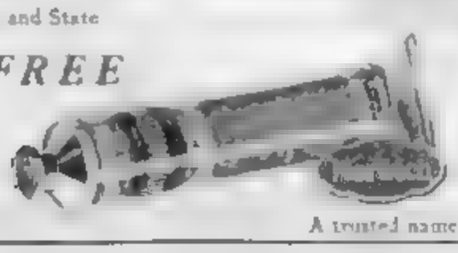

A trusted name

THE WOLVES OF CHAOS

(Continued from Page 37)

Rue St. Honoré to the Rue de Valois; he was tired, but he had been well repaid.

Jaipur box. He had heard that too. Clay chiding his valet. The significance—that the emeralds were hidden in that box. But would they now be kept in the apartment? Confound that cracking knee!

If Anna had wanted money instead of vengeance; if the boy were only enough for her appetite! But no, a complete, finished, satisfying vengeance; nothing less would she have. Well, tonight, if ever, she would fall on his shoulders. Should he tell her of the Drums? Why not get them for himself, dispose of them here in Paris, then return to Russia? There he would be immune from extradition. The woman wanted those stones only to shatter them under her heels. To waste a fortune out of spite!

He left the doorway and walked down to Sentier, got aboard the underground, and half an hour later he stood in the presence of the woman who so easily controlled his thoughts and actions.

"Well?" she said.

Zinovieff smiled. "What would you give me for the Drums of Jeopardy?"

"The Drums?" She grasped him by the arms tensely. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. What will you give me for the Drums?"

"On the day you put those emeralds into my hands I will marry you."

He knew this to be a promise written on fog. "Would you exchange the boy for them?" The presence of the boy worried him more than he cared to confess.

She dropped his arms and laughed. "Shall I cut out my heart? No! Not for all the emeralds ever dug up would I exchange one hair of his head. He is mine! But if you will bring the Drums to me I will marry you."

"Let us suppose I could give you all three—the Drums, this man Cutty and the mother."

She threw her arms around him and kissed him, forging the final link in the chain of his damnation. But she was out of his reach before he could return the embrace.

"I have found where they live. I listened at the door. I heard a woman cry out: 'The Drums of Jeopardy!' In getting up my knee cracked and that man heard it. Well, he did not catch me, nor did he see my face. Sturm lives in the Rue St. Honoré. It was written that he should seek the apartment of this man Cutty. Simple."

The woman started to pace, her face radiant. "That man and the Drums! The mother means nothing. I don't want that little fool."

"Anna, don't make any mistake about that little fool. If you two met in this room, she would tear you limb from limb. You might kill her—that is possible—but before she died there wouldn't be much left of your beauty. Let us get the Drums, sell them and get back into Russia," he pleaded, knowing how futile it was to plead.

"Sometimes you are not a man." As an afterthought: "You speak as if she knew I had the boy."

"Sturm is afraid of Cutty. Didn't he tell us so frankly?"

"Bah! Sturm isn't afraid of anything. He wanted to scare me out of Paris. And he won't!"

"Isn't the boy enough?"

"He was. But I want that man Cutty and I want the Drums. Describe him."

"Tall, with iron-gray hair, no beard or mustache. I only got a flash of the room when the door opened. In New York I had only a flash of him. Tonight the light was back of his face."

"Wait! The mother—we could use her as a bait."

"To draw Cutty? Well —— But there was another man and woman in the room. Anna, you don't know this man Clay. Sturm told the truth, even if he only wanted to drive you out of Paris. Clay has the devil's mind for finding out things. Suppose he called in the police."

She laughed. "Get a taxi and we'll ride around Montmartre. I want lights, lights! Any more noise and we'll have His Highness awake."

For the little boy was beginning to turn restlessly upon his cot. Zinovieff departed to call a taxi and the woman approached the cot and smiled down at the curly blond head. Hers to play with! She would marry Zinovieff, perhaps, but she would have preferred Sturm, who was all man. The Drums of Jeopardy crackling under her heels, the man who killed Boris her brother at her mercy; then, and only then, would she begin to live!

XXII

MEANWHILE in the Rue de Valois.

"Did you see his face?" asked Richardson.

"Unfortunately, no. My hand touched him twice. I can run, but this fellow was off like a whitehead. Dick, the game begins. They have found us before we have found them. You've been weeks trying to locate Zinovieff and you have failed because of Sturm. A man finds his way to my door—Sturm. I am very sorry that fellow is in the enemy's camp."

He reached for an emerald and toyed with it abstractedly. He would have to leave the hotel and return here. And he dared not send the girls to a hotel; they would have to stay in the apartment. In a case of life and death, convention—the obligatory rules of society—would have to be ignored. Of course, neither Kitty nor Olga would worry over that side of it. There was no place in Paris he could hide them, because Kitty, despite her promises, would not consent to remain hidden. Again, suppose this was the other game—a baffled Moscow reaching out for him. It was possible. But eventually the two ends would meet and combine, and he would have an army to contend with. Not so bad, now that he had been forewarned. Since the enemy had come out into the open, they were bound to leave some clew behind them.

Cutty reached for the second stone; then, with one on each palm, he offered them to Kitty and Olga.

"No!" they both cried at once.

"Don't be foolish," Cutty admonished. "Take them into the Place Vendôme or into the Rue de la Paix and sell them. In alien hands their mesmerism will cease. Olga, one stone will keep you in comfort all your life."

"No, Cutty. Kitty is dividing her income with me. I would not touch those stones for all the money on earth."

"How about you, Dick?"

"My dear Cutty, no jeweler would buy those emeralds without documents. I haven't any, and if I see it clearly, there aren't any documents. Mrs. Hawksley can prove that she married the grand duke who owned them. She alone can sell them. Even Miss Hawksley couldn't."

"Logical as a clock," said Cutty. "So, then, they are mine for better or for worse, and all the evil they brew will pile upon this head. Because they were in my possession—distant though they were—I was caught in Moscow and imprisoned for two years. What nonsense! No, no, children; they are beautiful harmless green stones. They cannot think, they cannot move, they are inanimate atoms which Nature congealed and colored to her fancy. What harm can they do an honest man?"

"They can lure dishonest men to your door," answered Olga seriously. "They have been, as I know, the cause of untold miseries. Kitty and I will swear to them before your ambassador; then you can sell them."

Kitty nodded. Get the stones into other hands; dissipate the shadow.

"Sell them?" cried Cutty. "I sell them? Never! I love them. They are to me what books are to other men. I can sit and fondle them for hours."

Said Kitty, "They brought that man to your door tonight."

He chuckled. "He would have come had I been playing with boys' marbles. Those gems have never brought anything but good to me. They brought you to me, Kitty, five years ago. I was a negligible godfather till the emeralds turned up. Remember?"

"Never use that word 'godfather' to me. It makes you seem a hundred, and you are not old."

"Well," he drawled, "I'm not as young as I usta was. I didn't catch the skulker. Dick, here, would have nabbed him in no time." But Cutty was thrilling. With a gesture Kitty had bridged the disparity of years.

Richardson turned to the women. "Don't let him fool you. He can run as fast as a horse."

Olga smiled. As if she didn't know that! But, oh, the light in the man's eyes when he looked at Kitty!

"Dick, you heard nothing?"

"No, Cutty."

"Neither did I till his knee cracked."

"Suppose I undertake to sell the emeralds?" Richardson offered.

For some reason which she was unable to explain to herself, Kitty said, "No. You mustn't be dragged into it."

Cutty wrapped the stones in the chamois and restored them to the Jaipur box. "When I die, I'll leave them to the Metropolitan; though they are wary of precious stones. Dick, Zinovieff must have a bank in town somewhere."

"I've haunted the Workers and Farmers Bank—that's the communist bank in the Rue La Fayette. He had no account there. And he hasn't shown up at the American Express, Cook's, the Guaranty Trust or the Equitable."

"But the woman?"

"There's a point. I wasn't looking for any woman. I may have bumped into her, but my eyes, being full of Zinovieff, wouldn't have noticed her. You can't get anything out of the clerks anywhere. Only the *Préfecture* can help us there."

"Where does Sturm bank?"

"At the Equitable. He has nothing to fear."

"Leave Sturm to me; I know something of his habits. You watch the banks for the woman. And yet"—Cutty mused for a moment—"and yet, if Sturm knows I am here he will warn them to keep away from the banks. Devil take the fellow!"—impatiently. "Still he has one weakness—greed. Associated, no matter how tenuously, with Zinovieff, he will know where the boy is."

Kitty trembled. This conversation seemed so indifferent. She wanted gestures, haste, useless and vain though she knew these actions would be. But to talk calmly of Johnny ——

"Why not offer Sturm the gems in exchange for the whereabouts of the boy?"

Kitty took fire at this and sent Richardson such a glance that his heartbeats began to smother him.

"Not bad," answered Cutty—"not half bad." He took the Jaipur box and set it conspicuously upon the fire mantel. "Stealing some of Poe's stuff," he explained. "It still works. The last place anyone will look for emeralds. But I've another notion what to do with the stones. I want to mull it over."

Who, of all human beings, he thought, would most desire the Drums, regardless of their commercial value? Anna Karlovna.

"Is L'Humanité socialistic or communistic?" he asked.

"It's the biggest firebrand in Paris," declared Richardson. "In the Rue Montmartre. I worked there a week as a typesetter."

"Good boy! You've had hard luck."

Kitty had seen Richardson because he had been in the room; now she began to

Continued on Page 92

How a loosely organized business looks to the man with a clear viewpoint

Scrambled Business

kept in a turmoil for want of a system of printed forms..

PHONES jingling, questions flying, feet hurrying—noise, hustle and bustle all over the place—and the business getting nowhere.

Look around your own office. How many phone calls, how many questions, how many interruptions, how much grief could be done away with by printed forms!

Functioning silently, sales letters, bulletins, follow-up systems help keep business flowing *in*. Functioning silently, printed forms keep business flowing *through*—without confusion, errors, worry, waste.

And in using printed forms, be sure to signalize the movements of your various departments or activities by color. Thus your more important activities are given the right of way; jobs separate themselves immediately; each operation runs smoothly on its own color track.

The paper that large organizations use for letterheads and other important printed forms is Hammermill Bond. Its surface invites use. Pen or pencil glides smoothly over it; typewriter and printing press register cleanly and clearly. Carbons are always neat and legible.

Also, Hammermill Bond is available everywhere in twelve standard colors and white. That is so you may easily put the color signal system to work.

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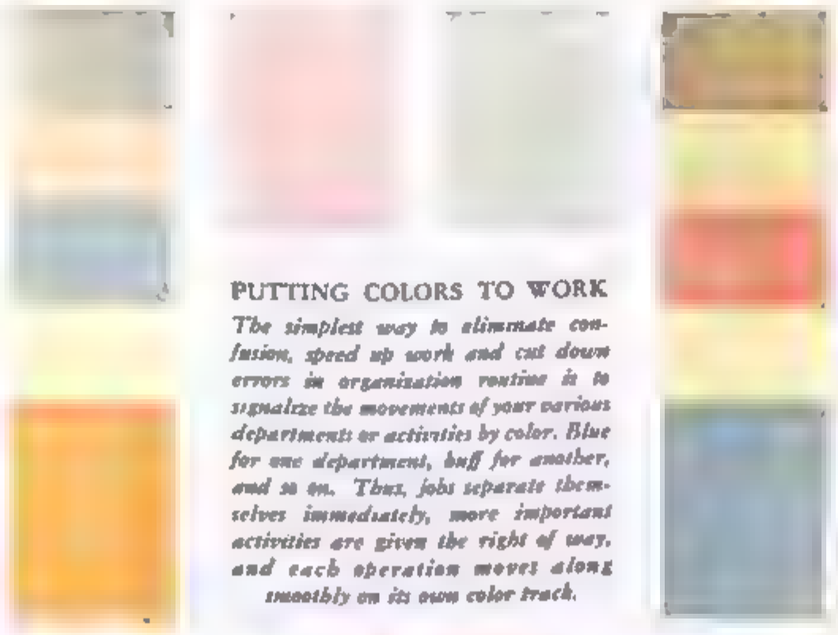

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The simplest way to eliminate confusion, speed up work and cut down errors in organization routine is to signalize the movements of your various departments or activities by color. Blue for one department, buff for another, and so on. Thus, jobs separate themselves immediately, more important activities are given the right of way, and each operation moves along smoothly on its own color track.

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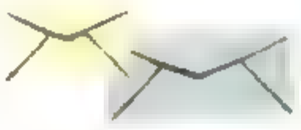

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

...and he wonders why

HE WASN'T PROMOTED

"I CAN'T understand why I wasn't promoted—and why a fellow like Smith was," muttered Bill. But his boss explained it to him this way: "You're a good man, but I can't recommend you for this bigger opportunity. You're so careless about the little things, I'm afraid you'd slip up and wouldn't make good. Even our President has noticed your careless (garterless) fallen socks, and insisted that I give Smith the job."

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25c to $2

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(Continued from Page 90)

look at him. Parts of his story began to flow back into her thoughts. This would be Cutty twenty-odd years ago. Queer, how men should love such a game and follow it to the death.

"Mr. Richardson, what do you think about it all?"—which was the first time she had spoken to him directly.

"That we are dealing with an insane woman and that we cannot use the old stage props. We must have a new approach. But Cutty will find that, given time. Your son is alive, Mrs. Hawksley; never doubt it for a moment. The kink in that woman's head will keep him alive and unharmed. He will be well fed and well clothed and gradually Russianized. If she goes to Russia, so will men who, sooner or later, will find that boy. I know that the suspense is terrible. Cutty, suppose we offer the emeralds to her for the boy?"

"Oh!" Kitty locked her fingers. "Cutty, do that; offer them to her! And I will add my half of the estate—all I have in the world!"

"I'll mull it all over." He himself had had this notion—Cutty. But in turning it over it no longer presented feasibility. The boy was the sum of everything, and the woman would never surrender him for any consideration; but by subtle use of the Drums she might be drawn. "Girls, the situation has been twisted somewhat. I shall have to bring my luggage back and live here with you. But I shall be away at all hours of the day and night. I shall write out a list. One man you can trust absolutely—Doctor Garnier. And remember, obey no instructions without K-2 or K-3. I'll call you K-3, Dick. Run along now—and you two girls go to bed. I think clearer when I'm alone. And by the way, Dick, that taxicab man of yours. Take him and his taxi and put him in the Rue de Valois to take note of all who stare at these windows."

"I've a hunch. Don't know that it will amount to anything," said Richardson. "I'll change at the hotel and look the Place du Combat over. Does Mrs. Hawksley speak French?"

"No," admitted Kitty. "One or two words; nothing more."

"So much the better. All right. Cutty is K-2 and I'm K-3."

Richardson offered his hand to Kitty, whose grasp was warm. He kissed it. Then he took Olga's hand and saluted it in the same fashion. Her hand was warm, too, but the palm was moist. He surmised that she had been holding her hands tightly clenched since the advent of the listener at the door. Then he turned to Cutty. They stood for a moment, clasping each other by the arms, the look of Bayards on their faces—the eternal friendship of two men who had often faced death together. Neither Kitty nor Olga remained untouched by this scene.

"Good night." And Richardson was gone, his head filled with a new kind of dream. On the street he looked up at the windows, but the curtains remained drawn. Oh, well ——

Cutty bade the two women good night by kissing Kitty on the forehead and Olga on the hand. By the time these salutations were done with, Kuroki had cleared the table of everything but the cloth and was gone into his kitchen.

Cutty was alone. He put the Jaipur box on the table, throwing back the lid. He dipped into the box, grasped a handful of the chrysoprase and scattered the stones upon the tablecloth. Then he sat down to play.

For the first time in his life he was without a definite campaign. Moreover, he was afraid. A human being who could not be bought. A brain with a break in its convolutions. Thought which might, at any time, ricochet and turn this adventure into a shambles. A madwoman. He could see into her brain and read her thoughts; that was something. But if he made a single misstep! If he hadn't known her, seen her, understood her malady, he would have smashed the whole business by bringing in the police. Poor Kitty! With Sturm to advise them —— Yet Sturm would never have advised anyone to come and listen at the door; too amateurish. Perhaps they were pulling against Sturm secretly. Some hope in that supposition; they might overplay the hand somewhere.

For a space the emeralds had loomed largely in his calculations, and then returned to oblivion. He could not buy the boy's return with them. Nor could he bribe Sturm with them. Sturm would have a tremendous struggle with his greed, then he would shake his head. The moment he betrayed the Karlovna he would automatically establish himself as an accomplice to murder and abduction. Sturm would not trust any immunity he, Cutty, might offer. Either way a cul-de-sac. The emeralds were useless except for drawing the woman. A couple of lines in L'Humanité, mentioning the Drums. He decided to try it. Skill and adroitness would not amount to much. No normal mind was capable of running along with an abnormal one. Another miracle must come upon the scene.

The clock on the mantel struck eleven. He was astonished. He had been playing solitaire for more than an hour. Softly he put away the green stones, rose and replaced the Jaipur box on the mantel. One more pipe and he, too, would go to bed.

Tap-tap. Cutty whirled toward the door. Tap-tap—gently. Someone was knocking. What to do? He was unarmed; his guns were at the hotel. He hadn't heard a sound on the stairs or in the hall. He could not ignore the knocking. The visitor was neither Dick nor the fellow he had chased down the street. Dick would have used the Morse code. Who, then? He would have to revert to an old trick which had served him more than once. His hand in his pocket, his index finger pointing menacingly, he turned the key and swung the door open suddenly.

A man stood outside the door. The beard was gone, a scrubby unshaven face, the clothes of a bricklayer, a laborer's cap—only the body was recognizable. Samson smiled grimly.

"Here I am—third-class!"

XXIII

IT SEEMED to Cutty that a millstone, dangerous and cumbersome, had magically slipped from his neck. At no time had the thought of Samson been in eclipse. Cutty had feared the man—feared his barging into the game without knowing all the fine points, feared his lack of special training. Had he not been thinking of the man, had not the picture of his colossal stature been constant, Cutty was honest enough to admit that he would not have recognized Samson.

With a finger on his lips he silently bade the man to enter. Next, he locked and bolted the door. The living room was the best soundproof room in the apartment; so into this he led Samson and indicated a chair for him to sit in—a substantial chair.

"Please talk very softly," requested Cutty.

"The woman you escaped with?" Samson's brows went up.

"And her sister-in-law, my ward."

"I beg your pardon!" Samson's eyebrows resumed their normal crescent bend. "We forget that you Americans look at life and conventions from a different angle. We Europeans are cynical. So Her Highness came to Paris with you?"

"I was taking her to her brother."

"Forgive the jest of a bitter man. But you say 'was.' Something has happened, then, about which I know nothing?"

"An echo of the Drums of Jeopardy." Cutty was not irritated. He had started to observe conventions, but an episode had made it mandatory to ignore everything but the necessities of the moment. Samson would readily understand, when the story was told, that this was not parlor kowtowing; it was life and death.

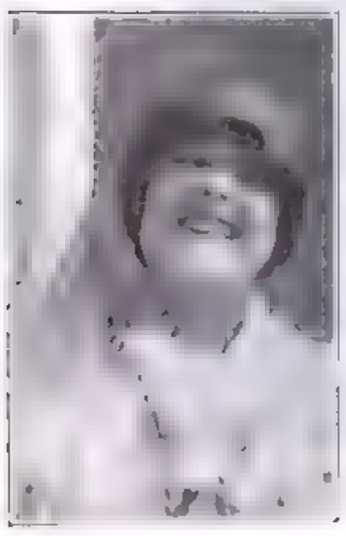
Continued on Page 95

The Way to Remove Dingy Film from Lovely Teeth

Film forms on teeth and gives them that dull, "off-color" look. It fosters serious tooth and gum disorders.

When film is gone teeth grow dazzling white and sparkling

Sparkling teeth hold charm that others note and marvel at—for still many do not know how great a change Pepsodent can work



WHAT robs teeth of ivory brightness? What makes them more discolored one time than another? And why, when looking their worst, do teeth decay more rapidly, gums grow sore and sensitive?

These questions dental science answers in three words "film on teeth." What film is, how it acts, are told below. To combat it successfully where ordinary brushing fails, a *special film-removing* dentifrice is used, called Pepsodent.

Look for FILM this way

Run your tongue across the teeth. If you feel a slippery, slimy coating—that is film. An ever-forming, ever-present evil in your mouth.

It clings tightly to teeth and defies all ordinary ways of brushing. It gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs stains from food and smoking and turns teeth dull and gray. Germs by the myriad breed in film, and germs with tartar—a hardened film deposit—are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Film invites the acids of decay.

And it is remembered that before this special film-removing method the prevalence of dental troubles was alarmingly on the increase.

Now film removed new way

Film cannot resist brushing the way it did before. The new-found agents in Pepsodent curdle and loosen film. Then brushing takes it off.

This is the greatest step made in a half century's study of tooth cleaning methods. Its results are seen on every hand.

Fights decay—firms gums

Other new-day agents in Pepsodent increase the alkalinity of saliva. They neutralize the acids which form from starch in foods and cause decay. Its use aids in firming gums.

Thus, Pepsodent answers fully these requirements of the dental profession of today. That's why in 58 nations its acceptance among dentists is virtually universal.

Give Pepsodent 10 days

If teeth are dull, "off color," that is film. If you are prone to tooth and gum disorders, that may be film also. Remove this film for a few days and see teeth lighten. Between your dentist and Pepsodent you obtain the ultimate in tooth and gum care as modern dental science knows it.

Get a large tube at your druggist's. Or write to nearest address below for a free 10-day tube to try.

The Pepsodent Co., 1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.; 191 George St., *Toronto 2*, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., *London*, S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., *Sydney*, N. S. W.

Dentists know the secret of dazzling white smiles. "Keep dull film off your teeth," they say. That's why the use of Pepsodent the special film-removing dentifrice, is so widespread today

Pepsodent

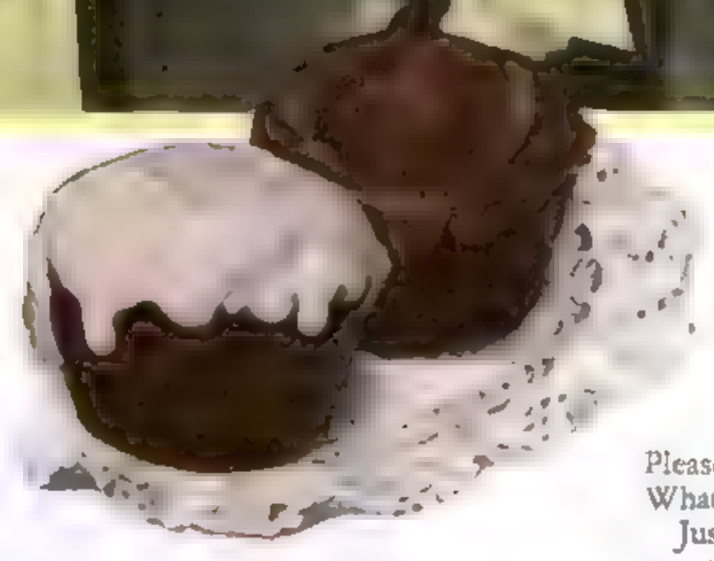
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

Home-like cake · at a Store?

Certainly, Madam

Housewives who take pride in serving delicious food will find plenty of good news in what Alice Adams Proctor has to say



MAKE YOUR MOUTH WATER?
These cup cakes are just as delicate and good as they look, too. Your choice of chocolate or vanilla icing. And the cost is very low. Only five cents for two.

THOUSANDS of women who buy Hostess Cakes today scoffed at the idea a year ago.

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And yet today many of these same women are among the most enthusiastic friends of Hostess Cake.

And thus they avoid the waste, the work, and the disappointment of baking cake at home.

No baking failures now

These women never worry about baking failures now. If a Hostess Cake fails, they never know. Only perfect cakes . . . cakes literally without a single flaw . . . ever find their way out of the Hostess kitchens.

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HERE'S OUR FAMOUS SILVER BAR. It is a splendid all-round cake. You'll find the vanilla icing is particularly delicious.

THIS CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE will do credit to any party. It is frosted beautifully. And is delicious your family will think you baked it

These guarantees I make without hesitation . . . because I know the care that goes into each individual Hostess Cake.

I know the sunny, immaculate kitchens where they are made. I know the talented pastry cooks who bake them.

I know, too, the ingredients that are used. The carefully selected eggs. The fresh sweet shortening. The soft pastry flour. The pure cane sugar. All tested right in our Hostess kitchens.

Please don't think I am over-enthusiastic. What I have said is easy to prove.

Just order one of these Hostess Cakes as a test. Be critical. Judge it carefully. Seek your family's frank opinion.

But always be careful to demand a *genuine* Hostess Cake. Let your grocer distinctly understand that no ordinary cake will satisfy.

Only one more word. If you're interested in new and unusual ways to entertain, please let me send you . . . with my personal compliments . . . "Hostess Hints," a helpful little booklet I have recently completed.

It is crammed full of delicious desserts. Advice on table decoration. Helpful hints on choosing a menu.

I have provided a coupon for your convenience. Please mail it today.

Hostess Cakes

Mrs. Proctor, Continental Baking Co. (S-1)
285 Madison Avenue, New York City
Please send FREE my copy of "Hostess Hints."

Name _____

Address _____

A CONTINENTAL PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 92)

"The American duchess—ah, yes. And where is the husband?"

"They got him last year. Now they have the little grand duke."

"And that woman is concerned?"

"I saw her yesterday, but immediately lost her. She had the little boy. I did not know who he was then. In fact, I had just landed in Paris."

Samson scowled at his cotton-rubber shoes. "I will find her."

"And the little boy?"—anxiously.

"I will find him too."

"We must pull a cobweb apart without tearing it, if you want a metaphor. Here is the picture of the little grand duke." Cutty got the photograph and thrust it into Samson's hand, and while the giant studied it his host fetched the Jaipur box. He exhibited the emeralds. "These beautiful, harmless stones led Anna Karlovna to her destruction. Funny world, isn't it? The boy in the gutter, these gems in dust under her heel—that is her obsession. Nothing will drive her out of Paris till she has attempted to procure the stones."

Samson tossed the photograph upon the table and rubbed his sweating palms across his knee. "Perhaps I am mad too. I have sworn that woman's death."

"She did not know he was your son. He was a young man who would not kiss her boots."

"No matter. My son—she shot him. And now this boy—the son of this young American duchess—stands between. She may have a pistol in each hand, but the day will come when I shall walk straight toward her and take her by the throat." Samson got up suddenly. Cutty had never seen a big man so muscularly swift and light in his movements. "Very well. The Good Samaritan once more. I like you—that is why I came here. You are a man after my own kidney. Few Russians can enter Paris without my friends finding out. Within a week's time I promise to point out the house this woman lives in. After that I will give you twelve hours—twelve."

"That will be fair enough. But a man who has done the fine human things you have done ——"

"Did we not speak of mad dogs once? My way, or I go alone; and because I have ten chances to your one of finding her, I shall find her before you do."

Cutty bent his head in submission. He had often beaten women in this queer game of chess, but he had always turned them over to the law. Murder for murder was not in his creed. Self-defense was totally another thing; he would defend himself, but no more. He could picture this man, dreaming in the clearing of the forest, with his airplanes and his Samaritanisms—dreaming of the hour when he and Anna Karlovna met. It was possible that the poor devil reasoned that, having saved so many lives, he was entitled to this one.

"It is agreed. After twelve hours I promise not to stand in your way or notify others of your grim purpose. I want that boy. How am I to keep in touch with you?"

Samson smiled as he shook his head. "When the time comes I shall telephone you. I promise you, upon the word of a gentleman, that the cobweb will not be torn till after twelve hours have passed. Now, good night."

"A code telephone?"

"In plain English or plain French—whichever comes first into my head. The street, the number and my name. The word of a gentleman."

"The word of a gentleman on my side."

"Then, till we meet again, my friend."

"But if I should be first?"

"Oh, there is that possibility," answered the giant.

The two shook hands. As the door closed behind Samson, Cutty listened intently. No sound. An astonishing man. A prince who had been on intimate terms with the Czar; rich, too, since he could establish and carry on a plant like that so recently deserted by force of necessity. He could have lorded it here in Paris or at Biarritz or on the Riviera. Instead, he had drawn out of chaos the lives of three hundred of his compatriots. Now as implacable in his deadly purpose as Anna Karlovna was in hers. A crazy world!

Before the tapping on the door Cutty had been sleepy. He knew now that there would be no sleep for him this night. He filled his pipe—perhaps for the twentieth time that day—and struck a match against his heel. He stared at the flame till it stung his fingers and went out. He struck another. Twelve hours. Could he get into the house, supposing Samson found it, rescue the boy and escape within the allotted time? There was, of course, the possibility of his finding the woman before Samson. What then? See to her deportation? Turn the tigress loose in Russia, her madness still rampant, her vengeance incomplete, Kitty's boy still in danger? Devil and the deep blue sea. And the presence of Kitty and Olga fretting him, besides! In no other enterprise had he been so strangely baffled.

Well, since he could not sleep, he might as well give way to his green complex. So he laid out the chrysoprase on the tablecloth, sank wearily into a chair and built a necklace. He stared into this corner and that; the dark purple offered nothing but tobacco smoke which, finding no exit, settled in the corners resignedly to await the actions of the morning. Slowly the pile of matches on the ash tray grew. A thinker's pipe dies often.

He built a tiara—one of his favorite patterns—and was eying it complacently when he heard a slight rustling sound. He turned his head. Standing in the corridor which led to the bedrooms, he saw against the background of impenetrable purple, in a bright green kimono with pink roses, a living jewel—Kitty Conover, that was.

"Why, Kitty?" He stood up, partly curious and partly embarrassed.

"Oh, I can't sleep, Cutty; I just can't! I can stand it in the daytime, but the nights torture me. You haven't told me all. Something more terrible than death is going to happen to Johnny. I feel it here!" She pressed her closed fingers against her heart. "Because I am his mother I can put myself into his little mind and see terror and longing there. Cutty, if I knew him to be dead I could accept the fact. It would tear my heart in two, but I could face it. But to know that he is alive, that I may never see him again, that some day he will have forgotten me ——"

"Listen to me, Kitty darling. I shall find him. But if you begin to doubt me I shall end in doubting myself. Will you and Olga go down to Fontainebleau and stay till this business is over?" He offered this proposition without hope.

"No, no!"—vehemently. "I stay where he is—in Paris. From now on Olga and I are going to drive about the streets every afternoon. If you saw the woman and Johnny in the street ——"

Cutty sat down. He had learned that if one sat down in the presence of hysteria the act had a soothing effect, and Kitty, he could see, was on the verge of a breakdown. She flung herself on her knees beside his chair and rested her head upon his arm. Torture for him—yes, even greater than that which he had known in the prisons of Moscow. With his free hand he began smoothing her head. So long as there had been a Johnny Two-Hawks, his conscience had held him rigorously to the line. But now his conscience was free, all lawful barriers were gone. Never again could he recreate a fatherly feeling for this woman kneeling by his side—if, indeed, he had ever had a fatherly feeling for her.

"Cutty?"

"Yes?"

"I was asleep. But I had a frightful dream. Oh, God, how clear it was! Cutty, this dream has awakened me three times. The first time, the night I called to you and you heard me. I see the same room, the same staircase, but the faces are too dim."

"Kitty, we carry to our pillows many of our waking fears and they get badly jumbled up. You have redreamed a dream. Something you have read sticks in your mind. What is a nightmare? I don't know, but it seems to me that part of the brain is asleep and part is awake, and the awakened part—like a broken telegraph wire—can't get in touch with the sleeping. Waves dashing futilely against the side of a cliff and falling back—something like that. Go to bed. We shall bring back little Johnny. Dick is a wonderful chap, Kitty."

"I was rather rude to him," she said, slowly getting up.

Her kimono had opened at the throat, but she made no effort to close it. She never gave a thought to her body in the presence of this man, any more than she would have in the presence of her father, years ago.

"The Iron Maid of Nuremberg has us, but in a little while we'll throw the spiked wings open. This inactivity crunches me as it does you. But when Dick and I move, it will be quick work, Kitty; mind that."

"Cutty, they taught me how to use a pistol, out there on the ranch. I can shoot quick and straight. When you find where Johnny is, I shall go with you. Oh, Cutty, I shall be as strong as any man that ever lived! Promise me on your oath."

"But, Kitty ——"

"Promise!"

"Very well, I promise"—knowing that he would break this promise quickly enough when the time came.

There had been no sleep for Olga, either, for the god of irony perched on the footrail of her bed and mocked her and would not be dislodged. Finally she swung out of bed and put on her kimono. Something to read—a book or a magazine or even a newspaper. She opened the door quietly and stepped into the corridor. But she proceeded upon her quest no farther than a step.

She saw at the end of the corridor—beyond it, in fact—a patch of vivid green. Presently the patch took form and became Kitty—Kitty in her kimono, on her knees beside Cutty's chair. Under the dining-room droplight was a blunted, wavering pyramid of tobacco smoke, and at one side, crisp as a Roman medallion, was the lean handsome face of the man. *Nom du pipe!* Her throat contracted; the medallion and the green kimono receded. With a fierce gesture Olga steadied herself. During the days and nights she had walked and ridden and flown with this man, nothing had mattered. She had taken off her shoes and stockings before him. Now, even though she knew that she could not be seen by him, she caught the loose flowing folds of her kimono tightly about her throat and body, stole back into her bedroom and threw herself upon the bed, face downward.

It wasn't fair! She shouldn't have him!

Later she heard Kitty enter her bedroom and close the door. Some little stirring about the room, then silence. Olga sat up, listening intently. What was that? Stifled sobs? Oh, what a beast she was! A mother's agony had driven Kitty beside Cutty's chair. But the way he had stroked her head!

XXIV

RICHARDSON came in the following morning at nine. He had dropped in on the chance of seeing Kitty for a minute, even a second. He had had to shave and dress, and when this minute or second was over, he'd have to fly back to the Continental and change into his dungarees. Kitty had haunted him, and he wanted to be sure that he had really looked upon such loveliness

"Just getting up," said Cutty.

"I saw the woman and Zinovieff last night."

"Where?" Cutty's eyes sparkled.

"In a taxi, headed for Montmartre. I was on the sidewalk. The music halls were emptying and I couldn't give chase."

"The cab's number?"

"Got that. Just left the cabby. He picked up his fare on the Quai de Valmy and he dropped them in the Rue Pigalle."

"The cabarets."

"I don't think so. Neither has been the regular rounds. Last night would be the first time. They did not come out of any place on the Quai. The cabby was returning from St.-Gervais when they hailed him. After all, it's a bit of luck. Both are in Paris."

"Had breakfast?"

"Long ago." Richardson looked tired. "But I shouldn't mind a cup of American coffee."

"I've some news too. Samson called after you left."

"He did?"

"Going to help us. I was afraid of his bulk. But he has resources you and I cannot reach. Though he's murder mad. The woman shot his son because he wouldn't bend. When he finds the place where she is, he will telephone. Then he will give us twelve hours."

"Then he will wring her neck—maybe. But twelve hours is all the time in the world. Now, the Quai de Valmy is not far from the Place du Combat. Does that strike you?"

"It is a singular thing, Dick, that when Garnier named that place to me, I felt drawn there."

"And found me! If I had had a little blond boy as a pathfinder! Long ago I learned how to use children. They have eyes of the lynx. I'm going over there this morning and ask some children if they have seen a blond little stranger. The advantage of asking questions of children is that they forget that questions have been asked. You see, I knew nothing about the woman. I was after Zinovieff. But if that woman has him in her clutches—Cutty, she's beautiful!—he'll stay in town as long as she wishes. The best brain in the world falls down when there's a woman in the woodpile, if it's in the underworld. How is Mrs. Hawksley taking it?"

"Pretty well smashed up. But her native courage will stiffen her up."

"Cutty, she is the most beautiful woman I ever saw."

"Her mind is beautiful, too, Dick." Cutty looked thoughtfully at his comrade. "I'll get you some coffee."

Richardson observed the Jaipur box on the fire mantel, and when Cutty returned with the coffee he said: "Y' know, Cutty, I don't like that darned thing around."

"Neither do I. But this morning I concluded that they were just where they should be—the Druma. Where is your man from the Surete?"

"He'll be watching this street before luncheon—from then till six. No one will enter or leave here without this boy keeping tabs."

"That's what I want to be sure of. Drink your coffee."

"What about Sturm?"

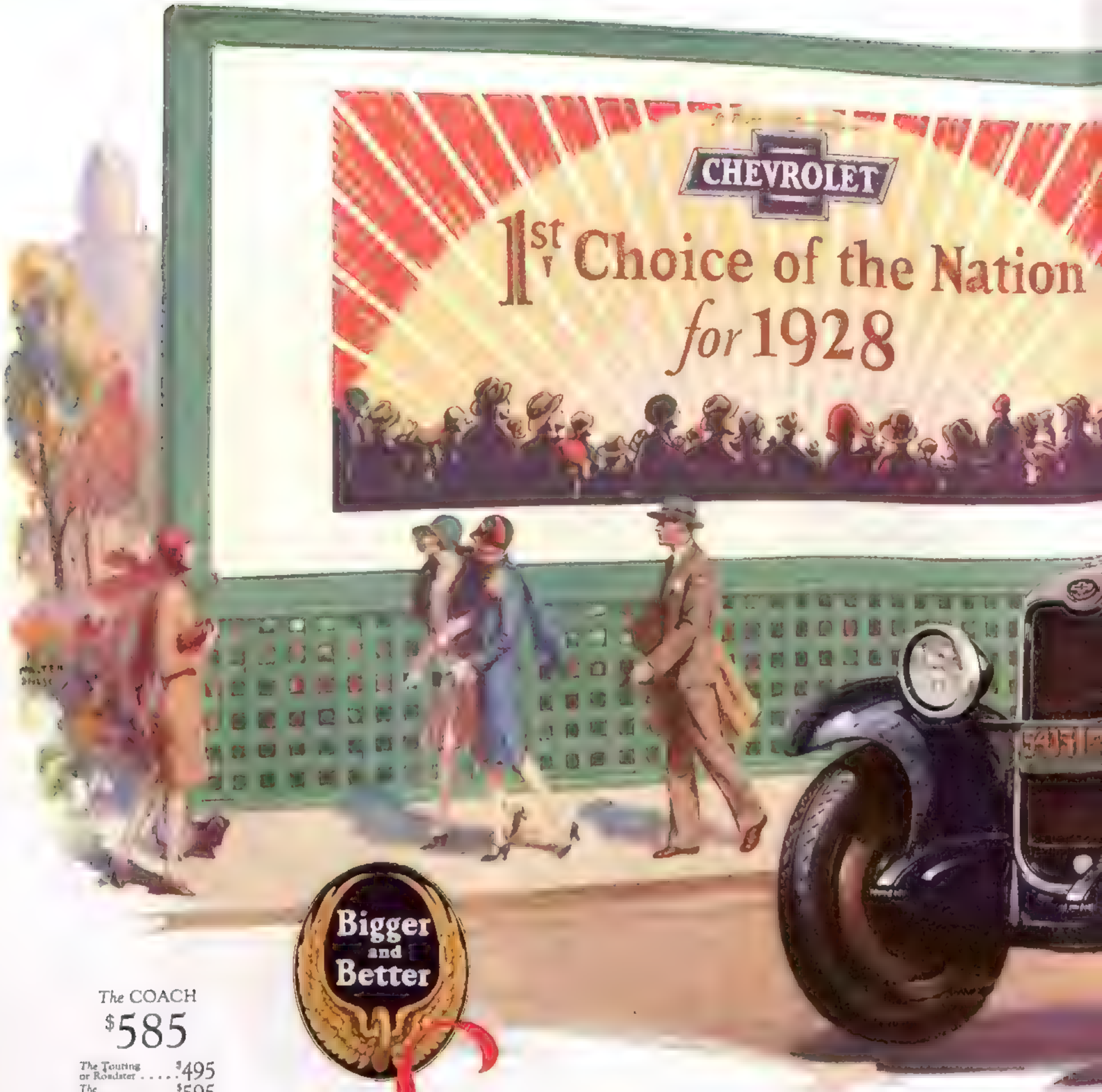
"Leave him utterly alone. I did a lot of milling around last night. Sturm is the real danger because he always knows what to do at a given moment. I don't want to meet him. I might be too cordial or not cordial enough. I am bound to ask him what he is doing in Paris. I am honestly afraid of him, mentally. Every step he has taken or will take will be within the law. So give up the notion of gathering him in. When this business is over, Sturm will be driving out to the Bois for tea. You'll never hand that chap any marked bills. Even now it is in my mind that he'll be ordering the woman to take up a new residence five miles from where she now is."

Richardson stared at the Jaipur box. "I see. You believe that sneak last night heard the box mentioned?"

"Good boy! That's just what I believe. Let him come for it. Your man will have his cab at hand, near the Bœuf à la Mode. No one will come for the Jaipur box on foot. Someone will be watching on their side. They will see you and me depart. To them the field will be clear. I'll put the notice in L'Humanité this morning—in English. It will be more likely to strike the eye. The first play in the game is on."

"Last night's prowler couldn't have been Zinovieff."

(Continued on Page 98)



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(Continued from Page 95

"No? Suppose it was, and he and the woman went to celebrate in Montmartre?"

"What a green kid I am!"

"No, Dick; you've just been up another alley, as we used to say. You will dine with us every night when you can, because you'll be a tonic to all of us."

"Including myself."

"Good morning!"

The two men turned to behold Kitty in the dining-room doorway, and had she not been occupied by subjects far more important than the expressions in men's eyes, she might have been peculiarly embarrassed at that moment.

"The odor of coffee was too much for me." She came forward, giving her right hand to Richardson, her left to Cutty. A convenient gesture, without significance.

Coffee? Cutty knew differently. She had heard Dick's arrival and then their voices.

"Have you had breakfast, Mr. Richardson?"

Kitty had decided to be very nice to this young man. He must never be permitted to see her again as she was last night, a semidemented creature. Bluff.

"Why, no. . . . Well, that is," stammered Richardson, "it wasn't what you'd call a breakfast back home."

"Bacon and eggs and coffee," said Cutty, smiling; and he proceeded kitchenward.

"What is the news?" Kitty asked directly.

Richardson had been dreading the question. He did not want to lie to her or to tell her the truth. Hang it, why hadn't she put the question to Cutty? There wasn't another man alive more adroit in dodging verbal bullets, and this was a verbal bullet.

"Did you hear me?" she asked.

"I beg your pardon," he flushed.

Not having stuffed his ears with wax, this young Ulysses babbled all he knew. He told her everything Cutty wouldn't have told; all because he knew that, so long as he lived, if this lovely young woman asked him questions he would always answer them truthfully. He had the courage, too, not to ask her not to tell Cutty how frank he had been. He let his indiscretion ride, as they say.

And the upshot? That, hypnotically compelled, Richardson had done what Cutty, bemused by his overcaution, should have done—given Kitty all the news as it came, an outline of his projects as he formed them, taken her into his confidence utterly; as this wise young man, who did not suspect his wisdom, had done. So little a thing changes the channels of thought.

"And if they do come for that Jaipur box," he added in a whisper, "let them have it. And do not notify anyone."

"I couldn't if I wanted to. I speak no French," confessed Kitty, her heart lighter than it had been in months. A trap for the woman who had her boy—the Drums of Jeopardy. Oh, she understood everything clearly now. "Thank you. Cutty doesn't tell me all he should. He's afraid. You see, I'm impulsive and I haven't much patience."

"I understand. Keep a stiff upper lip." How silly that sounded! He wondered if it sounded so to her?

"A stiff upper lip," she repeated. "That's cow-hand talk. Bluff and a stiff upper lip. Here comes Cutty. Don't let him know that you've told me."

They were just sitting down to breakfast when Olga came in. Bluff here too. She was dressed in gray, with crimson collar and cuffs, and she had the air of one who had lived gayly in Paris all her life. A stunning get-up, thought Richardson. He hadn't noticed Kitty's clothes. He was honest. He could not say definitely which woman was the lovelier. He was drawn to Kitty because she was his kind, his ideal, all American.

But for the grim tragedy behind this pleasant morning scene, he would have considered himself the luckiest man in all Paris. Paris, as he knew, was filled with beautiful women; they got to Paris, hook or crook, at one time or another. But nowhere else in Paris would there be such a two at one table. He turned his eyes toward Kitty.

And what Olga saw in those fine honest eyes gave her an inspiration. It was not a good inspiration and she recognized it for what it was the instant it took form: Treachery to the man who had saved her from death and worse. This young man had fallen, or was falling, in love with Kitty; it was as readable as a page in a book. Kitty, she knew, cared for no man; her son was the sum of her existence. Olga's conscience cried out at her; but her reply was no to each appeal. One has to pay for inspirations, for good or for evil, and soon Olga would pay for hers bitterly.

It was after ten o'clock when Richardson, in his dungarees and his coal soot, arrived in the Place du Combat.

At nine—when he should have been there instead of breakfasting with two of the loveliest women in Paris—two taxicabs rolled up to the curb in front of the hotel opposite to the Café Terrace. Presently one of them was filled with luggage—kit bags, steamer trunks and several crates such as are used to pack oranges in. The other cab became cramped by the presence of two men, a woman and a child.

The cabs turned into the Rue de Meaux, thence into the Rue Louis Blanc, swung into the Rue la Fayette, thence into the Avenue Jean Jaurès, and turned back into the Rue de Meaux where it joins the Rue Petit. The cabs eventually stopped before a brick house, three stories in height, and dislodged both luggage and passengers.

The cabby with the luggage was not permitted to handle the orange crates. One of the men passengers insisted upon carrying these crates into the house, thence down to the empty cellar. The woman, with the blond boy in her arms, mounted to the first story, thrust the boy into a room and locked the door. She then returned to the man who had taken care of the crates.

"Have you kept one of the taxicabs?" the woman asked.

"Yes."

"Then let us be off. What an idea!" She laughed. "You trust this cabby?"

"His life is in my hand."

"And Malakoff?"

"He will be there." Zinovieff was grim. He wasn't so sure about this business.

The two entered the cab and were driven away.

So when Richardson appeared in the Place du Combat and casually inquired of a gamin if he had seen a little blond boy, he received staggering information. The Place was a dull place for gamins. Nothing ever happened there except on Mayday, when everybody trooped out to the St.-Gervais hill and waved red flags. This morning, however, something had happened.

"But yes, *m'sieu*. This morning. He and a woman and two men left that place about two hours ago. He never came out to play with us. But we could see him looking out of the window up there"—pointing.

"Which way did the taxis go?"

"Into the Rue de Meaux. But they did not stop there. We watched."

"Here's five francs, rabbit."

The gamin took to his heels.

With sinking heart, Richardson remembered Cutty's prophecy. The quarry would take up lodging five miles away from the Place du Combat. He was furious with himself—too furious to indulge in curses. He had had the right idea and a pair of Irish eyes had made a laggard out of him—a very costly breakfast. The boy, the woman, Zinovieff, all the while in the Place! And if he had come directly—if he had resisted the impulse to visit the Rue de Valois first, by this time the boy would have been in his mother's arms.

"Hell!" he broke out aloud.

Fate—kindly for once—had brought both Cutty and himself to the spot. And dalliance on his part had shot the whole affair sky-high.

The Place now being in the discard, Richardson proceeded boldly into the café and asked for the proprietor, who, doubtless, would be the proprietor of the hotel. He had the authority of the *Sûreté* in his pocket, and when the proprietor seemed disinclined to answer his questions, Richardson exhibited his credentials. Thereupon the proprietor became humble enough.

"But what is the crime, *m'sieu?*"

"Murder and abduction."

The proprietor grew pale.

"Had this woman a passport?"

"Yes, yes, *m'sieu*—Madame Stankévitch and son. Both photographs were on the passport. They were quiet, orderly; they paid their bills. They were all Russians, but the police have not called before."

Richardson then described Zinovieff.

"Shuvalov—yes, yes, that is M'sieu Shuvalov. His passport was proper too. Oh, there is some mistake. They left for the Gare du Nord this morning. What would you? I could not detain them."

"How many men were in the party?"

"Three."

"Only two left in the taxi. Where is the other?"

"Malakoff? He went away an hour earlier. But the others took his luggage. He is a fiddler in Montmartre."

"Did they have a forwarding address?"

"No mail came here for them."

Poste restante, thought the inquisitor. "Any visitors?"

"One man, *m'sieu*."

Richardson described Sturm.

"Yes, yes; that is the man."

"Did you ever hear the little boy cry?"

"But no! The woman was very amiable to him."

"Did he ever speak—the boy?"

"He was very quiet."

"Do you know the taxi drivers?"

"How should I?"—bewilderedly.

"Their cab numbers?"

"*M'sieu* will be reasonable. Why should I take note of these things?"

The proprietor was honest; Richardson could see that plainly. A Red, but plying his trade honestly. They hurrahed and gesticulated and waved red flags on Mayday, and then subsided, indistinguishable from other citizens.

Sturm was behind this sudden exodus. He had anticipated a visit here, and as long as Zinovieff was necessary, Sturm would protect him ably. Cutty was right and would be in regard to Sturm, who would never make a misstep. When Cutty was afraid of a man, it marked that man with distinction.

Forged passports, and it was so easy to manufacture them. Stankévitch and Shuvalov, *poste restante*—not half bad. They would be getting their mail at the post office. Even if they took up residence five miles from here, they would be going to the post office. Here was the first real opening. They would hardly have two sets of passports. Why hadn't the gamin idea entered his head before? After all, why should it have entered his head? He had been hunting Zinovieff, not a little grand duke. Nevertheless, he had been guilty of gross negligence. His conscience refused to whitewash that.

Richardson strode into the street, his mood savage and destructive. Why, even the man who had sold him the dope must have been laughing in his sleeve. He paused at the curb and inspected the gutter, hoping—vainly, he knew—that in the hurried get-away something might have fallen. He espied a bit of orange peel. Sullenly—like a boy who had been unjustly reprimanded—he prodded the peel viciously with the toe of his boot. He was rather astonished to observe that the peel broke into small pieces. He knew dried orange peel to be tough, not brittle. He stooped for a specimen and discovered that it was imitation peel, probably a Christmas-tree relic. Absently he rubbed the inside with his finger tip, which became white. Immediately becoming curious, he sniffed—cocaine! He was astounded. He had, by the merest accident, stumbled upon the

Continued on Page 100)

flavor

Thick, meltingly tender steaks . . . fried oysters . . . fish cakes and cold meats and broiled chops. Pour a plenty of Heinz Tomato Ketchup on any of these good things. Their fine flavors become even better with the help of this rich, thick ketchup. Such a pleasant, sunshiny, tomato-y taste with hot little spice thrills in every drop.

flavor

It's the *flavor*, after all, that makes Heinz Tomato Ketchup so tempting. And indeed, in order to catch the true flavor of tomatoes and bottle it up into ketchup, we found we had to begin at the very beginning:

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Care, *always*, in every detail that concerns flavor—even to using glass lined tubes to conduct the ketchup from the kettle to the bottle . . . For care is the real reason why the Heinz name has come so indisputably to mean Flavor . . . *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.*

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The patented red divider in the money compartment of Find-ex will keep the new small sized bills separate from the larger currency

FIND-EX is really a visible filing system in miniature. It takes all the cards, tickets, receipts, auto licenses, etc., you want to carry and keeps them clean, indexed and instantly available in individual, removable, transparent envelopes. Compare it with the old-style bulky pocketbook in which the contents become soiled and dog-eared. *FIND-EX* is a pocket necessity.

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Find-ex is a single-fold—the "thin model" among pocket [illegible] It still retains its graceful, comfortable shape

if stamped AMITY it's leather

(Continued from Page 98)

method by which they had been getting the stuff into the States. Christmas-tree decorations made in Germany. He could knock this ingenious trick on the head, anyway. The day had not been a total loss.

But his enthusiasm took a tail spin and crashed. He hadn't been after cocaine smugglers. He had been seeking a beautiful little boy—a real grand duke. For the first time in his career he had shelved a hunch—true prescience—for a breakfast he hadn't needed. Moonstruck. He had no other excuse than that he was mortal, full of undecipherable actions, procrastinations, fireworks and duds. A matter of an hour and a half of harmless dalliance. If the mother ever found out, she would hate him to her dying day.

He stuffed the imitation orange peel into a pocket and hurried over to the Métro. He must warn Cutty at once. And that fine old scout would put his hand on a darn fool's shoulder and say: "Never mind, Dick!"

XXV

IT HAD come to Cutty that he must reconstruct his campaign, turn it inside out. The enemy had struck first and had gained information which would take the element of surprise out of the contemplated stroke—the proffer of the emeralds. He was dealing with cunning brains, constantly instructed by a supercunning brain. Besides, he wanted to find the Karlovna woman before Samson found her. How to dispose of the woman after he had found her he would leave to the future.

Upon leaving the apartment, soon after Richardson, he decided to go to Garnier again. Garnier had great influence at the *Préfecture*; he could get things there which Cutty, somewhat of a stranger since the war, could not possibly get. Cutty now wanted a small force of detectives over whom he would have temporary authority, to help him find the Karlovna's residence. Once that was accomplished, he would dismiss the force. Garnier alone could explain the necessity of such a procedure. The woman located, Cutty purposed to fall back upon his own initiative.

First he visited the offices of L'Humanité, a dingy, dust-filmed building in the Rue Montmartre. He paid for the insertion regarding the Drums, to run for three days. The clerk who accepted the notice was incurious to all save the hundred-franc note, the watermark of which he scrutinized against the light, perfunctorily. The change was counted. Cutty pocketed it and proceeded to Garnier's.

The May air was good; his step was quick and vigorous, his brain toned by the evanishment of the stultifying fogs of indecision. He was on the way; his wits against the combination of several. His head was full of ideas this morning. Why not turn the girls over to Garnier? Certainly they—meaning Kitty in particular—could not object to this change in lodgment, since the telephone would keep him in touch with them. He would invite Garnier to dinner that night to discuss the subject and its attendant advantages.

Meantime, beginning with his departure from the ménage in the Rue de Valois and ending at eleven o'clock, sundry actions took place there.

Kitty began to tidy up the room. Bachelors had a way—though she knew little of bachelors and only suspected their habits—of misplacing objects of art. Three fine pieces of old Chinese ware at a disadvantage on the reading table, a beautiful bit of jade where it could not be seen attractively, this chair some place where the light would not fade the old needlepoint, and that chair where it could be seen when the door opened. She couldn't rearrange the oils because there was no stepladder, so Kuroki said, who trembled in his shoes. His employer's orders were strict, and one of these orders was: "Never move anything from where it stands. I want to know where things are when I come in."

Olga silently resented these actions, committed as they were with a proprietary air.

"Shall I help?" she asked, restless.

"No," answered Kitty perversely. "We might get in each other's way. Cutty's home in New York is beautifully appointed, but here it looks as if everything had been dumped into the rooms. Will you be coming to America?"

"Yes." A decision which Olga made that very instant. She had been planning to live in Paris; now she would go to America. Kitty's division of the income was based upon innate honesty, not upon generosity, she felt. In accepting the money her pride would suffer none at all. The money was hers by right, and Kitty had only acknowledged this right. She had been prompt about it, that was all. "I need a new country," said Olga. "I haven't any of my own, you know."

"You will love America."

Kitty was aware of the fact that there were various kinds of mental atmospheres—foggy, bleak, warm, electrical. This room seemed charged with electricity, though she could not readily account for it.

"Olga, don't you like me?"

Olga was nonplused. In her world—in the old régime—no one put such a direct question. One instinctively took it for granted that one was liked or disliked. There was no coherent thought in her for a moment.

"Like you? Why—why do you ask me that?" fighting to clear her brain of the shock. "Why should I not like you?"—fencing.

"I don't know, Olga. But somehow I feel it this morning"—rather pathetically said.

Olga, conscience-stricken, ran to Kitty and almost smothered her with the intensity of her embrace. Which gave her some mental respite. It wasn't all calculated, that embrace.

"Kitty, I do love you, more than any other woman in the world. But I am queer. I have been through so many bewildering terrors that sometimes I can't believe that you and Cutty are real—that I myself am real! If I seem aloof, distrait, have patience with me. Please!" But the undercurrent ran this way: "I am afraid of your beauty. I am afraid of the way he looks at you. And I love him! You have had everything and I have had nothing. If he didn't love you I should adore you! And I am a beast! You have lost your heart's blood; you may never find him again. You putter about these rooms only because you must do something. And you are my Ivan's widow. And I am not fit to put my arms around you because once I was a terrible creature, God forgive me!"

If in that moment they had cried a little on each other's shoulders —— But they weren't given much to tears, either of them. Perhaps, too, the ducts had gone dry from weeping in secret.

So a beautiful moment passed, never to return. When you find out things, the reaction to them is not the same as when they are told frankly.

In a little while Kitty and Olga would return to their barricades. Even as Olga released her, Kitty stepped behind hers. She had not lived and moved in the high levels of society, but her instinctive knowledge of life, her lancelike penetration into its obscurities, her scorn for circumlocutions, made her Olga's equal. She knew that Olga loved Cutty, and she was not good enough for Cutty, who knew nothing about women. What had Olga told her about her past? Nothing. How had she escaped that night when Johnny thought he saw her go down beneath the hobnailed boots?

These cogitations were dislocated by the entrance of Kuroki, serene and smiling.

"I go markets," he announced. "Back one hour. You keep door locked. I knock. You no go out. Orders."

Kitty locked the door after him, but left the key in the lock.

"Kuroki," she explained, "is a remarkable servant. Well, he should be, living with Cutty all these years."

"Nom du pipe!"

"Name of a pipe! It is a funny nickname."

"I will teach you French if you wish," Olga offered.

"I should like to learn. I haven't had much time in my life, to study languages. I suppose you sing too."

"Yes. Ivan and I were musical; we couldn't help it. You should have heard my mother sing!"

"You should have seen mine act!"

They came out from behind their barricades, as it were, for a little.

Olga began the aria from Lakmé. The birdlike notes, scaling to heaven, rill sweet, entrancing, caused Kitty's eyes to widen, her lips to part.

"Why," she gasped, "you should be in grand opera!"

"It is too late—five years too late. An impresario would shake his head. I should have to begin at the bottom, and I am too old. My mother had a repertoire of ten operas when she was eighteen. I sing mostly by—what do you say?—by ear?"

"Your voice is glorious!"

"It might have been."

Someone knocked on the door.

"Kuroki," volunteered Kitty. "He has forgotten something."

She unlocked the door, threw it open and stepped back with a startled cry. A man with soot marks on his face, his eyes burning, in his hand an automatic pistol, entered and shut the door.

"If you cry out I will shoot," he said in French.

"He says he will shoot if you give alarm!" translated Olga, sensing the peril instantly. The man's eyes!

"What does he want?" Kitty's heart was jumping madly.

Olga put the question. "He wants the Jaipur box."

Her mind was working feverishly. By his accent she knew the man to be Russian. If he could speak French with fluency, it followed that he would understand English. There was no way of advising Kitty what to do. Olga had rejected the emeralds, but she knew that Cutty loved them and would mourn their loss. But the eyes of this man were burning with tentative murder. He would keep his promise—shoot.

Kitty's thoughts were racing too. Here was the very thing Cutty wanted. Hadn't the young man Cutty called Dick advised her to surrender in such an event? For the purpose of trailing the man to his hiding place—that is, to her own little Johnny? Her glance flew over the man, marked the color of his eyes, the queer short thumbs—like an ape's—his height, the color of his clothes, the shape of his shoes. She hadn't studied under Cutty for nothing. Oh, she wouldn't forget this man!

"Tell him," she said to Olga, "that I will get it." The Drums of Jeopardy in exchange for little Johnny!

Another crisp dialogue between the man and Olga.

"We are to precede him into the dining room. Be very careful!"

In the dining room Kitty pointed to the fire mantel. The man seized the Jaipur box, a low kind of animal cry issuing from his lips. He ordered the women back to the living room, the black orifice of the pistol never deviating from its menacing line. He spoke.

"He is ordering us to sit in those corner chairs," said Olga.

The raider backed to the door, took out the key, opened and closed the door swiftly. They heard the key turn in the lock. They also heard something hit the floor outside, lightly but sharply.

"The key!" said Olga. "And Cutty loved those stones!"

"He'll find them again!" cried Kitty exultantly. "Don't you understand? The Jaipur box was put there as a lure. Cutty's man is at this moment following, and tonight ——" Kitty stiffened, her eyes flashed; she became the picture of fury and menace. "Oh, God, if I had had a gun! I know it, I feel it! That was the man!"

(Continued on Page 105)

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POST'S BRAN MUFFINS

¾ cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
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First—there's the pleasant realization that you are getting from it bulk you need to keep you fit, regular, and normal. Then there's the delicious flavor of the flakes themselves—mellow, crisp, and wholesome as the sunny grain fields from which they come. No wonder that Post's Bran Flakes has become the most popular bran cereal in the world!

For the next two weeks eat Post's Bran Flakes each morning crisp from the package, poured into a bowl of milk or cream—sometimes with berries or with fruit—some days in muffins or in bread. Enjoy the results of eating Post's Bran Flakes regularly. See what it feels like really—*really* to feel good.

Ordinary cases of constipation, associated with too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

eat

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

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"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN!"

(Continued from Page 100)

"The man?"—vaguely.

"The man who killed my husband and stole my son!"

Kitty ran to the door and shook the knob violently

"Kitty!"

"I know. It's useless."

"Let us look out the window."

The two of them thereupon ran to the window and looked down into the street. They could see the rear of a cab rolling northward rapidly.

But pursuer there was none. For the reason that it was half an hour later that the man from the *Sûreté* rolled his cab into the Rue de Valois and took up his post of observation.

Inside the flying cab.

"Give them to me," said Anna Karlovna.

"I will give them to you when you are mine," replied Zinovieff. "That man Malakoff saved us by warning us of the Jap. I might have run into him."

"Give them to me."

Zinovieff felt something hard pressed against his ribs—death.

"Quick!" The purring went out of the woman's voice.

He surrendered the box, which she opened. She unwrapped the bit of chamois.

"The Drums! . . . Don't move!"

She set her gaze upon the gems which still could hypnotize her, even as in the olden days of her innocence, but the angle of this hypnosis had a new twist. The intrinsic value of the emeralds was as nothing, nor their glowing beauty. They were the final mileposts in her quest of vengeance—the symbols of her downfall. The boy—the grandson—and the Drums of Jeopardy; to destroy the soul of the one and to pulverize the other under her heels. She was not grateful to the man beside her who had made possible her vengeance, to the damnation of his soul. An equivocal geeture and she would have shot him.

"Mine!" she breathed.

She thrust the gems down into the bosom of her gown, then laid the Jaipur box—filled with Cutty's beloved chrysoprase which he was never to see again—on Zinovieff's knee.

Zinovieff was not oblivious of the moving of her thoughts. Did he want to live? He was not sure. Still, hope. He could not battle down this hope. Now that her ends were gained, she might later review his actions and his risks and be kind. Her diabolism might now burn itself out. He waited.

"I shall drop you at the next corner," she said. "You will take another taxi and return to our new home. If we are pursued it will create some kind of confusion."

The cab struck a rut, throwing them apart. Zinovieff, his thought and action beating hers by the fraction of a second, knocked the weapon out of her hand to the floor of the cab. Then he threw his arms around her and kissed her—her eyes, her mouth, her throat. This done, he threw her back into her corner, recovered the revolver and offered it to her butt foremost.

"I have had that much, anyhow," he said. "Shoot if you want to."

"Oh, if you feel that way about it ——"

She turned her face toward his, her red lips pursed. But he shrank back into his corner, his eyes shut.

"No!"

Some day he would kill her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"THE BIBLE IN BUSINESS"

FOR thirty years as a clerk and executive I have worked in American business. I have seen aspirants fall and businesses fail, I have seen the ambitious prosper and ventures thrive—and invariably it has been the majority of the persons of commendable characters who permanently succeeded and the majority of those of unworthy principles who failed, even if temporary success might have been theirs. The former, knowingly or unknowingly, practiced biblical precepts; the latter did not. And because of such sustained observation, seeing the results, mine is the theory that the Bible is as necessary for the operation of a profitable business as twine, typewriters or trucks.

Disclaiming this, some will remark—and successful men too—that they know little or nothing of that Book; but when I say the Bible I mean the principles it stands for: Integrity, humility, diligence, charity, patience.

On the virtues named above, it is my opinion, businesses rise, or, lacking them, fall. History proves that the greatest men and kingdoms have been the humblest, that nothing succeeds like honesty, that there is no substitute for labor, that patience builds and impatience wrecks, that charity has its boomerang.

When I started out in the trade world, truth compels to say, it wasn't conducted in the generally honorable manner it is at the present. In those days many merchants were not so much concerned about the means as they were about the ends. Misrepresentation of products was often blandly indulged in so as to lure more profits to their pockets. These firms, both small and large, were gradually forced out of business, however, by the ones that adopted high-principled policies, and modern business scrupulously avoids the questionable methods of its predecessors.

To considerable degree, I think, this gradual and pleasing transformation can be ascribed to a few righteous-minded and far-seeing men who endeavored to conform their lives and business dealings to their religious beliefs; they demonstrated that, popular conception to the contrary, a man could be honest and yet succeed. This, I should say, is the leaven that is more or less rapidly purifying all business. Too, public prints helped greatly—as they advanced steadily in moral ethics they pulled up with them and made higher the standards of their advertising columns.

In its way, then, modern business preaches the feasibility of honesty and diligence just as does the Bible—from which, consciously or unconsciously, it learned the lesson. If the impetuous aspirant will pause to think he will realize that wealth can be procured more quickly through honest than dishonest means, and that, actually, such course is physically and mentally easier.

When I was in my early twenties and in ill health, I purchased with my frugal savings a small butcher shop in Longmont, Colorado. The best and most profitable customer of the store was a large hotel, and I was informed by my predecessor that if I cared to hold this business I should periodically buy and give a bottle of whisky to the chef, who purchased the meats.

I gave, hastily and with no serious thought, one of the bribes; then, suddenly, I wondered what my father would say about my making a gift of such questionable value and less questionable influence. Consequently the chef and I severed diplomatic relations. This account was the deciding line between pecuniary success and failure for the butcher shop, and so it wasn't long until all I had left was my good resolutions.

Still, the devil hadn't convinced me of the error of my decision, and ill though I was, and impoverished, I persisted in walking the streets searching for a job; and finally I was employed for the Christmas holiday season in a general-merchandise store. I worked as though my very life depended on the service I rendered, and as a result was retained permanently. Later I was transferred to a store in Wyoming, and still later, when a new store was opened in Kemmerer in the same state, I was given the opportunity to manage it and to purchase a third interest. This was the establishment I eventually bought out, and which provided the inspiration for my chain of stores. If, to revert, at the crisis I had taken the easiest way, today I might have been but a fairly capable butcher.

Many a man has been confronted with a problem like mine, and his decision, if fortunate, has been based on some teaching from the Bible, although he may not say so. More and more the influence of this Book is being felt in the commercial world. It is a fact that many corporations prefer—and some may demand—their employes be of Christian character. If an applicant for a position has a good character recommendation—and most employers demand such of their help—it is tantamount to saying the applicant possesses Christian attributes of character. I know that in the firms I am connected with emphasis is placed on character requisites that are deemed as paramount for the immortal life.

I think the consensus of opinion among business executives is that in the aspirant the lure for good should be as strong as the lure for gold—that his incentive for success should be as much spiritual as material. I know of few men, if any, who hold money as a god, and I know of some who hold the Bible as a guide. Proverbs, for instance, is priceless for its practical advice on how to be a success. Thirty years ago the goal I had was to acquire a hundred thousand dollars; when it was reached I was happy, but soon forgot it in the zeal and love for my work. When a first million came, it provided but a momentary thrill, while my daily tasks, humanitarian and welfare work gave me constant pleasure and formed the main incentive to carry on.

Many men work after independence, because they love to, and not to corner more financial gain; others continue to work because they like to give away most of what they earn. The castigators of the capitalists are wont to imply, or accuse, that when large welfare donations are made by a wealthy man, such gifts are given as a salve to the donor's conscience. In most cases, if not all, this is untrue and unjust; rich people like to give as well as, or more than, the recipients like to receive. This is but the exemplification of still another sermon from the Bible.

Another unmerited rebuke is to the effect that every man who reaches the crest does so at the expense of his brothers; that in the mad rush he tramples the weak and travels over their, financially, dead bodies to supremacy, pocketing the spoils as he goes.

No man, in my opinion, can pull himself up by his own bootstraps, favorite theory to the contrary; he is hoisted by his personal efforts and the coöperative efforts of his friends, and the latter are benefited and not battered. There are few martyrs to success; chiefly they exist in the bilious imaginations of the envious and embittered failures

In business, true, there is a survival of the fittest, but the fittest is synonymous with the one who practices most consistently and conscientiously the cardinal virtues of being patient, humble, diligent, charitable and honest.

To my idea, the one rule to which an ambitious young man or woman can adhere and remain morally safe, is the Golden Rule. In it are encompassed all commandments and conventions; through it and it only, I think, success and happiness can be derived.

—*J. C. Penney, as told to Joseph Faus.*

SHAVING DREAMS Come True, Men

. . . . . When you once discover the magic of this new way to shave!

FELLOW SHAVERS:

Don't waste another minute dreaming of the ideal shaving cream. It's here NOW—ready for you to *use!*

Shavolene is its name. And it's the very preparation you've been looking for for years!

This truly different creation goes about its job in a way that will make any man sit up and take notice. Utterly new in formula, Shavolene contains a newly perfected ingredient that specializes on softening beards. And, man, what a sweet job it does!

There's no brush, no lather required. You can even use *cold* water. You simply spread it on and the good work begins. In a few seconds your crop of whiskers is completely tamed—meek and submissive as never before! You *feel* the difference instantly. All pull is gone—your razor simply g-l-i-d-e-s! And you never need an after shaving lotion. There's no sting to remove—no redness to cool off—no irritation to overcome. Shavolene is its own soothing balm—greaseless—never sticky or heavy.

★ Think this over too. Because Shavolene reduces beard resistance one-half, YOUR RAZOR BLADES STAY SHARP TWICE AS LONG! That's natural—they do only *half* as much work. And that means you SAVE AT LEAST HALF OF BLADE COSTS! Real economy there!

Prove these facts yourself, men, by a good old fashioned bathroom test. Buy Shavolene from your druggist today. Extra large tube costs but 50c. If he can't supply you, accept our sporting proposition below. Either way—you win new shaving joy! The International Chemical Co., Chicago, Ill.

Convince Yourself

—*entirely at our risk!*

We will be happy to have you test Shavolene at our risk. Mail the coupon below with a dollar for two 75c tubes (4 months supply), and free razor blade score card to enable you to check increased blade life; sent postpaid. Use one tube. If you aren't completely satisfied, return the other and we'll send your dollar back. That's fair isn't it? Send coupon for your supply TODAY!

SHAVOLENE

NO BRUSH—NO LATHER

International Chemical Co. (S.E.P. 9-22)
3140 S. Canal Street, Chicago, Ill.

Send me postpaid 2 large tubes of Shavolene and free razor blade score card. I enclose one dollar. If I am not completely satisfied I may return one tube and you are to refund my dollar immediately.

Name

Address

BRUGS
Established
1795
THERE is a Bird Rug of enduring quality in beautiful colors and design . . . moderately priced for every room in any home. Insist on Bird's when you require floor covering wherein charm of appearance is combined with utility . . Bird's Rugs and Floor Coverings can be easily cleaned with a damp mop.
Bird's Felt Base Rugs are obtainable in leading department and furniture stores at prices ranging from $6.00 to $18.00.
BIRD'S ROOFS in varied colors give lasting protection from the elements at minimum expense. These weather-defying and fire-retarding asphalt slate-surfaced shingles give years of service. Insist on Bird's, if you desire roofing which blends rugged quality with rare charm and distinctive appearance.
Bird's Roofs are made for every type of building, and Bird dealers are always ready to estimate your roofing needs without obligation.
BIRD & SON, inc.
EAST WALPOLE
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NEW YORK
In Canada
BUILDING PRODUCTS
Limited
Montreal
BIRD
NEPONSET
PRODUCTS
ROOFS
DEFY WATER AND WEAR

SWORDS AND ROSES

(Continued from Page 25)

took a drink except when he was wounded. Forrest didn't know brandy from whisky and called them both liquor. He was, as well, deeply religious—there was preaching at his headquarters on Sunday, prayers in his tent at night. Always, before he went into action, he drew up his men and all stood with uncovered heads while a chaplain asked God's blessing on them. He released a terrified Federal chaplain, explaining that he would keep him to preach if he were not needed so much more by the sinners on the other side.

At Shiloh, the second day of battle, Colonel Forrest's horse carried him far into the line of Federal reserves: he was surrounded by Union soldiers firing at him and shouting, "Shoot that man! Knock him off his horse!" An infantryman shoved his musket practically against Forrest's side and discharged it; the ball entered his left hip and disabled him for weeks. On his forty-first birthday, in July, 1862, by an extraordinary mixture of effrontery and military skill he captured Murfreesboro. His original battalion was transferred to another officer and, hiding his chagrin and indignation, Forrest opened a recruiting office in Murfreesboro. Within six weeks he had gathered about him a fresh, formidable body of men. The Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, under James W. Starnes, and a cavalry regiment from Alabama joined Forrest.

He spread rumors everywhere about the large number of his troops and maintained a constant beating of kettledrums to lend an effect of closely supporting infantry. He pursued the Federals and captured Trenton, he captured Union City, he won the battle of Parker's Cross-roads. Forrest forced a thousand of his horses to swim the Tennessee River when there wasn't time to ferry them over. He took a fortified Union camp at Brentwood, together with five hundred prisoners; he overwhelmed a strong stockade and took two hundred and thirty prisoners; he destroyed Harpeth ferry; but Forrest was defeated at Franklin. Captain Freeman, his foremost artilleryman, was killed there. The Union command determined to destroy two important Southern railroads leading out of Chattanooga, one to Atlanta and the other to Knoxville, and Colonel Abel D. Streight of Indiana was given charge of the expedition. He chose, for his advance, a mountainous and thinly inhabited country, and where—always following the mountains—there was a marked Union sympathy. The hills were so rugged, the roads so wretched, that Streight put his men on mules.

He proceeded by the Cumberland River to Palmyra; he sent his troops on in boats up the Tennessee to Fort Henry: Streight arrived before his force and continued, with every mule he could discover, to Eastport. He had two thousand picked men, and the Union General Dodge, twelve miles away at Bear Creek, had five thousand and five hundred more. At Eastport the Confederates stampeded the Federal mules; they crept, in the fashion of Comanches, into the corral, and with hoots and yells and the firing of guns, scattered four hundred of the best animals. Streight filed out of Eastport in April—this was 1863—and, harassed by General Roddey, he reached Tuscumbia. Here he had disturbing information: Forrest, in pursuit of him, had crossed the Tennessee River.

That, in reality, did General Forrest less than justice; he had, by a series of forced marches, night and day, almost come up to the Union advance. He had joined Roddey, and, beyond the Tennessee River, he held a position across General Dodge's course. There were a number of minor engagements in which Dodge was successful; and, on the twenty-eighth of April, James Moon, a considerable citizen of Tuscumbia, rode through the Federal lines to bring Forrest the information that a large body of Union troops had passed Mount Hope in the direction of Moulton. It was understood, Streight explained later, that in the event Forrest took after him, Dodge and a force of cavalry were to follow Forrest. Streight's lightning brigade marched out of Tuscumbia, over almost impassable roads, in a night of hard rain and mud and impenetrable darkness. His progress was extremely slow, but he had the cheerful news from General Dodge that he had turned Forrest back. Streight rested his weary column at Moulton and then moved eastward toward Blountsville.

Again his information about Bedford Forrest had not marched with the fact: Forrest threw Roddey and his Alabama regiment, a Tennessee regiment and Julian's battalion, between Dodge and Streight; and then, with incredible rapidity, he fell upon Streight. The Confederates attacked on the side of Sand Mountain; they had, there, less than a thousand men, and the Federal soldiers forced them down the small deeply worn beds of creeks with steep sides dense in laurel. Forrest lost two personally cherished guns and his temper rose accordingly. He rode among his cavalrymen beating them with the flat of his saber and cursing amazingly; Forrest ordered every man to dismount and hitch his horse to a sapling. He would recover his guns, he asserted, if it destroyed his entire command. He forced a battle on a mountain ridge an hour before dark and the fighting continued until past ten o'clock; it was all at close range; there was no light except the flash of pistols and carbines.

The Federal force was in a desperate position, it could not return to the Union base at Tuscumbia; Streight was forced to keep on—a hopeless endeavor—toward the Confederate arsenals at Rome in Georgia. He transferred his supplies from wagons to pack mules and burned the wagons, and, with the smoke newly rising, Forrest, at the head of his column, arrived in a whirlwind of dust. A scout came galloping up to Forrest with the excited report that a heavy force of Union cavalry was overtaking them.

Forrest asked, "Did you see the Yankees?"

No, he replied, he had been in a blacksmith shop; someone had told the scout that he had seen them. Colonel Forrest seized him by the throat with both hands: he dragged him from his horse and beat him.

"If you ever come to me again with a pack of lies," he said, "you won't get off so easily!"

At the fording of the Black Warrior River two of the Federal mules were drowned, and some Confederates, stripping off their clothes, recovered the hard-tack from the dead animals.

A freckled and powerful youth, stumbling up the bank with a heavy, soaked box, expressed their appreciation: "Boys, it's wet and full of mule hair, but it's better than anything the old man is giving us now."

The Union advance had become a retreat; it was, in reality, no better than an orderly flight. Forrest, after a fourth relentless night's march, again overtook Streight at the bridge over Black Creek. There Black Creek is a crooked and sluggish stream: it has its source, however, in a plateau on Lookout Mountain; it falls by a series of crystal and pure cascades over rocks to the stained water of the lowlands. The bridge, in 1863, was wood, rude and uncovered: there were no other known means of crossing the creek except by a long-abandoned structure two miles distant; and Colonel Streight planned to destroy the Black Creek bridge and delay Forrest until he could reach the Chattooga River near Rome.

By nine o'clock, on the morning of May second, in spite of Forrest's rapid movement, all the Federal force except a rear

(Continued on Page 109)

THE TOWN WITH THE SILVER LINING

An OPEN LETTER to Boards of Trade, Chambers of Commerce, Proud Citizens.. *and their* WIVES!

DOTTED about here and there over this country are communities that deserve to be known as "smiling towns."

Visitors who come on business or social errands carry away the message of their tidiness and well-being . . . and shining good cheer.

They are attracting the type of citizen who believes that a good city to make money in ought to be a beautiful city to live in, too.

And so they grow . . . and prosper . . . beyond their dingier, less colorful neighbors.

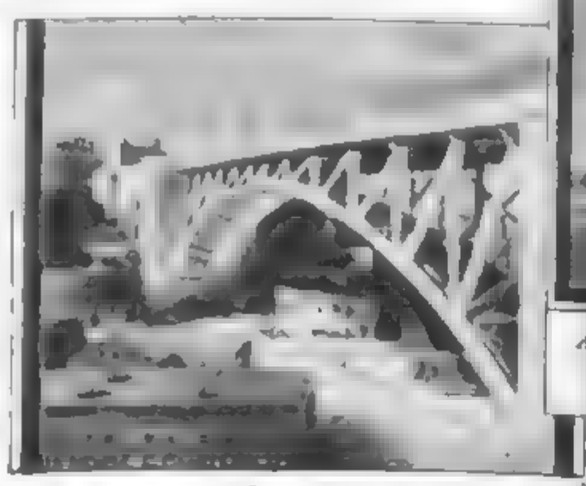
* * * *

These "smiling towns" owe much of their present loveliness to the transforming power of Aluminum Paint.

In the beginning the city fathers used Aluminum Paint because of its unusual protective qualities. But they soon realized that its mission was much broader than this. As water tanks, gas holders, lamp posts, letter boxes, traffic signals, bridges assumed a soft, silvery sheen, the town took on a new beauty . . . and a new, and broader, civic pride.

Owners of factories and mills—practical men who consider the economic features of each commercial expenditure—put their seal of approval on the community value of Aluminum Paint.

Aluminum Painted Water Tank owned by City of St. Petersburg, Fla.



California Avenue Bridge, Pittsburgh, Pa. Painted with Aluminum Paint.

Poles on Broadway, Galveston, Texas. Painted with Aluminum Paint.

Dingy factory tanks, once unlovely spots against the landscape, have become shining turrets on silvery supports. Metal structures of every kind are being brightened and beautified.

They tell the passing world that here is a place that is proud of its industries . . . and wants everybody to know it.

And, along the residential streets, garden trellises, iron benches, metal fences, swings and sand boxes have taken on a coating of Aluminum Paint, and are adding their touch to the "towns with the silver linings."

To every citizen with a pride of place, the booklet "Aluminum Paint" should be a matter of interest. Let us send you a copy—or a copy, with your compliments, to those citizens of your community who are charged with its upkeep.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

2326 Oliver Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa. *Offices in 19 Principal American Cities*

Aluminum in Every Commercial Form

When you buy Aluminum Paint tell your dealer whether you want it for indoor or outdoor use.

And be sure to specify ALBRON for the pigment base. ALBRON is ALWAYS made from pure ALCOA Aluminum.

THE COAT OF METAL PROTECTION

ALUMINUM PAINT

"IT LEAFS"

The *New* MENNEN shave

Dermutized lather now better than ever

Menthol-iced, too!

You millions of Mennen shavers—you loyal regulars in the great army devoted to the daily rite of Mennen lather—here's news, and good news. By a new process of blending we have developed in Mennen Shaving Cream an even quicker, richer lather, a denser, moister lather in which the exclusive Mennen beard-softening principle of *dermutation* completes its all-necessary function that much sooner and more completely.

Not only that—but we have also included a dash of menthol which adds a brisk, tingling coolness to the lather at once reviving and refreshing to the skin and face.

To introduce to you the new Mennen "Menthol-iced" we are supplying your druggist a special value package—a full-size tube of the new Mennen Shaving Cream without menthol, and a big, free tube of the new cream "Menthol-iced"—both for the price of a single tube. You owe it to your own comfort to get this special package and try out this even better Mennen shave to your own satisfaction—today. 50c at your dealer.

Mennen led the parade with the modern type of shaving cream. These latest improvements are another step far in advance — such speed, such comfort, you'll almost wish you had two faces to shave.

GET THIS SPECIAL PACKAGE — *today!*
Don't wait till your old tube of shaving cream is used up. When you can get such a big buy as this special offer, you owe it to yourself to get yours, now! At all druggists'—50c.
MENNEN
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CREAM

Your shave is only as good as your lather

Never for a second overlook this fact—your shave is only as good as your lather. There's a vast difference between near-lathers and Mennen lather. And this difference is *dermutation*. Dermutation positively softens the stiffest beard that grows. It takes more than water and air to soften the tough, horny stiffening in the beard. *Dermutation* instantly wilts the beard without messy finger rubbing, so that the razor cuts the hairs off square without yanking or pulling. *Dermutation* relaxes and levels the skin mounds around the hairs so the razor slides through without nicking or scraping. No rawness. No soreness. No free caustic to burn. And *dermutation* does its good work in any water. Five soothing emollients in Mennen lather freshen and tone up the skin, increasing its fitness with every shave.

MENNEN

The Dermutized Shave

Mennen Talcum for Men—A sprinkle of Mennen Talcum for Men adds a finishing touch that rounds out the comfort of the perfect shave. Tones down face-shine. Neutral tinted, doesn't show. 25c a tin. Also in stick form—50c.

(Continued from Page 108)

vedette had crossed the creek. Streight put howitzers in position on the east bank, he piled fence rails on the bridge and fired it. Bedford Forrest, with his attending cloud of dust, was too late. He halted beside the road where there was a farmhouse built, after the primitive habit of that section, in one story, with two rooms on either side of a wide passageway. A widow named Sansom, with two daughters, lived there; Mrs. Sansom's only son, who had supported them, had long ago joined the Confederate Army; and, without slaves, the women were struggling to stay alive. Emma Sansom—she was sixteen—saw that General Forrest was a Southern officer; she realized, she wrote afterward, that they were in the midst of their own men; and she told Forrest that there was an old ford on her mother's farm where, when the water was low, she had seen cows walking across the stream. She believed his horses could cross there; no one else knew of this lost ford; she, Emma Sansom, could guide him to it.

Emma—all knowledge of her is pleasant—was born at Social Circle, in Georgia. In 1852 her father had moved to Black Creek, Alabama, and he died there seven years later.

She was at home, the morning of the second of May, when a company of men wearing blue uniforms and riding mules galloped past the house and went on toward the bridge. Pretty soon a great crowd of them came along, and some of them stopped at the gate and asked for water. Emma and her sister each carried a bucketful to the gate and a soldier asked Emma where her father was. She told him he was dead. He asked if she had any brothers and—liberal with the truth—she replied six. He asked where they were and Emma said in the Confederate Army.

He continued: "Do you think the South will whip?"

"They do."

"What do you think about it?"

"I think God is on our side and we will win."

"You do! Well, if you had seen us whip General Roddey the other day and run him across the Tennessee River, you would agree God was on the side of the best artillery."

The Federal soldiers began to dismount; Emma and her sister went into the house, but they were followed. A search began for men's saddles and firearms; only a side saddle was discovered, the skirts were cut off that, and a loud voice said from the road, "You men bring a chunk of fire with you and get out of that house." Fire was secured from the kitchen, the soldiers left, and an officer put a guard around the house for its protection. Soon Emma saw smoke rising and knew that the bridge was burned. At her mother's suggestion they went to save their rail fences, but it was too late—the rails were already piled on the bridge. They returned to find a Yankee riding furiously up the road; there were men behind him, shouting: "Halt! And surrender!" The fugitive stopped and held up his hands. His gun was seized.

The officer then in charge continued, "Ladies, do not be alarmed. I am General Forrest. I and my men will protect you from harm. Where are the Yankees?"

Emma's mother replied, "They have set the bridge on fire and are standing in line on the other side, and if you go down that hill they will kill the last one of you."

The main body of Forrest's command had arrived, a general shooting began, and Mrs. Sansom, with her daughters—Emma, she admits, was in the lead—ran back to their house. It was then Forrest asked where he could cross the creek; Emma explained about the ford and said that if he would put her saddle on a horse she could guide him to it.

"There is no time to saddle a horse," Forrest told her; "get up here behind me."

He rode close to the bank along the road and Emma lightly obeyed him.

Just as they started off her mother came up about out of breath. "Emma," she gasped, "what do you mean?"

Forrest answered for her. "She is going to show me a ford where I can get my men over in time to catch those Yankees before they get to Rome. Don't be uneasy. I will bring her back safe."

They rode into a field where there was a small branch and ravine with a thick undergrowth that, for a short distance, kept them hidden from Federal observation; the branch emptied into Beach Creek just above the burning bridge and soon Emma Sansom said: "General Forrest, I think we had better get off the horse, as we are now where we may be seen."

They both dismounted and crept through the bushes; they reached the ford—Emma happened to be first and Forrest quickly stepped between her and the Yankees.

"I am glad to have you for a pilot," he explained, "but I am not going to make breastworks of you." The howitzers and muskets were firing fast then; Emma pointed out where Forrest must cross the water and they returned to the house.

Bedford Forrest asked Emma her name; he asked her for a lock of her hair. "The cannon balls," she wrote, "were screaming over us so loud that we were told to leave and hide in some place out of danger." Soon the firing stopped and Emma returned to her home. On the way she met Forrest. He asked again for a lock of her hair. He had written a note to her and left it on a bureau.

"One of my bravest men has been killed," he continued, "and he is laid out in the house. His name is Robert Turner."

General Forrest wanted her to see that he was buried in some graveyard near by. "He then told me good-by and got on his horse, and he and his men rode away and left us all alone. My sister and I sat up all night watching the dead soldier, who had lost his life fighting for our rights, in which we were overpowered, but never conquered." Forrest's note, written in pencil on the stained leaf of an old pocket memorandum, was rigidly self-contained:

HED QUATERS IN SADLE
May 2, 1863.

My highest regards to Miss Ema Sansom for her gallant conduct while my posse was skirmishing with the Federals across Black Creek near Gadsden, Alabama. N. B. FORREST
BRV GENRL
Com. N. Ala.

COURTESY OF HARPER AND BROTHERS

General Forrest and Emma Sansom

Emma Sansom was a mountain girl and Forrest had been born in the mountains. He belonged to them; they were in his voice and heart and memory; their rocks and cold water and dark silences had entered into his bearing. He asked her twice for a lock of hair. She sat up through the night, in a silence doubly still after the alarm and firing of guns, watching a dead soldier. A dead soldier and a soldier from the mountains who had ridden off! A soldier on the side of God who was whipping the Yankees. General Forrest—N. B Forrest. The N might be this and the B might be that. She learned what they were. Afterward. He had ridden off. A dead soldier with his hands folded at peace and his gray face at peace. Gray was the color of the South. General Forrest had worn gray. Her brother, who had gone to war long ago and was in the Nineteenth Alabama Infantry, wore gray. Like General Forrest. A dead soldier in the smoky light of an oil lamp. It might have been the lesser light of a tallow dip. His name was Robert Turner and he had been one of General Forrest's men. Beyond Robert Turner sat her dimly perceived sister. War left a dreadful silence after it. A terrible emptiness. For women. Robert Turner didn't mind it. He was so young she would rather call him Robert. General Forrest wasn't young. He was tired. His face was as gray from being tired as Robert's was gray with death. Black hair that was almost curly, and a sword and two pistols around his waist. It was hard to think after war had passed over you. Passed over you and right through your heart. It was harder to feel. Your heart was left numb.

That is, if you were a woman.

You were a girl and then you were numb and you were a woman. All at once. Sometimes, when it was hot, in June or August or September, the cows stood in the ford. They stood where the water wasn't high and then they went over to the other bank. She was first and General Forrest stood between her and the Yankees. The shots screamed loudly, but she could hear his voice clear over them. She could hear it now, and her mother crying after her, "Emma, what do you mean?" There was nothing for her mother to worry about, for wasn't she with General Forrest? He would bring her back safe. A swift rebellion stirred and tore at her numbness. She didn't want to be brought back. She didn't want to be safe. It sank. The terrible emptiness and pain after war. Her brother gone, and it didn't seem likely he would come back, and her mother so bothered and old with the farm. Now there wasn't no fence and it would be worse.

The Yankees had burned their fence and the Black Creek bridge, but she had taken General Forrest to the ford. He had crossed with his men. He had left a note for her on a bureau. And her hair. A lock of her hair. She hated whippoorwills and wished they would stop their loud racket in the dark. Not that she cared if the morning didn't ever come now.

Immediately after General Forrest's arrival at Black Creek the Confederate cannon were brought up, the Federals driven from their position on the opposite bank, the Sansom ford was cleared and made more easily passable. The cavalry went over, carrying by hand the ammunition from the caissons, an advance guard hurried after the Union raiders and drove them out of the town of Gadsden before any serious damage could be effected. Both columns were in a state of complete exhaustion; Forrest continued his unrelenting tactics of harassment, Colonel Gilbert Hathaway, Streight's finest soldier, was seriously wounded. That was an irreparable loss for the North. Near Turkeytown, Streight sent

Rain? Who Cares?

ALL America goes snug and dry these days. Everyone has found protection, comfort and good looks in Tower's Fish Brand Slickers—the famous brand that outdoor men have worn for over 90 years.

Today, with all their old-time dependability, Fish Brand Slickers have *style*. Take the "Varsity" model, big, roomy, fully lined, with the snap of the campus in its cut. Long enough to keep your legs dry. Wide, deep, "Staydfast" pockets that will not rip. A corduroy-faced collar, with or without a strap. Buttons or buckles and patented "Reflex" edges that keep water out. Your choice of colors—olive-khaki, yellow or black.

Tower's Fish Brand Slickers and Water-proof Work Clothes can be bought anywhere in America, and cost no more than ordinary garments. Get your *"Rainy Day Pal"* now and be ready to laugh at rain. A. J. Tower Company, Boston, Mass.

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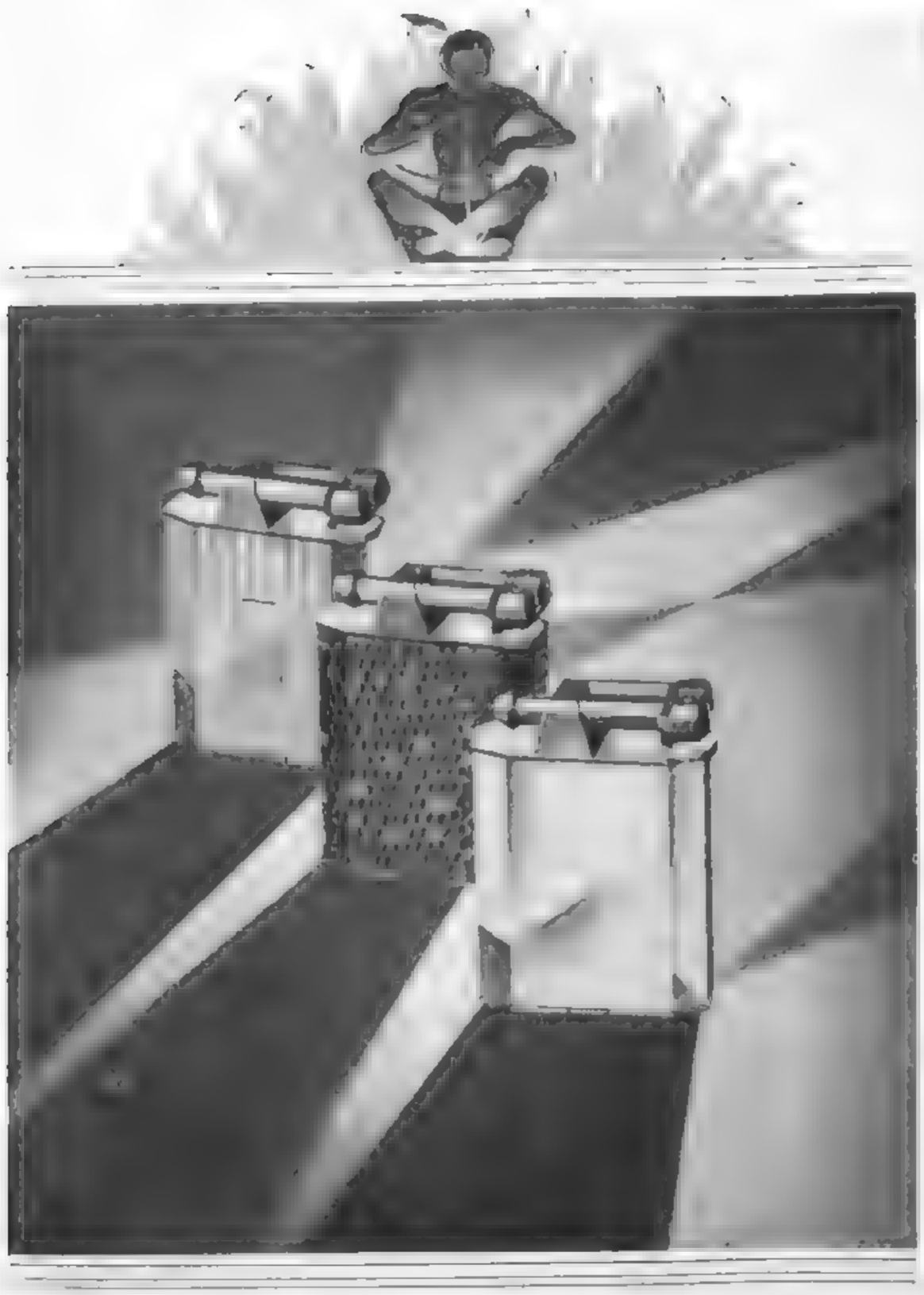


It has come to this . .

THIS new perfected Clark Lighter has evolved from all the ways of carrying and using fire. It is as modern as this morning —as certain in operation as the finest watch from the world's best maker.

Forget all the faults that condemned older lighters. Here is an article of jewelry from which, at a flick of your thumb, arises the sure flame. No smudging dirt, no danger, no annoying things-to-go-wrong! And withal a lighter that with one filling lasts many times longer than you would reasonably expect.

The new Clark Lighters sell from $7.50 to as many hundreds of dollars—or thousands—as you care to pay for exclusive designs of diamond studded platinum or gold. If you cannot find the new Clark in your local shops, write to us.

CLARK LIGHTER CO., INC.
580 Fifth Ave., New York

CLARK
ALWAYS WORKS

two hundred of his best mounted men, under Captain Milton Russell, ahead to seize the Rome bridge in preparation for the arrival of his main force; but Russell found Rome so closely barricaded that he concluded not to attack.

The Federal position became hourly worse: Colonel Streight, urging forward his exhausted command, arrived by starlight at the Chattooga River. There the ferryboat had been concealed, and he had to march a number of additional miles upstream to a bridge. They were forced, he said, to pass an old coal chopping, where timber had been cut and hauled off for charcoal, leaving a confusion of wagon roads running in every direction. His men continually fell asleep. Forrest's column, however, was refreshed with ten hours' rest. He overtook Streight; the Union commander tried desperately to make his men fight, but further effort was impossible; they fired their guns with both eyes closed; they fell fast asleep lying in line of battle under a heavy skirmishing fire. Forrest sent out a flag of truce; there was a short consultation and the Federal force surrendered; the men stacked their rifles and moved into a clearing.

Bedford Forrest was met with an unrestrained acclaim in Rome; the Rome citizens presented him with the most valuable saddle horse in the country. The whole South was revivified by Forrest's extraordinary pursuit and capture of a force three times greater than his own. The fighting in the barren hills, the mountains, of North Alabama was peculiarly impressive: the thunder of artillery, the discharge of muskets, rolled and returned in infinitely multiplied echoes; the narrow valleys were loud with the shouted clangor of orders, the cheers and Rebel yells of the men, the inarticulate agonies of wounded animals. The roads of pursuit were strewn with saddles and bridles and broken boxes of crackers, crockery and kitchen utensils, blankets and shoes and plated ware and hastily discarded embroidered skirts and looted feminine trifles. In Blountsville the uproar of battle so appalled the inhabitants that women and children crouched hiding in ash hoppers, horse troughs and in the recesses of chimneys.

Near Warrior Creek two young girls—they were seventeen and eighteen—poorly but neatly dressed in homespun, with bare feet, appeared leading three accoutered horses and driving before them three soldiers. Each of the girls bore a shotgun on her shoulder. They delivered their captives to Forrest and asked permission to go forward with the Southern troops; but they were satisfied—rather, they were delighted—with a gift of two horses.

In September, 1863, General Forrest was in the battle of Chickamauga; his cavalry fought dismounted as infantry; he behaved with great coolness and gallantry and was complimented by General D. H. Hill. He fired both the opening and closing gun of that great engagement. Forrest had a collision with Braxton Bragg, expressed, as it was customary with him, in words no less violent than his acts.

"I am not here to pass civilities or compliments with you," he proceeded. "I have stood your meanness as long as I intend to. You have threatened to arrest me for not obeying your orders promptly. I dare you to do it, and I say to you that if you ever again try to interfere with me or cross my path, it will be at the peril of your life."

General Bragg relieved him from duty, but Jefferson Davis, after a conversation in Montgomery, assigned Forrest to an independent command in the West. He proceeded from Atlanta with four pieces of artillery and two hundred and seventy-one men; with five hundred men he crossed the Trocha and invaded western Tennessee. He established recruiting stations there, gathered up a large herd of cattle and marched South.

After that he was involved in continuous and picturesque battle. He pursued General William Sooy Smith, who was endeavoring to join Sherman, and defeated him at West Point and again at Okolona. He invaded Tennessee a second time, and, with the fragments of three Kentucky regiments of infantry, a third time. He stormed and took Fort Pillow after a desperate resistance in which liquor was freely distributed to the garrison. Sherman was again highly complimentary: he offered a major general's commission to any brigadier who succeeded in killing Forrest. "It must," he wrote, "be done if it costs ten thousand lives and breaks the treasury." General S. D. Sturgis was sent to accomplish this – after seven hours of combat his force was driven, an abject mob, from the field; Forrest pursued him for fifty miles and captured eighteen pieces of artillery and two hundred and fifty wagons. Twenty-six hundred and twelve Union soldiers were killed or captured.

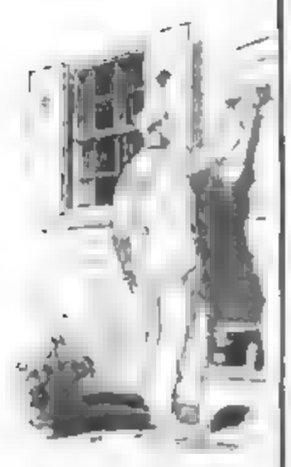
General A. J. Smith and General Mower were moved against Forrest. They marched by day in line of battle, at night they slept on their arms, there was a constant skirmishing and, near Tupelo, a final engagement. The Confederates, under General Stephen D. Lee, were repulsed with a great slaughter; the Federal forces held a strong position, but the South retained its line of battle. Forrest made a night attack; the Union generals retreated the following day and Forrest was painfully wounded at Old Town Creek.

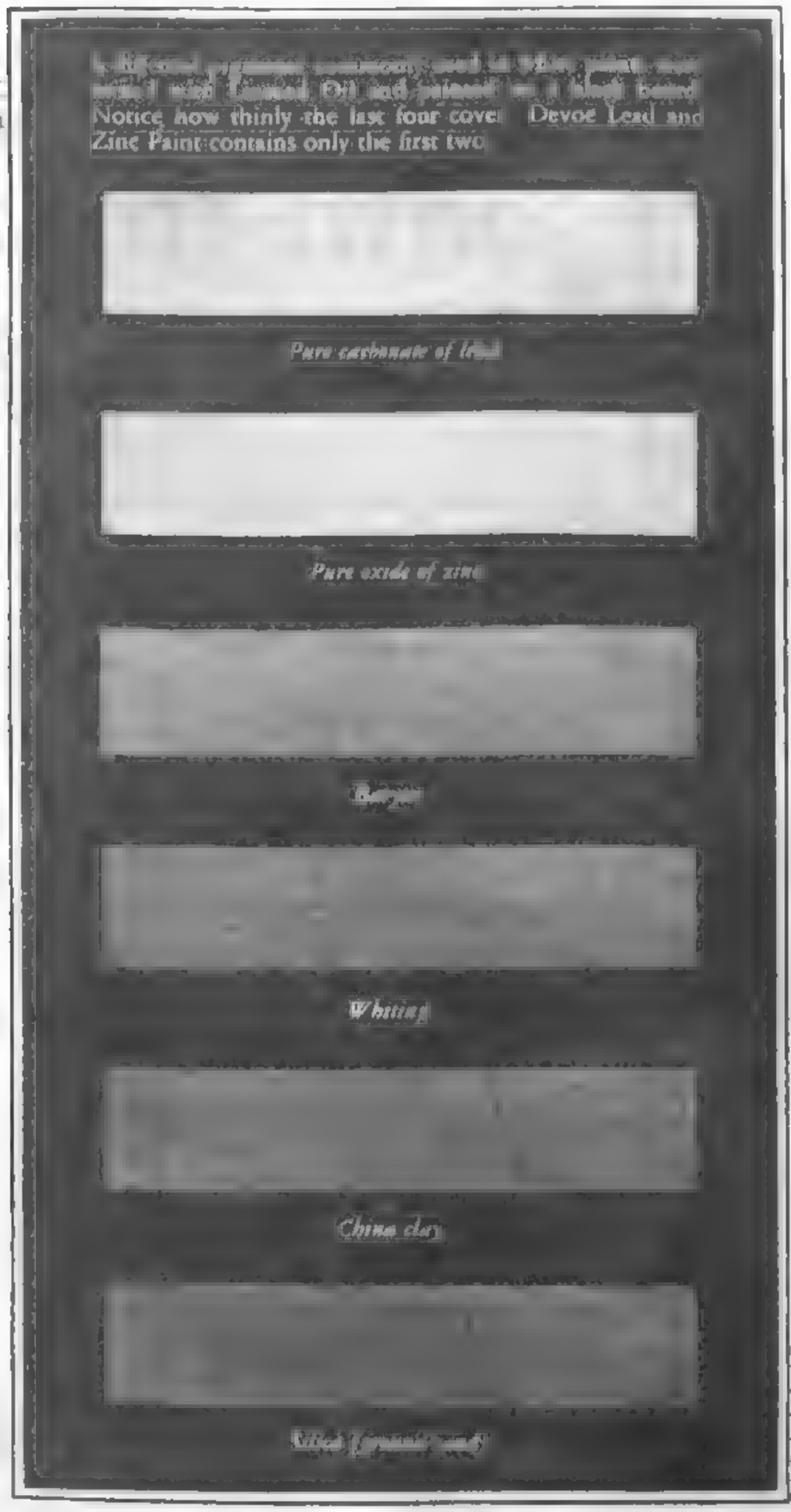
He profanely declined to go to the rear for treatment; instead he had a buggy so arranged that he could drive about with a leg elevated. General Lee was transferred and Dabney H. Maury placed in temporary command. Sherman sent Smith back after Forrest. There was a report that General Forrest had died of lockjaw following a wound. Instead, with two thousand picked men, he rode around General Smith's army and fell on the city of Memphis, held by the Union. This was in August, 1864. Forrest individually forced his way into the center of the city; General C. C. Washburn was constrained to escape from his residence at noon in a nightshirt. Colonel Starr engaged Forrest in a personal encounter; he was badly injured and Forrest returned to his command. Washburn was very bitter with Smith for permitting Forrest to escape; Smith was ordered to retreat; Mississippi was abandoned to the Confederacy.

Mr. Davis saw, at last, the necessity of allowing Forrest's attentions to fall unchecked on Sherman's lines of communication. War had changed him—his stubborn black hair had become gray. He was a tall stalwart man, a contemporary description continued, with a mild countenance, slow and homely of speech. Forrest surrounded the Federal military post at Athens and it surrendered at once; he captured the Union stockades near Athens and the forts at Sulphur Trestle. He took the Elk River blockhouse, drove the enemy into Pulaski, and diverted thirty thousand Northern soldiers from the Georgia campaign. Forrest asked for leave of absence; it was denied and he moved once more into Tennessee. He laid masked batteries along the Tennessee River and captured the transport Mazeppa, the gunboats Undine and Venus, and the J. W. Cheeseman. He put crews of his cavalry on the Venus and Undine; they attacked the Union flotilla, but—not unnaturally—the cavalrymen were ignominiously defeated. The Venus was recaptured, with two of Forrest's guns—20-pound Parrotts—the Undine was destroyed.

He then descended on Johnsonville and burned a great quantity of boats and general mill supplies. They represented a value of more than three million dollars and the loss was a serious charge upon Sherman. Forrest was then given command of all cavalry in the Army of Tennessee. At the end of the disastrous Nashville campaign he organized the famous rear guard of the Southern Army. It made possible the safe crossing of Rutherford Creek and the Duck River; Forrest double-teamed the wagons and artillery and saved them. He escaped through a barren country in the depth of

(Continued on Page 113)





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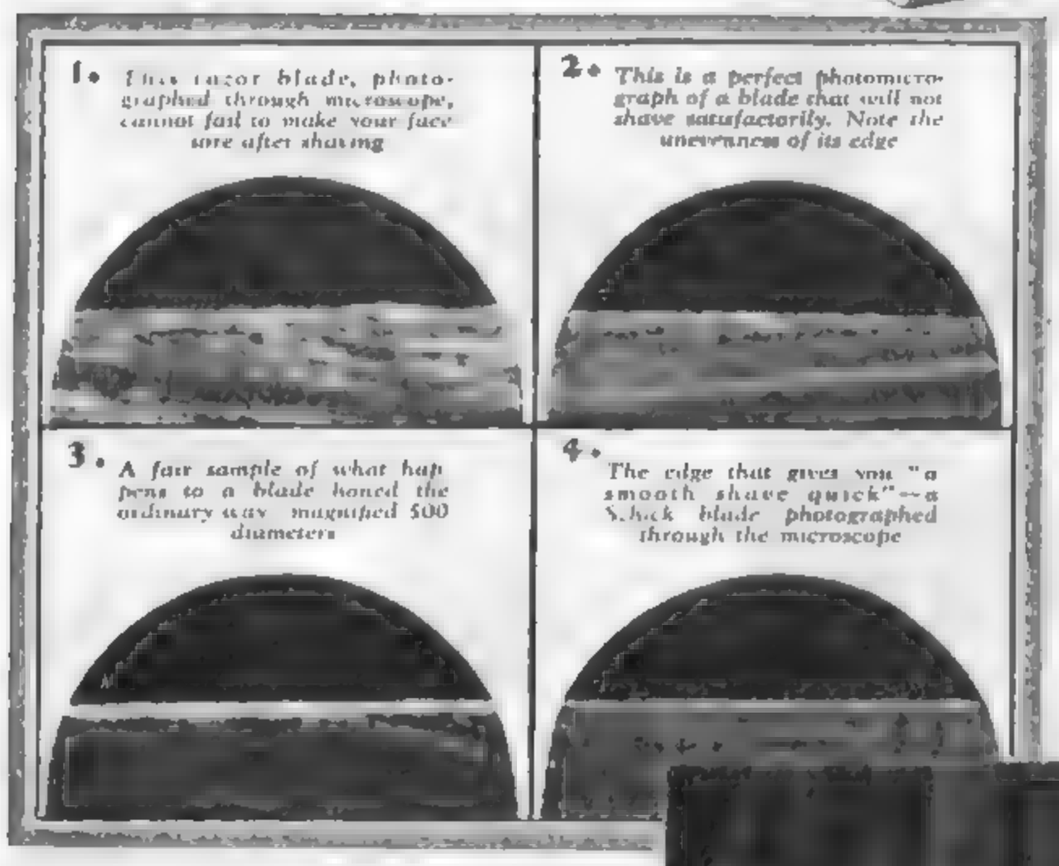
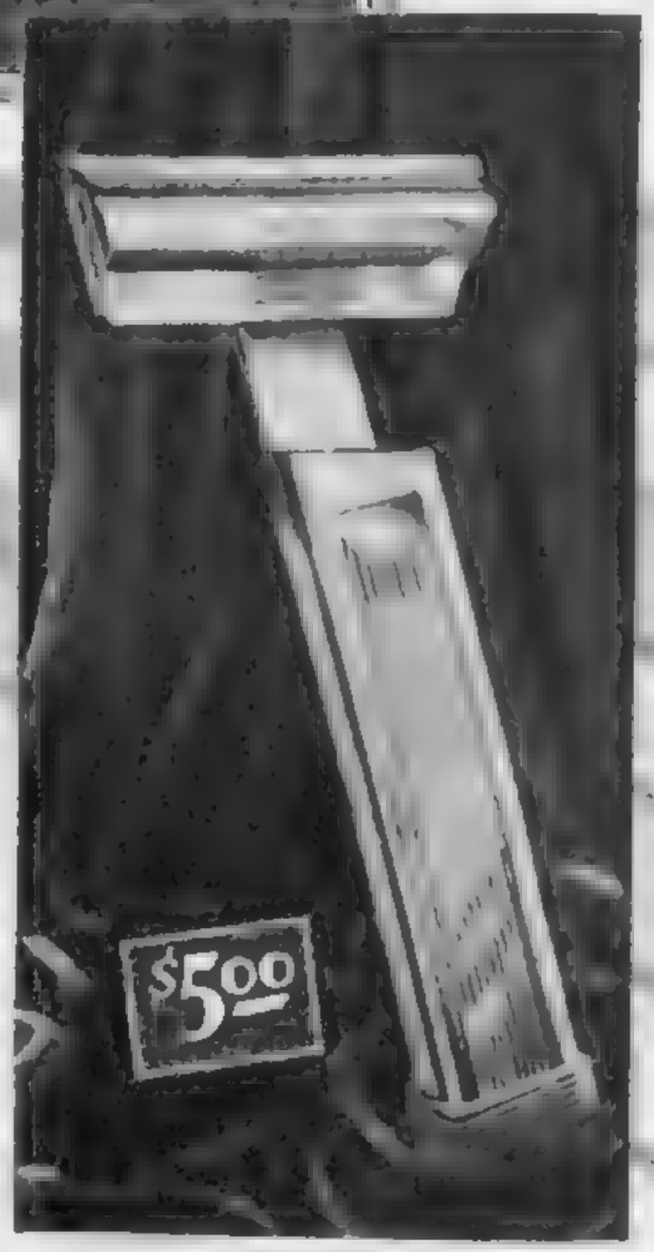
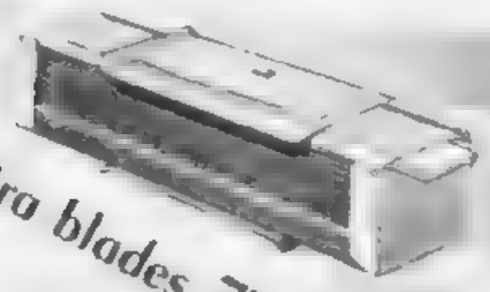
Look... into this blade question.

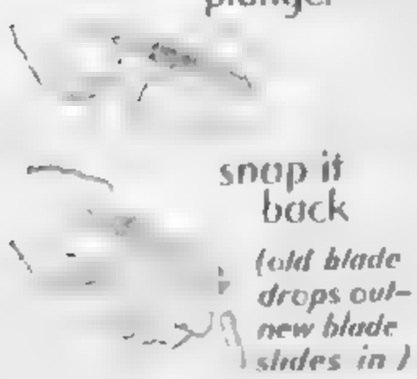

1. This razor blade, photographed through microscope, cannot fail to make your face sore after shaving
2. This is a perfect photomicrograph of a blade that will not shave satisfactorily. Note the unevenness of its edge
3. A fair sample of what happens to a blade honed the ordinary way magnified 500 diameters
4. The edge that gives you "a smooth shave quick"—a Schick blade photographed through the microscope





Extra blades 75¢ per clip of 20

Simple as ABC to change blades



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Schick Razors are sold in the better stores at $5.00, including 20 blades. (Gold model $7.50.) Additional clips of 20 blades for 75c—in Canada slightly higher. Magazine Repeating Razor Co., 285 Madison Ave., New York. Canadian Distributors: T. S. Simms & Co., Ltd., Saint John, N. B.

The microscope shows why Schick blades are superkeen—why they remove the beard so smoothly, unfeelingly, quickly. You'll never know what a real pleasure shaving can be until you too have shaved with a Schick.

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2. They load inside the razor handle. 20 in a clip
3. Not one blade is ever touched until it touches face
4. The razor itself is perfectly balanced
5. Blades are changed in 1 second by a pull and a push of the plunger
6. Results: Marvelous shaves in half the time

A smooth shave, quick with a

Schick Repeating Razor

(Continued from Page 110)

winter, a country without sustenance or shelter or hope.

In the spring, 1865, seventy-five thousand Union soldiers were gathered to invade Forrest's department. General Wilson, with an advance force of fourteen thousand, and the best equipped cavalrymen the war had seen, moved from Waterloo to Selma. He detached Croxton's brigade—it was lost from his army for two months—and Croxton missed an opportunity to destroy Jackson's wagon train and artillery. Wilson, with great skill and courage, took Tuscaloosa; he captured a courier with invaluable dispatches from General Forrest. Forrest, moving forward, court-martialed and shot two men at Sipsey Bridge for desertion; with two hundred and seventy-five men he charged the rear guard of Wilson's command and put it to flight. Forrest made a detour through the night and placed himself before Wilson at Bogler's Creek. There was a desperate engagement; a Captain Taylor and Forrest had what was believed to be the bloodiest personal encounter in the war. Taylor was killed.

Forrest relied upon immediate support. Chalmers was unable to reach him and only the informal appearance of Armstrong—he became the hero of the battle of Selma—saved him from instant destruction. Selma followed. It fell and the South was defeated. Armstrong and Bedford Forrest literally cut their way out of the conflict. After the surrender at Gainesville, Forrest made his farewell address to the Seventh Tennessee Cavalry. They grounded, he said, their arms with honor. At dusk they gathered about the staff in front of the regimental headquarters and the silk of their bullet-torn flag, bearing a blue cross, was cut into fragments, a keepsake for each man. A young bride in Aberdeen, Mississippi, had made it for them from her wedding dress.

Forrest returned to Memphis and there were reports of his arrest; Maury and Colonel Sam Tate advised him to leave his plantation—they prepared letters of credit on Europe—but he refused to move.

"This is my country," he asserted. "I am hard at work on my plantation and carefully observing the obligations of my parole. If the Federal Government does not regard it, they will be sorry." Nothing, it appeared, could restrain the arrogance of his courage. The triumphant weight of the whole Federal Union was powerless to force even a reasonable caution upon him. Forrest's reputation did not end with the war—the most extravagant rumors of his exploits and valor and inhumanity persisted in the North and in the South. He became interested in the politics of his section: Forrest devoted himself to the restoration of the autonomy of his state, and he was subjected to a bitter Northern abuse.

In the presidential campaign of 1868 General Kilpatrick, a renowned Federal cavalry officer, accused Forrest in several political speeches of atrocities committed in war. General Forrest, he declared, at Fort Pillow had tied some negroes to a plank fence and then set fire to the fence. This was, of course, no better than libel: Forrest, when his anger was excited, was an exceedingly fierce man, but he was without a trace of unnatural barbarity. It is probable that, without further cause, he would have ignored Kilpatrick's charges, but another Federal officer, General Shackelford, not only remonstrated with Kilpatrick, declaring his utter disbelief in such assertions, he sent Forrest a copy of them with a record of his own proceeding. Bedford Forrest, because of this, felt obliged to act publicly—he printed a letter in the Louisville Courier-Journal that was, perhaps, the ultimate model for all violently unrestrained expressions of indignation. It was concluded by the request for General Kilpatrick to consider Forrest's remarks in the light of a challenge to combat.

The peculiar conditions then prevailing, he continued, might excuse a regular and more formal transmission of a cartel: he hoped that Kilpatrick would waive that and immediately communicate with General Basil W. Duke, who would be authorized to make all necessary arrangements for him. This created a serious difficulty in Duke's mind—it was necessary, he realized, for Forrest to fight in Kentucky, where both men would have sympathizers and the benefit of a general willingness to let them fight in peace; Forrest was not safe north of the Ohio River; the great part of the South was under a Federal military supervision that, with opportunity, would deal relentlessly with him. The statutes of Kentucky, however, were extremely severe about duels; lawyers who participated in them were disbarred from practice for a period not less than five years, and Duke, who had come out of the war with a family but no property, had just entered upon the career of attorney at law.

General Duke, though, had no thought of failing Forrest; he requested Dr. James Keller, of St. Louis, a recognized authority on the duello and warm supporter of Forrest's, to act publicly in his place. Keller arrived in Louisville almost simultaneously with his reception of Duke's telegram; and—Forrest had expressed a desire to fight on horseback—Basil Duke, desiring to obtain the best mount available, called upon Captain Bart Jenkins, formerly of the Fourth Kentucky Confederate cavalry, now proprietor of a livery stable with a number of very fine horses at his disposal.

Captain Jenkins, Duke found, was desperately ill, but he was allowed to see him. He was taken up to a small room above the office of the livery stable, where Jenkins lay on a lounge. He had, he said, in a whispering voice, pneumonia; he was unable to rise from the couch and his illness, he thought, must end fatally. Duke prepared to withdraw at once; he had come, he admitted, to discuss an affair between Forrest and a General Kilpatrick, but that, in the present circumstances, was impossible.

Jenkins' voice grew perceptibly stronger. "I want," he said, "to hear about it." Oh, well, Forrest wished to fight on horseback with sabers. Jenkins interrupted him. "That's right," he agreed, rising to a sitting position; "that's right." He got up and began putting on his clothes. "I've got the very animal you want."

Duke protested, "Don't do that, Bart. You've just told me the doctor insists that you be very careful."

"Do you think I'll let a doctor interfere with important business like this?" he replied. "I want to show you my brown mare, the finest in the state and has taken the blue ribbon at every fair in the center of Kentucky. She's sixteen hands high, built just right for a man of Forrest's weight, and as quick on her feet as a cat. Place the men sixty yards apart and tell Forrest that when you give the word he must drive in the spurs and ride straight at the other horse. She'll knock him off his feet and Forrest can cut off Kilpatrick's head before he touches the ground. And," Jenkins added, "I must see the fight." It did not, however, occur:

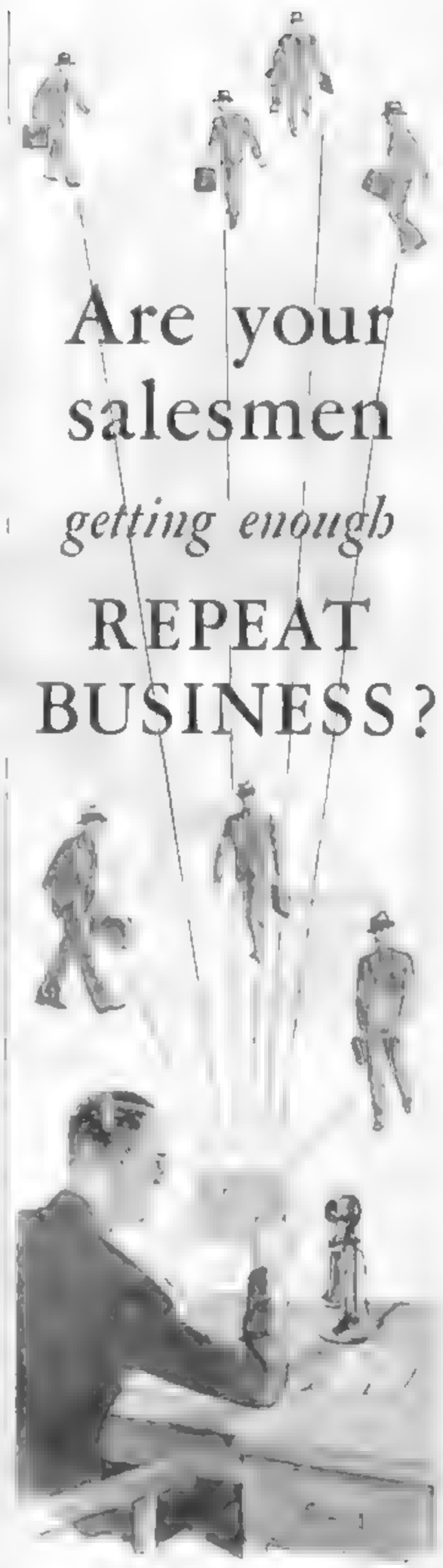
General Duke received no word from Kilpatrick; instead Kilpatrick later published a statement in the Eastern papers—a congressional committee, he asserted, had declared Forrest guilty of the alleged massacre of negroes at Fort Pillow, and therefore he, Kilpatrick, could not regard him as a gentleman. General Shackelford, a gallant and persistent man, then published it as his opinion that, though the report of a congressional committee might be valuable for many things, no one could consider it conclusive of a man's standing as a gentleman. He strongly urged Kilpatrick, after wantonly assailing Forrest, to meet him.

Bedford Forrest engaged himself in the building of a railroad to run from Selma, Alabama, to Mississippi. A rapid and startling change fell on him—he grew greatly emaciated; the thinness and pallor of his face brought into relief the extraordinary fineness of his brow and head. Any harshness vanished from his expression; a curiously patient and gentle manner filled him.

He said to General Morgan, "I am broken in health and spirit and have not long to live. My life has been a battle from the start. It was a fight to achieve a livelihood for those dependent on me in younger days, and an independence for myself when I grew to manhood, as well as the terrible turmoil of the Civil War. I have seen too much of violence and I want to close my days in peace."

General Nathan Bedford Forrest had, at last, a desire for peace; he was, he firmly believed, at peace with his Maker.

A Colonial Home at New Iberia, Louisiana



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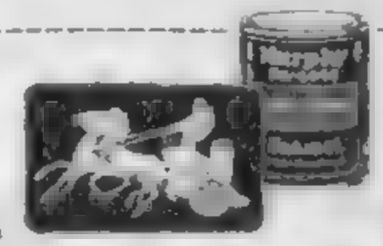

Murphy *Da-Cote* Enamel

THE SHOW-DOWN ON REPARATIONS

(Continued from Page 5

Now for the moral of this retrospect. Disraeli, you will recall, got a "peace with honor" out of the Berlin Congress. Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Woodrow Wilson manufactured a peace with discord at Versailles. There would have been no reparations tangle to solve in 1924, and no experts' plan to readjust now, if that famous open covenant had been built on business instead of political lines. The only open feature was the open door to disorder and disintegration. Self-determination brought Europe to the brink of extermination. Fortunately the Dawes Plan, which sterilized politics, provided the way out, but not until thirty-five conferences had wrestled with the problem and done nothing more definite than roll up huge expense accounts and advertise seaside resorts.

I refer to the orgy of footless conferences because they precipitated the ultimate crisis that provoked the Dawes Plan. Their peculiar defect, aside from the fact that hate, suspicion and nationalism ruled, was that at no time did they get at the kernel of the trouble, which was the German capacity to pay. Everybody suspected everybody else.

Practicality invariably suffers when emotionalism—especially hate and fury—is invoked. The price of anger is always failure and is usually costly. The same kind of political procedure—it unfailingly spells delay and dodging—drove Spain, Italy and Poland into dictatorships. It compelled Poincaré, later on, to use the mailed fist to save France from financial ruin.

Lack of business judgment fixed the original German reparations at 132,000,000,000 marks, or $33,000,000,000—a sum utterly beyond existing German ability to pay. Failing to get this colossal sum, the Allies, through the Reparations Commission, turned to reparation in kind. The only practical arrangement in the entire pre-Dawes era was the Stinnes-Lubersac agreement. Hugo Stinnes and his associates were to provide the material for the reconstruction of France and get 6 per cent of their principal for their profit and pains. French opposition killed it, just as it frustrated the scheme to convert the 132,000,000,000 mark figure into a series of bonds. Poincaré waved the bloody shirt, reparations became a campaign document, German unwillingness to pay hardened.

Saved From Bankruptcy

Meanwhile the mark started down the toboggan and before long practically ceased to function as currency. In 1923 the series of German defaults on payments came to a crisis and the French and Belgians entered the Ruhr. They discovered that it was impossible to dig coal with bayonets. Force proved as ineffective as political expediency. Passive resistance on the part of the Germans necessitated further stupendous issues of increasingly worthless money. Then, and then only, did the Allies realize that if their attitude persisted, all hope of compensation would vanish in thin air. Germany was on the verge of bankruptcy.

The period immediately prior to the convocation of the Dawes Committee was the darkest that Europe had known since the outbreak of the war. Anarchy, born of hopelessness, lurked around the corner in Germany. The Reich was ripe for a sovietization that was part of the gospel of despair.

Up to this time the United States had held itself aloof from European affairs. We had two so-called unofficial observers—James Logan and Roland Boyden—on the Reparations Commission, but they had no official status and were mere reporters of the troubled events that now crowded so thick and fast. In November, 1923, the Allied Governments agreed to the appointment by the Reparations Commission of two expert committees to consider the balancing of the German budget, the stabilization of the mark, and also to investigate the amount of the exported capital, with a view to bringing it back to Germany. During the monster inflation a huge sum of foreign money owned by Germans had flowed out of the country.

The Reparations Commission subsequently invited General Dawes and Owen D. Young to serve as American experts in connection with the inquiry into the German financial situation. The committee, which also enlisted British, French, Italian and Belgian experts, named Dawes as chairman. He reconciled conflicting views, and the organization which brought light out of darkness came to be known as the Dawes Committee. Henry M. Robinson, the Los Angeles banker, was appointed to serve on a second committee of experts.

There is no need of rehearsing what the Dawes Committee did, save to say that it perfected the plan which put the mark on its feet, balanced the German budget and established the system of annuities which, on September first, reached their maximum, and initiated the movement for revision. With the actual operation of the plan and its fate, however, we are vitally interested, because the equity behind the annuities will comprise the backbone of reparation commercialization, once the amount is fixed.

Businesslike Statesmanship

To explain this equity it is necessary to give a close-up of the workings of the Dawes Plan, because, whether fixation is reached or not, it must continue as the mainspring of a considerable portion of the enginery of world trade and finance. As I have already pointed out, it has functioned so flawlessly that people accept it as a matter of course. They do not stop to realize that behind the flow of German payments into the coffers of the agent-general and their transfer to the creditor countries is machinery that would run a vast international corporation. In fact, it is an international business concern, differing from the ordinary industrial enterprise in that it involves the fiscal solvency and political peace of one great nation—Germany—and directly affects half a dozen others. What institutions like the United States Steel Corporation and General Motors are to production in general, so is the structure of reparations collection and disbursement to European accord and prosperity, and it is just as highly organized.

This is because the skeleton—that is, the structural steel, as it were—was largely set up by Owen D. Young, the first agent-general, who carried on until the arrival of S. Parker Gilbert, who has held the office ever since. Young has long been identified with the General Electric Company and he projected the reparations scheme just as he would perfect his own far-flung business. Here you have the American impress in a significant European undertaking. What our critics abroad sometimes fail to take into account is that every Yankee participation across the Atlantic has not only been disinterested and constructive but unsought.

Although the business of reparations involves many nations, the directing force is an American with peculiar qualifications for one of the most delicate and difficult jobs in the world. S. Parker Gilbert, a lawyer by profession, was an Undersecretary of the Treasury under Mr. Mellon at twenty-nine and was only thirty-one when he assumed the Berlin post four years ago. He may well be likened to an impresario directing an international operatic cast, because he has been called upon to reconcile at least five major nationalistic aspirations, unite them in a common effort and maintain peace all the while.

(Continued on Page 117)

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SHAVING CREAM --- AQUA VELVA

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No tire can be gauged by its looks. From the outside you can't see the care, precision and craftsmanship of the maker; yet these mean more than anything else.

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The Republic Rubber Company of Youngstown was bought outright by LEE *of Conshohocken* five years ago in order to get greater plant capacity.

The "Republic" brands of Fire Hose, Garden and Steam Hose, Floor Coverings, Transmission and Conveyor Belting, Packing, etc., were continued.

Purchasers of LEE Tires and Tubes, and of "Republic" brands of mechanical rubber goods, find a uniform degree of excellence which conforms to the years-old tradition of trustworthiness, for which these products are famous.

WHO MAKES IT MEANS MORE THAN ANY PRICE TAG

(Continued from Page 114)

This results from the peculiar organization of the work. When the Dawes scheme began to function it was necessary to reorganize the Reichsbank, bond the German railways and industries, set up a supervision of revenues and establish the all-important Transfer Committee, charged with the task of transferring reparations to the various countries entitled to receive them. Hence it follows that the reparations commissioner of the Reichsbank is a Hollander, the commissioner of German railways a Frenchman, the commissioner of controlled revenues an Englishman, the trustee of the railway bonds a Belgian and the trustee of industrial debentures an Italian. These various executives, with Gilbert, are the watchdogs of reparations.

It is their job to see that the countries they represent obtain full payment of their shares. The four major beneficiaries are France, which receives 52 per cent; the British Empire, 22 per cent; Italy, 10 per cent; Belgium, 8 per cent. The remainder, which includes our 2¼ per cent, is distributed among the Serb-Croat-Slovene State, Rumania, Japan, Portugal and Greece.

One further fact must be emphasized in this survey of reparations organization, because it bears directly upon the events now shaping and particularly commercialization of indemnity. It is a tribute to the sagacity of the plan—once more you get the Yankee influence—that every German productive activity capitalized to meet the overhead on war folly has been organized on a private-ownership basis.

The German railways will illustrate. Until reparations began to function they were government owned and operated. As such, they were models of their kind, because that well-known German efficiency registered. The Dawes Plan organization took them over, issued 11,000,000,000 marks' worth of securities against them—they are held in trust to guarantee indemnity payments—and operates them for all practical purposes as a private concern called the German Railway Company.

More difficult was the task of mortgaging German industry, because it involved a multiplicity of units with varying capital and income capacity. The handicap was hurdled by issuing a single collective industrial bond for 5,000,000,000 gold marks which is deposited with the reparations authorities.

Paid in Cash and in Kind

Practically the same kind of system was introduced with the Reichsbank, formerly an out-and-out government institution. It has been entirely readjusted so as to become a sort of bankers' bank, with functions somewhat akin to those of the Federal Reserve Bank. It does business, however, with private depositors.

We can now take up the annuities, highly important at this juncture because revision may doom the system which brought them into being. As you have already been told, they began with 1,000,000,000 marks, the figure for 1924–25, and reached the peak on September first, with 2,500,000,000 marks, the assessment for 1928–29, which remains the maximum indefinitely unless there is a revision.

The contributions to the first annuity differed materially from the succeeding ones, in that 800,000,000 marks of it were obtained through the German external loan of 1924. Obviously Germany could not find that first annuity without extraordinary aid. The framers of the Dawes Plan therefore brought about an 800,000,000 mark loan—half of it being subscribed in the United States—which was immediately applied to reparations payment. Not all the actual proceeds were used in cash payment. A considerable part was devoted to the financing of the essential deliveries in kind, such as coal, chemicals and dyestuffs. You will soon see how these deliveries in kind have not only affected the whole reparations process but have had a strong bearing on world trade, ours included. The remaining 200,000,000 marks of the first annuity came from interest on the German railway bonds.

The second annuity was drawn from the budget, which by this time had become balanced and has remained so ever since, the transport tax and interest on the industrial and railway bonds, the latter alone providing 595,000,000 marks, or nearly half of the total. This line-up obtained, with slight modifications, for the third and fourth annuities. In the fourth, however, interest and amortization on the railway bonds piled up 660,000,000 marks. As now constituted, the standard annuity, as the 2,500,000,000 mark figure is called, is recruited in this fashion: From the budget, 1,250,000,000 marks; transport tax, 290,000,000; interest and amortization on industrial debentures, 300,000,000; interest and amortization on railway bonds, 660,000,000 marks.

From this summary you gather that the guaranty of reparation annuities is largely the railroads, industry and national revenues. But Germany could not purchase the foreign exchange with which to transfer her obligations to creditor countries, rebuild and expand her productive machine and wage her world-trade campaign without foreign money. The war and inflation practically denuded her of mobile capital. It means that she has had to borrow on a vast scale, and we have been the principal lender.

Hoisting the Warnings

With loans, we reach a critical point because of German overborrowing and overspending. The show-down on loans therefore is as vital a subject for analysis as is the show-down on reparations. They are so intimately interrelated that you cannot discuss one without involving the other. As the agent-general pointed out in the paragraph quoted earlier in this article, future loans will largely depend upon indemnity fixation.

Let us first have a look at the extent of German loans. Between 1925 and the end of May, 1928, Germany borrowed 5,750,000,000 marks—or roughly $1,437,000,000. Of this huge total exactly 76.9 per cent came from the United States.

Less than half the proceeds of all these loans has been devoted to private enterprise. The remainder has gone to states, provinces, communes and semiprivate undertakings. With the many loans to private enterprise there can be no criticism, because they have largely tended to stimulate economic expansion and reënforce the guaranty and payment of reparations.

A somewhat different tale is unfolded with public borrowing. A considerable portion of the proceeds has been devoted to stadiums, swimming pools, parks, ornamental grounds, theaters, museums and exhibition buildings. In commenting on these extravagances, President Schacht, of the Reichsbank, made this statement to me:

> It cannot be denied that public authorities have to a great extent failed to deny themselves as they should have done. I have insisted all along that communal and states schemes must be cut down in the interest of the absolute necessities of the national economy. In opposition to my repeated arguments, the communes have contended that their foreign loans were only concentrated for so-called essential economic productive purposes, and that the expenditure on apparent luxuries, including the many stadiums, comprises only an infinitesimal part of the outlay. I maintain, however, that if the municipalities had been content to forgo expenditures on luxuries or on nonurgent expenditures, it would very probably have proved unnecessary for them to contract a single loan abroad.

The riot of public expenditures reached the point where the agent-general of reparations was forced to administer a series of warnings. In his report dated December 10, 1927, he said:

> Recent developments in public finance do not appear to be in the interests either of German economic life or of the execution of the experts' plan. The evidences, in fact, are accumulating on every side, and more rapidly within recent months, that the German public authorities are developing and executing constantly enlarging programs of expenditure and of borrowing with but little regard to the financial consequences of the actions. The rising level of public expenditure is already giving an artificial stimulus to economic life, and it threatens to undermine the essential stability of the public finances. If present tendencies are allowed to continue unchecked, the consequence is almost certain to be serious economic reaction and depression, and a severe shock to German credit at home and abroad.

The French, who have the biggest stake in reparations, and therefore an acute interest in the German economic solidarity, were moved to make an official statement of their attitude on loans in this wise:

> American subscribers, or rather the banks which assume responsibility for loans, should not lose sight of the fact that so long as they lend money to Germany for her economic recovery, for the employment of her labor and for promotion of her industry, the Allies, and France particularly, are in agreement and even satisfied.
>
> As long as the matter remains within these limits—which is to say, as long as the commissioner of reparations and its representative at Berlin make no objections—American subscribers may be reassured. From the moment that these loan operations no longer constitute an aid to production but fall into the category of nonproductive loans, the said operations become doubtful and dangerous; for in case of default on reparations, and in case of bad faith on the part of Germany, the Allies are entitled to invoke their privileges under Article 248 of the Treaty of Versailles, which gives them a lien on Germany which may be characterized as a first mortgage.

The German public authorities have heeded these admonitions by establishing what is called a *Beratungsstelle*. Liberally translated, this means advisory council. It consists of a committee, including representatives of the Minister of Finance, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Minister of Economic Affairs, the Reichsbank, the presidents of the Prussian and Bavarian state banks, and a representative of the state immediately concerned. Its functions are to supervise the application of permission to negotiate foreign loans. If a loan decision is adverse the question may be reopened at a meeting at which the Ministers of Finance and Economic Affairs and the president of the Reichsbank are present in person.

An Academic Question

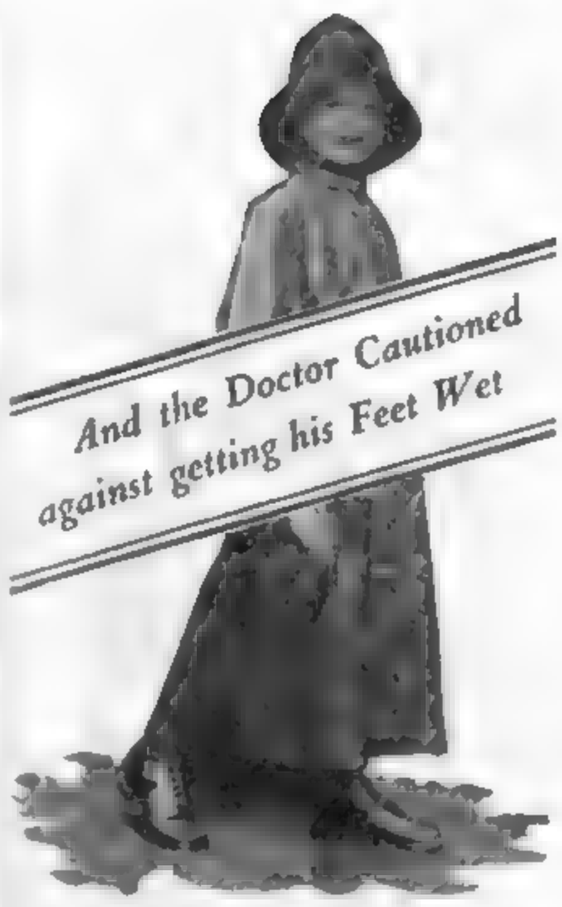
In consequence, the lid is being clamped down on heedless public borrowing. The German Finance Minister outlined future conduct in a speech in May when he said:

> A policy of rational expenditure on the part of public bodies, with the strictest observance of the principles of economy and profitableness, is an essential element in the administrative reform for which the whole of German public opinion urgently calls. This policy is also indispensable for making it clear beyond the frontiers of Germany that we are conscious of the gravity of the tax imposed by obligations inherited from the war and by the desire to maintain German credit.

I have dwelt upon German loans for two reasons. One is our immense present and future stake in them; the other, that they are already bound up in German propaganda for reparation fixation. The Germans assume that American investors will clamor before long for a reduction in indemnity so that their investments may not be endangered.

The big question arises—are new loans to Germany now necessary? This has been a subject of considerable academic controversy for the last two years. The movement to fix the ultimate Teutonic obligation has brought it to a head.

Germany would not be a continual borrower if she had an export surplus available. It so happens that with an adverse trade balance that averages 250,000,000 marks a month, due to immense imports of foodstuffs and raw materials, she requires her surplus, financial and otherwise, for the home economy. Thus she must keep on borrowing. Wisdom on the part of the lender, however, dictates that the proceeds should be kept within the straight and narrow constructive path.



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ÆTNA-IZE

SEE THE ÆTNA-IZER IN YOUR COMMUNITY—HE IS A MAN WORTH KNOWING

The crux of the German situation was interpreted for me by one of the greatest of international bankers. He said:

It is folly to assume that Germany can exist without foreign loans. But these loans, as the French have ordained, must be solely for productive purposes. Germany requires her export surplus at home. Her position is precisely like that of the United States before the World War, and Germany is meeting it in the same way that the United States met it. She produces an economic surplus, but it is absorbed in Germany. She owes money abroad and settles her interest and sinking-fund charges on the debt by incurring fresh debts. She has become a debtor country.

One further detail will round out this section about German loans and their all-important relation to us. It is the matter of priority of lien. Under the Versailles Treaty, reparations have first claim, which puts service on loans second. Much useless anxiety has been cooked up on this score. Though reparations technically precede all other obligations, the Germans would not impair their credit standing by any default on private loans. Moreover, they have fulfilled all payments with the precision of clockwork. They will be all the more scrupulous henceforth, since faithful performance will be a moral factor in favor of reparations fixation.

Where No Problem Exists

The fact to emphasize is that, contrary to all prophecies of inability to pay reparations, Germany is consolidating her strength in this and other directions with each passing year. An appraisal of her resources, which is of vital interest to reparation fixation and ultimate commercialization, will show how she is getting richer all the time. The formation of new capital within the republic is larger than the accumulation of foreign debts.

In 1927 domestic capital issues totaled 4,260,000,000 marks, while during the first four months of this year they reached 1,678,000,000 marks. If this average is maintained throughout the year, the 1927 record will be exceeded by a big sum. The infallible measure of a nation's financial integrity lies in its reservoir of savings. You find that savings deposits in Germany increased during the first quarter of 1928 at the rate of 274,000,000 marks a month. The amount of savings deposits accumulated since inflation is 5,487,000,000 marks. Another index is life insurance. The amount of insurance placed by fifty-seven life companies by the end of February, 1928, was 9,495,000,000 marks. Furthermore, Germany's revenues for the fiscal year ending March thirty-first exceeded the agent-general's estimate by 200,000,000 marks. It showed that the Reich during the past year produced in excess of its proposed income a sum nearly equal to half the amount charged to the budget for reparations purposes.

Thus nobody can question the ability of Germany to raise the wind for the maximum annuity of $625,000,000. The only obstacle, and this is purely technical, lies in the matter of transferring this huge sum to the creditor countries. What has been called the bugaboo of transfers rises up periodically to give amateur economists the opportunity to air their views.

The truth of the matter is that no transfer problem actually exists. There would be some degree of complication, perhaps, if all the reparations annuities had to be paid in cash. Such, however, is not the case. During each of the four years since Dawes payments began not less than half the sum has been paid in kind—that is, through commodities or services needed by the creditor countries.

Reparations in kind are effected through contracts between German firms and those in former enemy countries. The amounts and character are passed upon by the Reparations Commission in collaboration with the Transfer Committee in Berlin. The goods move like any ordinary export shipment, the German producer receiving his cash on delivery.

France, by reason of the extent of her large share in reparations, is more interested in deliveries in kind than any other country. The principal French contracts are for coal, coke and lignite. France has also received each year horses, cattle, sheep, sugar, wood pulp and paper material, ships, river craft, fertilizers, chemicals, timber and raw cinematograph films. Italy takes coal, dyestuffs, pharmaceutical products, textiles, machinery and coal by-products. Reparation deliveries provide Belgium with coal, fertilizer, chemicals, iron, steel, pulp and shipping. Among other things, Serbia has taken a floating dock and factory machinery.

During the new annuity year, which began on September first, transfers will be even more stabilized by the growing inclusion of large public-works contracts with France. Being large in volume, they tend to reduce cash transfers and at the same time further minimize the already dwindling German unemployment. Reparations are now helping to construct three dams and three power stations on the River Verdon in the Basses-Alpes, extend the dredging in the harbor of Havre and in the Seine, construct stone quays in the harbor of Bordeaux, and erect new quays and basins in the port of Cherbourg.

While reparations in kind smooth the transfer way, they also run afoul of legitimate world trade. This is where the shoe pinches. During the fourth annuity year, for example, deliveries in kind totaled the equivalent of $151,000,000. This represents commerce that would have figured in the natural ebb and flow of world trade, ours included. It follows that French production is somewhat disgruntled over this new form of dumping. Not long ago the French Government signed a contract for electrical-transmission cables on reparation account. It raised such a storm of protest that the authorities were forced to let a similar contract to a domestic company.

With these dull but necessary explanations out of our system, we can now tackle the ultimate question: How can the showdown on reparations be brought about? It is one thing to suggest the necessity for it, but it will be another and far more difficult matter to put it over.

Default on annuity payments by Germany could, of course, provoke a crisis, but the Germans obviously will not jeopardize their credit by any such suicidal step. Who then will take the initiative?

As in most other postwar international financial transactions, there is the usual disposition to pass the buck to the United States. Every outstanding political and financial leader in England, France and Germany with whom I discussed the matter immediately said, "America must take the lead. She is the ultimate creditor." Uncle Sam, unless he loses his reason, is not likely to assume the sponsorship. This responsibility rests with Europe.

Unofficial Representatives

A canvass of the framers of the Dawes Plan discloses the feeling that the logical person to initiate discussion is the agent-general, since he is the keeper of reparations. The matter of revision can easily be made the occasion for a special report in the normal course of events. A conference of all the powers involved would follow. The nucleus for such a gathering exists in the Reparations Commission, whose headquarters are in Paris.

We have no real official status on the commission. There is, however, a so-called American-citizen member, Franklin W. M. Cutcheon, of New York. He is entitled to a vote, but only on matters bearing directly on the Dawes Plan. We also have an unofficial observer in Edwin C. Wilson, first secretary of the American Embassy in Paris.

We can safely assume that the first gesture will eventually be made. Once the ball is started, chief consideration will center on the sum to be fixed. As I have already pointed out, it is likely to lie between

(Continued on Page 120)

International Truck Triumphs Over Sahara's Wastes

"Baron Blixen drags his weary steps toward the drums. What an eternity it takes—"

Thrilling story of first four-wheel truck to conquer 3,000 miles of world's greatest desert, by

SIR CHARLES MARKHAM

British soldier, explorer and big-game hunter

IF I WERE asked to state why Baron Frederik von Blixen-Finecke and I crossed the Sahara by truck, I could only answer that in doing so we attempted and accomplished something which everyone claimed was impossible. We both felt that, having gone so far as buying an International Special Delivery for the trip, we would ignore advice and go on.

On March 26th we started our adventure from Kano, in Nigeria. Out of Zinder, appalling heat enveloped us, our thermometer registering 125° in the shade. Progress from Niamey on was slow, barely averaging ten miles per hour.

* * *

The desolation at Tabankort, an abandoned military post, would drive most white men crazy in a month. The heat is beyond description. The water is almost as salt as the sea, so we decided not to fill our two 10-gallon drums as we should pass another well called Asselagh, farther on. The going became steadily worse. At dusk we came to the conclusion we had missed the well. We were faced with the alternative of going on or of turning back.

Either way courted death and a terrible one, but we decided to go on. At 2:30 A. M. we were compelled to stop, overcome by exhaustion. A small glass of water and dry biscuits for us, but not a sound of complaint from our wonderful truck. The going became worse, involving corrugated iron sheets under the wheels, which otherwise would have sunk to the hubs in sand. Four feet forward—stop. Scratch sand, replace sheets, again forward four feet. There was less than a gallon and a half of water left. Our International was boiling constantly but kept faithfully on and every drop of water poured into the radiator was like parting with our life's blood. Finally, a speck on the horizon! Our hopes rise, "What is it," we cry, "can it be water?" Hardly can we curb our impatience. We reach the steel drum. Empty! Our hopes are dashed and both secretly think we have come to the end of our last journey.

The next day, we ran into a deep valley of sand. The truck sank in to the axle. Only a quart of water left—for the engine, or ourselves? We compromised with a mouthful apiece and the car drank the rest. Progress was terribly slow, the truck shuddering under the terrific strain from the resistance of the sand, but coming through with flying colors. We climb a small escarpment, and see, barely a mile away, five drums standing in solitary state. Are they empty, or filled with water—or petrol? Baron Blixen drags his weary steps toward the drums. What an eternity it takes to cover that mile; but eventually he reaches them.

It is water! With feverish haste we drink the precious liquid which means life.

* * *

Next morning we were off into the Tanezruft Desert, where it has never been known to rain, and reached Reggan two days later. On April 12th we reached Algiers, having covered 4,535 kilometers (2,818 miles) in sixteen days. From Kano to Algiers we consumed 156 gallons of petrol (187 U. S. gals.).

We were not only glad to have accomplished the journey, but to have done it in a regular stock model International Truck, without special equipment or preparation, other than extra fuel, tires, and water; and no spare parts of any description were carried—or needed!

NOTE: These are short excerpts from this adventurous journey across Sahara. International Harvester will be pleased to send you, with its compliments, the complete story of Sir Charles, in booklet form, profusely illustrated. Use coupon below.

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Artlarms are made in a variety of styles and sizes with many exclusive features. Pictured above is the Abbey. Its graceful Gothic case, mahogany-finished, is worthy in every way of your finest furniture. It has a silver dial, genuine Krack-proof Krystal and a bell that is inconspicuous but effective.

The three Artlarms shown below have octagonal metal cases finished with lustrous, lasting Duco. They come in colors to match the scheme of your bathroom, bedroom, kitchen or breakfast nook. And they, too, are fitted with Krack-proof Krystals, rust-proof back bells and unusually reliable 40-hour movements. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

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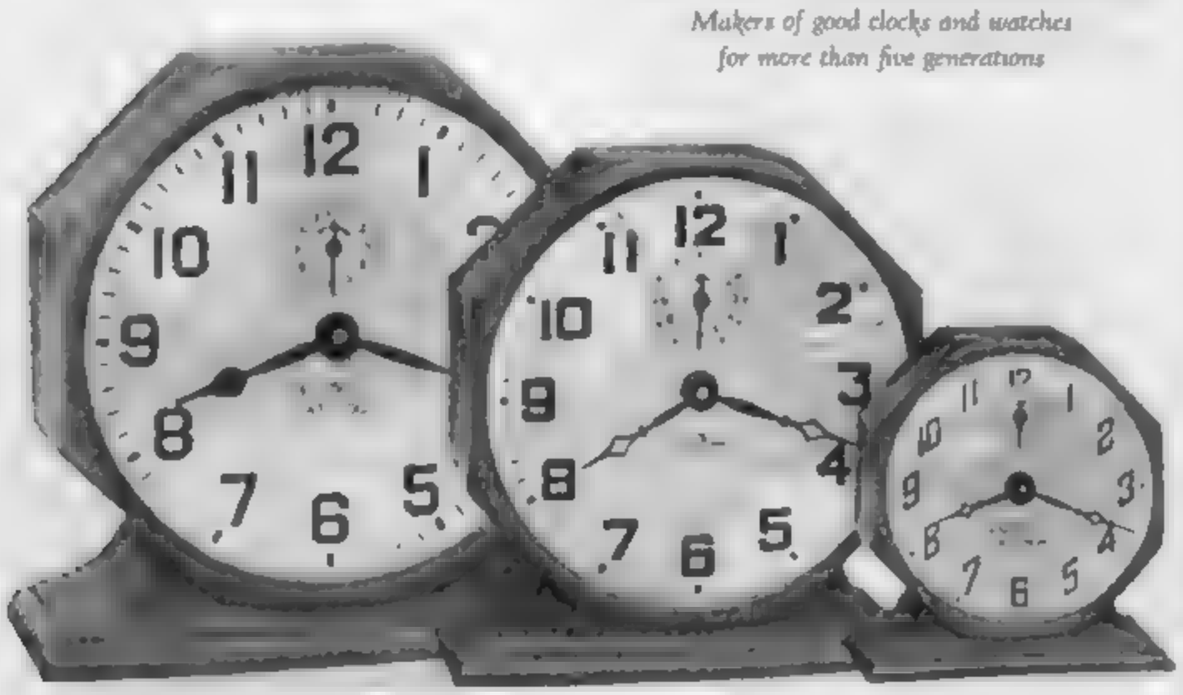

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Tattoo Artlarm 4½" dial. In green Duco only.

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Tick Tock Artlarm 3½" dial. Red, blue, green and yellow Duco.

$3.00

Tattoo Junior Artlarm 2¼ dial. Red, blue, green and yellow Duco.

(Continued from Page 118)

$6,000,000,000 and $12,000,000,000, with $8,000,000,000 as the possible compromise.

Although Germany is dead set on knowing what her ultimate obligation is to be, she wants certainty of indemnity sum reenforced by what she regards as the second stage of her new emancipation. This is evacuation of the Rhineland. The mere process of time will remove Allied troops because they are required to withdraw under the Versailles Treaty in 1935. The Reich, however, demands that what they call the iron curtain be lifted earlier.

It is no secret that France is willing to consider more or less immediate withdrawal of her troops, but at a price. This price can only be an enhanced reparation sum. Thus fixation is booked for argument.

The next step in sequence is the much-discussed commercialization. Obviously a fixed reparation sum is of no value unless it takes its place in the international fiscal fabric. Whatever final amount is agreed upon will be made the principal of a monster security issue to replace the Dawes Plan. The German debt to the Allies would be covered by the issuance of German bonds at 5 per cent, with 1 per cent for amortization, secured by the German railways, industries and direct I O U's of the Reich to be cared for by the budget and taxation. Part of the proposed plan is to have the Allies guarantee these bonds, and thus they would become in effect a sort of international currency to supplement the gold used in international transactions.

That France, whose vote will be decisive, is not unfriendly to commercialization was indicated by Poincaré in a speech made at Carcassonne last April. He said:

> It is possible that soon in connection with the forthcoming annuity payment under the Dawes Plan there will arise an occasion to examine the question of when the railroad and industrial bonds provided under that plan should be placed on the market. This financial problem will probably provoke discussion of others of the same order, and it will be desirable then that we should all approach them with the intention of avoiding to the best of our ability all subjects of dissent.
>
> It would be premature to indulge on this point in forecasts which events might render false. All that can be said is that under reserve of our security and our right to reparations we shall willingly accept, when the time comes, arrangements which, by placing these bonds, will enable our former Allies, Germany and ourselves to get rid of our debts more rapidly.

From these remarks you can see that Poincaré's desire is to link reparations with the debts to the end that France will get a new deal.

The Inevitable Tangle

The big job will be to market a flotation of $8,000,000,000 worth of securities. This would require a comprehensive scheme of disposal, covering a period of years, because they could not be absorbed at once. A central agency would have to be established to handle receipts, just as the agent general's office in Berlin collects and disburses reparation annuities.

All this looks very well on paper, but there is one difficulty: Who is to buy these bonds? Europe expects us to take at least half of them. Our liquid capital, however, is already geared to other channels. Besides, there is the $10,000,000,000 war debt, which is a full-size job of collection. The alternative lies mainly with Germany's creditors who apparently are disposed to accept securities in lieu of an endless vista of reparation annuities. Holland, Switzerland and Scandinavia may also be counted on to take a big block.

What concerns us first and last is the disposition of the proceeds of commercialization. It furnishes the one and only link between the Allied debts to us and reparations settlement. Once the bonds are sold, it is not in the order of things that the United States will permit the piling up of a vast sum in the coffers of her debtors. It means that, exerting the authority which would be ours as a creditor power, we could invoke advanced debt payments. This is the crux of the whole business and constitutes our sole interest in the transaction.

Here the inevitable debt tangle imposes itself. The French debt settlement to us remains unratified. Its uncertainty is aggravated by the fact that on August 1, 1929, the so-called French commercial debt to us matures. It is a $406,000,000 obligation for American war stores purchased in 1919. Since that time France has paid us $20,000,000 a year interest.

France has so far indicated no arrangement to meet this maturity, although she is easily capable of paying it. She has the second largest gold reserve in the world—it is well over the billion-dollar mark—and foreign exchange and available funds abroad aggregating seven times this amount. In the face of these resources, her present intention is to try to fund this debt, which would postpone payment.

The Spirit of Conciliation

Washington, however, will agree to funding only as a part of a complete settlement of the political obligation. In other words, to escape paying the commercial debt due next year, France will be obliged to ratify the war debt.

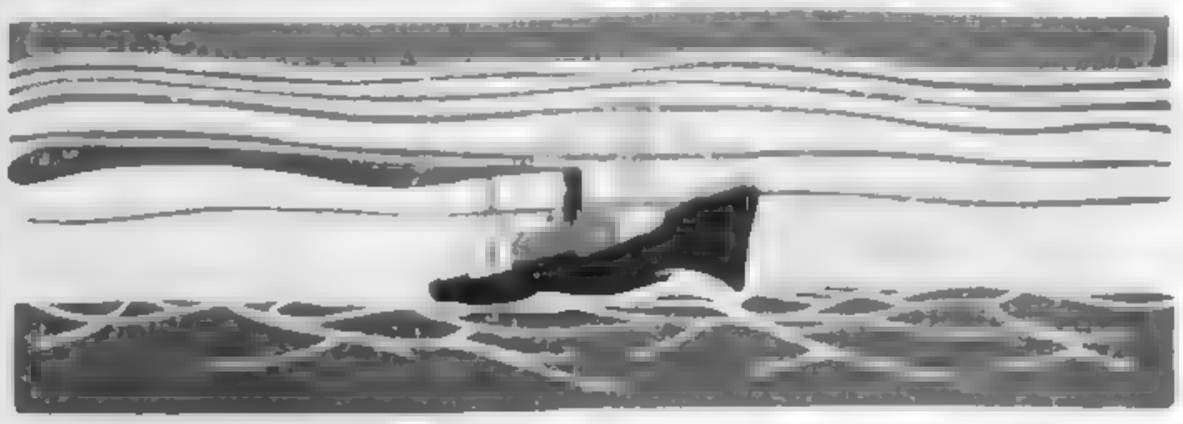
It is only fair to say that French inclination is for reconciling the debt difference. Poincaré has paid the interest on the war debt for two years without waiting for ratification. He has put over stabilization of the franc, the final fiscal hurdle to be cleared. His Carcassonne speech indicates an open mind on reparations. If he remains in power the last Allied indebtedness of importance will probably be cleared up. In this eventuality the way will be open for us to cash in on indemnity commercialization, once it is achieved.

Such is the new line-up in debts and reparations. It lays a fresh jig-saw puzzle on the international conference table. The best that one can do is to indicate the various pieces. Time and reason alone can fit them together.

What was stated at the beginning of this article may now be repeated at the end. Regardless of result, the various interests are assured a dispassionate review. An expanding Germany, a brighter Britain, a stabilized France and a consolidated Italy guarantee equitable settlement.

Europe, ten years after the Armistice, is sane and solvent. Economic chauvinism is replaced by economic coördination. Balance of power is aligned for productive purposes. Eager acceptance of the Kellogg antiwar pact reflects the growing spirit of conciliation. The show-down on reparations may therefore mark the last stage in the journey of Europe toward the political peace and financial security which have so long remained elusive.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Europe. The next will be devoted to England.



THE BIG ENDURANCE TEST

(Continued from Page 9)

TELEGRAM

MARBLEBURY VERMONT
SEPTEMBER 13 1922

TO FARMERS FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY ILLINOIS

MARATHON RUNNING FINE BUT NO WORD FROM YOU ABOUT BATHING GIRLS PLEASE WIRE ME AT ONCE ALEXANDER BOTTS

NIGHT LETTER

EARTHWORM CITY ILLINOIS
SEPTEMBER 13 1922

TO ALEXANDER BOTTS
MARBLEBURY VERMONT

YOUR REPORT AND WIRE RECEIVED WE DO NOT AUTHORIZE ANY EXPENSES FOR BATHING BEAUTY CONTEST OR BRASS BAND FURTHERMORE WE EMPHATICALLY DISAPPROVE SUCH METHODS OF PUBLICITY THIS COMPANY IS IN FARM MACHINERY NOT BURLESQUE SHOW BUSINESS OUR EXHIBIT MUST BE ATTRACTIVE AND INTERESTING BUT ALSO CONSERVATIVE AND DIGNIFIED

FARMERS FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
GILBERT HENDERSON
SALES MANAGER

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: Thursday, September 14, 1922
Written from: Marblebury, Vermont.
Written by: Alexander Botts.

Your night letter arrived this morning, and I will have to admit that I am deeply disappointed. I am a loyal employe and I do not intend to criticize my superiors, but it is my painful duty to report that the refusal of the company to permit me to carry out my publicity plans will make all my work in connection with this Marblebury Fair go for absolutely nothing.

The bathing-beauty contest has not only got away from me, but it has gone over to the camp of the enemy. When I announced that it was all off, the girls who had expected to enter got very sore. They held an indignation meeting under the leadership of the young lady who runs the soda fountain in Hopkins' Drug Store. For some unknown reason they made a protest to Mr. George Crossman, and this slimy snake in the grass at once told them that he would put on the contest himself.

As might have been expected, he is going to do it in a very stingy, cheap sort of way, offering a miserable little first prize of only fifty dollars, and no other prizes at all. The girls were much disappointed about this and said they could not afford to waste three whole days for such a wretchedly inadequate prize. It was finally agreed, however, that they would appear on Saturday afternoon only, and eighteen of them promised to enter. Thus you see that this big bum, George Crossman, has not only stolen my splendid idea but he is going to carry it out in such a cheap and sordid manner that it will be a disgrace to the entire town. Instead of uplifting the moral tone of the community, it will merely provide coarse amusement for the lowest elements in the population. And, in addition, it will undoubtedly give a certain amount of low-grade but nevertheless effective publicity to the Steel Elephant Tractor. The situation is indeed pitiful.

This morning the fair opened. Right opposite the entrance is a tremendous tent with many flags flying, and with two large signs out in front. One sign says:

THE STEEL ELEPHANT TRACTOR IS THE BEST OF THEM ALL.

And the other says:

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, 4 P.M.,
FIRST ANNUAL
MARBLEBURY BATHING BEAUTY
CONTEST UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
THE STEEL ELEPHANT TRACTOR
COMPANY
ADMISSION FREE

Inside the tent are four different models of the Steel Elephant Tractor, all painted up like new manure spreaders and making a very brave display. There is a long table covered with literature, and there are no less than four attendants, who are spending their entire time pouring their insidious propaganda into the ears of the honest but credulous country folk who have come in from the hills to see the great fair.

To offset this Steel Elephant exhibition, what is the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company doing? In deep shame and humiliation, I am forced to reply that we are doing practically nothing. Our exhibition tractor with the tent and literature and all the supplies has not yet come. And the freight agent has just received word by telegram from Schenectady to the effect that the car containing our stuff has been derailed in a bad freight wreck near that point and that it will not be possible even to start it out of Schenectady until next week.

Consequently our entire exhibit at the fairgrounds consists of a large sign which I have had painted stating that the world's record-breaking endurance test is now going on at Mr. Eben Lockwood's farm just outside the town. I have similar placards all over Marblebury, but what good does it do? Mr. Lockwood's farm is not even on the main road. It is on a side road, about a mile from the fairgrounds, and practically nobody seems to take the trouble to go out there. If I only had the brass band and the bathing girls we could attract so many people that we would make the Steel Elephant efforts look completely sick. But when the company absolutely turns down all my recommendations, there is not much that I can do. In your telegram you say that our exhibit must be interesting and attractive, but conservative and dignified. I will do my best to carry out the wishes of my superiors. But how can you make anything interesting and attractive if you have to be dignified and conservative?

Yours in deep discouragement,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: Friday, September 15, 1922.
Written from: Marblebury, Vermont.
Written by: Alexander Botts.

Today I had a splendid idea. If I could not get the people out to the endurance test, I could bring the endurance test in to the people. There is a nice grass field just across the road from the main gate to the fairgrounds, and it occurred to me that I could have Mr. Lockwood come in and do the last day's plowing on this field. Mr. Lockwood, when I approached him on the subject, was surprisingly agreeable, and agreed to do this if I could make arrangements with the owner of the field. Unfortunately, however, it turned out that this field is owned by Mr. George Crossman, the president of the Marblebury Fair Association and local dealer for the Steel Elephant Tractor Company. When I approached Mr. Crossman on this subject he was very insulting indeed, and informed me that he would permit no Earthworm tractor exhibit on his land. In addition he gave me other unpleasant information.

"I hear," he said, "that you have been telling it around town that when you finish this foolish endurance test, as you call it, you are going to have a parade and bring your tractor in the main gate of the fairgrounds and drive it around the race track, and I don't know what all besides. Is that right"'

"Well," I said, "I will admit I had thought of doing something of the kind."

"You might just as well forget it," he said. "I am the president of the Fair Association and I won't permit it. Our rules are that all machinery must be brought in the rear gate of the fairgrounds, taken directly to the place of exhibition and kept there until the fair is over."

"But if I take it in the back gate," I said, "and run it right in to that miserable

Pickup or Stickup?

THE STRANGER who gestures so persuasively for a ride may be an innocent hitch-hiker. And again he may be a stickup man. You don't know. So you take no chances. The only person you pick up on a lonely road is a recognized friend

Follow this same rule in buying motor oil—buy only oil that is a known friend to your motor. Then—*and only then*—are you safe. For while an unknown oil may be good, it may also be very, very bad. You can't tell. Not until your motor goes wrong, or until it is hauled away to the repair shop, maybe to the junk-yard.

Take no chances!—buy your motor oil where you see the emblem shown below

THIS EMBLEM identifies Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oil, the oil that Nature herself endowed with special favors. For Nature made this one oil of different materials—gave it qualities found in no other oil

For instance, Pure Pennsylvania doesn't thin out, "break down" rapidly, under the sustained heat of a motor, as inferior oils do Pure Pennsylvania stands up! Under normal conditions it gives super-lubrication for at least 1000 miles—and many more miles with an oil filter

That's why oil experts call Pennsylvania crude "The highest grade oil in the world". That's why 2,100,000 motorists use a motor oil made from it exclusively

Because of its superior ability to resist heat, Pure Pennsylvania Oil effects a better piston seal, gives greater power, reduces dilution, lowers gasoline consumption. Advantages every motorist is seeking, especially in this day of high-speed, or high-compression motors

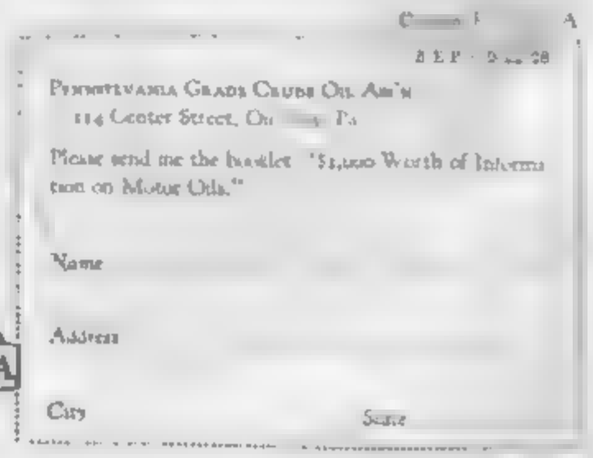
The emblem shown below appears on many different brands of oil. It is your proof that all of them are made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Crude Oil. No other kind, or grade of oil can use it

Try Pure Pennsylvania Oil! Go to the dealer near you who displays this emblem. Order any Pennsylvania brand you wish, but be sure to specify "Pennsylvania", too! Have your crankcase drained and filled with this oil Then listen to your motor—how sweetly it hums! Maintain the oil level of course. But you won't need to drain again for at least 1000 perfect miles!

2,100,000 wise motorists allow only Pure Pennsylvania Oil to enter their motors!

PENNSYLVANIA OIL

free . . a booklet on motor oil and lubrication every motorist should have.


SEP
PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASS'N
114 Center Street, Oil City, Pa.
Please send me the booklet "$1,000 Worth of Information on Motor Oils."
Name
Address
City State

Powder

"Cleans Teeth Best"...

Just ask your dentist

When you go to your dentist to have your teeth cleaned . . . what does he use?—POWDER!

If, like your dentist, you are interested in really clean teeth—and safety—use what your dentist uses . . . for he knows best.

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly, and leave them so gleaming white, as POWDER.

Powder—is the one thing that all forms of dentifrice must depend upon for cleaning.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice, a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

For over SIXTY YEARS, since 1866, dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used. It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that gives them perfect whiteness.

It cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel . . . as SIXTY YEARS of constant use has shown. Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can preserve teeth for life.

Once you use tooth powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. Tooth powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only more efficient, but it . . . costs less to use.

A 35c package lasts over three months.

In use over 60 years

Established 1866

little lot away over in the fence corner, hardly anybody at all will see it."

"Possibly so," said Mr. Crossman unpleasantly; "but that is your hard luck, not mine. And if you get to feeling too down-hearted you might cheer yourself up by coming around and seeing the great bathing-beauty contest on Saturday afternoon."

"Thank you, Mr. Crossman," I said as I moved away. "I do not care to degrade myself by being present at any such exhibition of sensuous carnality."

This parting bit of repartee cheered me up slightly—but not much. Things are indeed in a bad way. Here I am trying to carry out the company's orders and put on an interesting and attractive exhibition, but I get no coöperation from anybody. The fair authorities won't let me have a parade. They won't even let me come in the front gate or use the ground across the road. The railroad company has done me dirt. Instead of bringing our tractor and supplies to the fair at Marblebury, Vermont, they throw it into the ditch at Schenectady, New York. And my own company won't stand behind me. All they do is tell me that I have to be dignified and conservative. P. T. Barnum himself could not have put on a good show if he had been hampered like this.

The endurance run is going good. Mr. Lockwood is certainly doing his part fine. But there is nobody there to see it. If only the bathing girls hadn't got away from me it would have been entirely different. But as it is, I will probably have to report in tomorrow's letter that the whole business has been a dismal flop as far as publicity and sales are concerned.

Yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: Saturday, September 16, 1922.
Written from: Marblebury, Vermont,
Written by: Alexander Botts.

In spite of superhuman difficulties and endless discouragement, I am pleased to report that I have not lost my fighting spirit. And today I had another of my brilliant ideas. I was down at the main gate of the fairgrounds, watching the early arrivals driving in with their automobiles. There is so much automobile traffic during the fair that the town police force is unable to handle the traffic all by himself. Consequently various men appointed by the Fair Association act as special temporary traffic officers. These men wear no uniforms, but their official position is indicated by the fact that each one of them wears a celluloid badge bearing the words Marblebury County Fair and a ribbon attached thereto with the words Traffic Officer.

As I stood at the main gate I noticed that one of these beribboned special officers was directing the traffic which was coming in from the state road, and I was greatly interested to observe the docile way in which the average citizen obeys anyone who appears to have authority. All that was required was a simple wave of the hand and the automobile drivers obeyed as automatically and promptly as if the command had come from heaven itself. As I watched this ready obedience it suddenly occurred to me that if I had a badge and ribbon I could direct traffic with the same facility.

With me, to think is to act. I at once called Mr. Samuel Simpson.

"Sam," I said, "do you think you could get hold of one of those badges for me?"

"Sure," said Sam. "I saw a lot of them on the table in the main office of the Fair Association. I could sneak in there and swipe one without any trouble at all."

"Fine!" I said. "You certainly are a good man to have around. Get me one as soon as you can and meet me out on the main road right where the little side road turns off to Mr. Lockwood's place."

As Sam started for the main office I went to a hardware store in town and had them paint me a sign on a large piece of cardboard. I then hurried out to the crossroads and set up my sign: Road Closed. Detour to the Fairgrounds. A moment or two later good old Sam arrived with the badge and ribbon, which I immediately pinned on the lapel of my coat.

"Sam," I said, "you will now go over to Mr. Lockwood's farm and stop all cars that come along. Tell them that if they wait a little while they will see the thrilling finish of the great world's record tractor run."

"Right," said Sam, and hurried up the little side road.

By this time it was exactly two o'clock in the afternoon, and for the next two hours I made every car that came along detour so as to go past old Mr. Lockwood's farm. As this was the last and biggest day of the fair, and as this was the most important road leading into town, there were a tremendous number of cars. A few drivers tried to argue with me, but as I was completely hard-boiled and was backed up by my badge and by the big detour sign, they soon gave in and did as I told them.

At this point I may as well explain that my sign was perfectly true. The little side road, after passing Mr. Lockwood's place, curved around and came back to the main road very near the gate of the fairgrounds. It really was a detour leading to the fair. And it was also true that the main road was closed—I had closed it myself.

At four o'clock an old flivver automobile appeared from the direction of Mr. Lockwood's farm. When it reached the cross roads it stopped and Mr. Lockwood himself got out.

"What do you think of me as a traffic cop?" I asked.

"You sure are a wonder," said Mr. Lockwood, "and that man Sam is even better. We've got cars parked around our place as thick as flies on a dead horse. We're getting publicity at last."

"Fine!" I said. "You may be able to get into vaudeville or Congress yet. How is the tractor running?"

"My son is driving," said Mr. Lockwood, "and he's sailing along just as stylish and handsome as Dewey at Manila. We only have an hour more to go. Hadn't you better be coming over?"

"It's a good idea," I said. "But couldn't we drive around by way of the fairgrounds and check up on what old George Crossman is doing?"

"It's all right with me," said Mr. Lockwood. "Let's go."

I sent three more cars down the detour and then drove off with Mr. Lockwood, leaving the detour sign in place in the hope that it would continue to influence the traffic.

When Mr. Lockwood and I arrived at the fair we found that there was a dense crowd about the Steel Elephant Tractor Company's tent. After elbowing our way for some distance into this mass of humanity we got near enough to see that the bathing-beauty contest was in full swing. To my eyes it was a most melancholy sight. The girls themselves were really very easy to look at—especially the little queen of the soda fountain from Hopkins' Drug Store—and I will have to admit that the bathing suits were unusually modest, as bathing suits go. But I was nevertheless greatly distressed to see these beautiful and innocent young women exhibiting themselves for the sake of George Crossman's paltry fifty dollars.

The demoralizing influence of the whole performance was apparent in the behavior of the crowd. Instead of being uplifted and ennobled, as they would have been had I put on the show, they were pressing forward with so much vulgar eagerness that it took Mr. Lockwood and myself at least five minutes to fight and shove our way to the front row so that we could get a good look.

We viewed the nauseating spectacle for five minutes, and then we fought our way back through the crowd, climbed into the flivver and drove out to Mr. Lockwood's farm. Here we found an even greater crowd than at the fair. As Mr. Lockwood had said, I had been a great success as a traffic cop, and Sam had been even better. Furthermore, we had been aided by the fact that Mr. Crossman had advertised his show so poorly that very few out-of-town people had even heard of it. The pasture beside Mr. Lockwood's barn was completely filled with hundreds of parked cars, and the occupants were watching Mr. Lockwood's tractor as it moved slowly up and down the adjoining field nearing the end of its great record.

At once I climbed upon the roof of the cow shed and delivered one of the most eloquent and successful speeches of my entire career. In ringing tones I told these people that they were about to witness the end of a stupendous epoch-making performance—seven days and seven nights of the most grueling labor which any machine made by man had ever passed through. I pointed out that throughout all this terrific test the Earthworm had never faltered. If necessary it could go on indefinitely.

"Obviously," I said, "the Earthworm is the only tractor fit for the stalwart farmers of Vermont. Every one of you should own one of these wonder machines. They are sold on easy terms. And as soon as this record-breaking run is finished, Mr. Samuel Simpson will circulate among you and write up your orders."

[Note: I had decided to let Sam do this clerical work in order that my time might be free for the more inspirational work of speech making.]

At five minutes before five I finished my address amid thunderous applause, and at exactly five o'clock by the farm agent's watch Mr. Lockwood's son drove his tractor up to the barn and shut off the motor. I was the first one to grasp him by the hand. Then the large crowd—which I had so successfully diverted from the main highway and from Mr. Crossman's shameless saturnalia—gathered around him, slapped him on the back and cheered and congratulated him in a manner that was splendid to see.

I was somewhat surprised to find that the crowd also insisted on congratulating me in the most friendly way. For some reason they seemed particularly interested in the fact that I was wearing an official badge of the fair. At least a dozen different men came up to me, looked at my badge and said that it was most appropriate, and that it fitted in with my speech making very well indeed.

I thanked them all most politely and circulated about, talking and chatting with first one group and then another. And I am pleased to report that wherever I went I was greeted with good-natured smiles from one and all. After half an hour or so the crowd melted away and I was able to check up with Samuel Simpson on what he had been doing.

Sam had done well. He had moved through the crowd accompanied by Mr. Lockwood, who had pointed out to him the substantial farmers who would be most apt to buy tractors. He had talked with these people in his quiet way, and with Mr. Lockwood backing him up in everything he said regarding the success of the Earthworm tractor, he had been able to secure orders for no less than two ten-tons and six five-tons. Later in the evening I learned that the Steel Elephant people, in spite of all their fancy exhibiting, had been able to sell only two machines during the whole fair. So you will have to admit that Sam and I have done rather well—especially when you consider that we had no assistance from any brass band or bathing girls.

Yours proudly,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

P. S. I have just been looking over that badge and ribbon which I wore this afternoon. Apparently Sam was in such a hurry that he stole it from the stock-judging pavilion instead of the main office. So I have a good joke on the people who congratulated me and told me that it was so appropriate. Probably they never noticed that the blue ribbon fastened to the badge bore the words First Prize Bull.

The Newest Hosiery Shades Are Darker

to accord with new costume colors, says the Realsilk Fashion Committee

THE new costume colors . . . launched by Paris, accepted by the fashionable few who make the mode . . .

Browns and beige, in every hue . . . Wines . . . purples . . . navy, with a new sparkle . . . For evening, the important "off-shades" . . . Paris' bonbon and fondant colors, with green foremost.

And with this vogue for richer shades, a new note in hosiery—that of definitely darker colors. Dead leaf beiges, grayed browns, deep nudes—these point the newer way, says the Realsilk Fashion Committee.

Among the warm beiges, *Rose Morn* and *Honey Beige* are favorites. *Spanish Brown*, a vibrant shade with a golden cast, will be much worn with black and brown.

Tea-time is the new gray-beige; *Boulevard*, the new gray-brown.

The softly neutral *Pearl Blush*, typical of the pastels and flesh tones, is smart with formal day and evening costumes.

Twenty-one shades in all—approved and worn by the best dressed women in the world!

Without delay, with no in-between steps, our Representative brings them to your home—stockings of sheer loveliness and amazing durability.

In gossamer full-fashioned chiffons, as well as in the service weights, strong, elastic *fresh* silk—seldom more than 24 days from the Orient—insures long wear, smooth fit at ankle and knee, and shimmering beauty after many washings.

In certain styles for extra service the Dura-foot, exclusive with Realsilk, gives still additional durability.

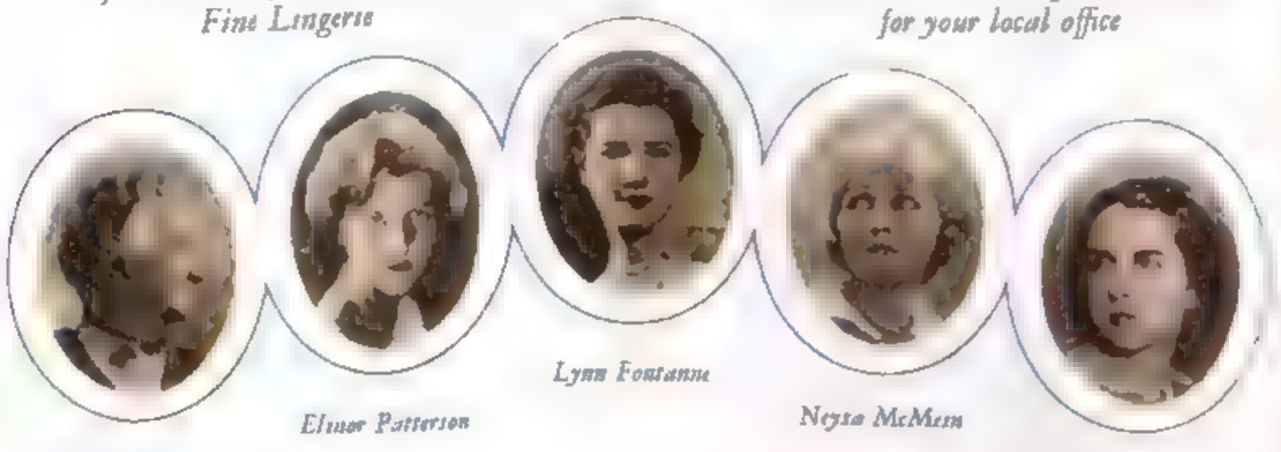
You may see them now

The newest color selections of the Realsilk Fashion Committee are now being shown by our Representatives in your community.

If you are not being called upon regularly, we shall feel privileged to arrange for you a special showing—without obligation, of course, on your part. Simply telephone the Realsilk office in your town and ask to have one of our Representatives call at your home. The Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana, U. S. A.

World's largest manufacturers of Silk Hosiery and makers of Fine Lingerie

250 branch offices in the United States and Canada. Consult 'phone directory for your local office



Lady Egerton — *Elinor Patterson* — *Lynn Fontanne* — *Neysa McMein* — *Katherine Harford*

THE REALSILK FASHION COMMITTEE

LADY EGERTON, *famous Paris designer, who is head of the house of Paul Caret*

ELINOR PATTERSON, *a favorite in society—famed for her roles in "The Miracle," and "Behold This Dreamer"*

LYNN FONTANNE, *star of "Strange Interlude," "The Guardsman" and other Theatre Guild productions—"the best dressed woman on the American stage"*

NEYSA MCMEIN, *famous artist and authority on color harmony*

KATHERINE HARFORD, *formerly of Harper's Bazar and noted American style authority*

THE NEW
REALSILK
HOSIERY

Tea-time—*gray and beige softly blended, worn with blue, gray, the wines, green, black*

Rose Morn—*a deep nude, which women are choosing for both day and evening*

Honey Beige—*definitely golden in tone, exquisite with all shades of beige, brown, black*

Boulevard—*the new brown with a hint of gray, a favorite for wear with Winter's furs*

Spanish Brown—*a lovely golden bronze, for browns, wines, and rich black combined with brown*

Pearl Blush—*a new "off-shade," the perfect flesh tone for evening and very formal day wear*

These Commuting Days To Europe!

made possible of course by the Cunard Travel Club...

You can't blame a great big steamship company for wanting to make bigger and better travellers out of everyone . . . can you?

Anyway it has spurred Cunard on to that great modern discovery . . . the instalment plan way to Europe.

We of today have learned the magic of weekly payments . . . on our radios . . . our cars . . . our iceboxes . . . so why not on our dearly coveted trips to Europe?

Small amounts actually grow into marvelous trips abroad before you know it! . . . and the Cunard Travel Club, which brings all this about, also shows you one or two dozen delightful ways of where and how to go . . . and how much it all costs.

Travel Plan No. 302 . . . just at random "for instance" . . . will take you to London, Brussels, Paris and back—27 days . . . for $300.

Or you can go to Zanzibar and back if you prefer . . .

Yours to choose! . . . and the Cunard Travel Club will do everything but pack your steamer trunk.

Independent travel or conducted tours, mind you . . . no one even knows you were clever enough to get abroad by small regular savings . . . you're just as much a traveller as the occupant of the Royal Suite.

P. S. You may pay "cash" if you prefer!

Ask for booklet "The Cunard Budget Plan" at any authorized steamship agency, or write:—

CUNARD TRAVEL CLUB

Suite 430
25 Broadway
New York City

SOULFUL SOUTHWORTH

(Continued from Page 11)

screamed. Mrs. Brown rescued the goldfish somewhat the worse for wear. Bojo's next exhibition was to demonstrate he could make cigarette smoke come out of his nose, ears and eyes. A lull followed Mrs. Brown's tart comment that she did not allow cigarettes in her house.

The party stormed upstairs and Mrs. Brown, listening, heard Bojo say: "Gladys, I'll bet you're afraid to kiss Pie-face." Gladys' pert, boyish voice: "No, I'm not, either." Bojo saying "I'll catch him and holt him for you."

Followed immediately a breakneck rush down the stairs, Southworth in the lead, then Bojo, and then Gladys, with the rest of the party pell-mell in the rear. Before Mrs. Brown could reach her son, Bojo had caught him, held him and Gladys Merriam had kissed him. It was an athletic and messy kiss, devoid of sentiment. Southworth, sputtering, rushed for the kitchen. When his mother overtook him he was washing off the kiss with a dish towel over the kitchen sink.

"Dog-gone that girl—dog-gone her," said Southworth. "I'm gonna fill my mouth with peanut butter and kiss her back."

But Mrs. Brown stopped that. She advanced refreshment time half an hour and by this device staved off what further horrors she knew not. When Bojo Snyder and the other children had at last departed she said to her son:

"Southworth, this Bojo Snyder is not the sort of boy I want you to associate with. You must not play with him any more."

Southworth, a trifle subdued by a stomach overfull of ice cream and cake, looked sadly out a window. The quality of his expression came perhaps from a touch of biliousness, but his mother thought, "He still has his ethereal look, thank heaven."

"I can't stop playing with Bojo, mom," said the boy. "I gotta play with him. I gotta be nice to him."

"Why?"

"Well, I just gotta. That's all. Didn't I tell you I just gotta?"

"But why, Southworth?"

"I just gotta do it, that's why. There's reasons I can't explain to you, but I just gotta."

Mrs. Brown pleaded with Southworth, to no avail. He implied that some combination of circumstances quite beyond her understanding bound him to Bojo Snyder. It had something to do with affairs in this strange male world Southworth had entered, leaving her behind.

She grieved over this to James S. Brown that night. "Southworth is drifting away from me, James," she sobbed. "I'm afraid he is losing his ideals. He is out doing things he won't tell me about."

"Bosh," said Southworth's father. "He's no different from any other kid. He can't be a mamma's boy all his life, Madge. He has to live his own life quite apart from yours."

It did seem as if Southworth was losing his ideals. His report card for April revealed a startling drop in all subjects. He got D—Poor—in Deportment and C—Fair—in Effort and his grades, instead of A's and B's, were down to C's and D's. Mrs. Brown went right over to the school to talk to his teacher, Miss Maginnis. The only explanation his teacher gave was: "Southworth has seemed more interested in baseball than anything else this month."

Then Mrs. Brown began missing money from her purse, which she kept in a bureau drawer. To suspect Southworth did not at first occur to her. She decided to watch Josephine, the maid. At first the purse was shy dimes and quarters. One day Mrs. Brown discovered a dollar had been taken. She caught herself noticing Southworth's appetite that evening at dinner. She was tremendously relieved to see that Southworth ate with his usual heartiness. She reviled herself for disloyalty to her son. But money kept on disappearing and Mrs. Brown failed to gather any evidence with which to confront Josephine.

Next choir practice evening the choirmaster telephoned to say that Southworth was absent and he hoped the dear lad was not sick.

Mrs. Brown said: "He has a bad cold, but nothing serious."

She was thankful Southworth's father had gone to lodge. Seating herself at the telephone she called the mothers of all the boys with whom Southworth was on visiting terms. She found no trace of her son. Frantic, she debated notifying the police, but some feminine intuition made her wait until nine o'clock, the hour at which Southworth normally returned from choir practice.

He came in on the dot. She was waiting for him in the hall.

"Did you have a good practice?" she inquired.

Would her son lie to her?

"Uh-huh," said Southworth, avoiding her eyes. He picked up his catcher's mitt and began thumping at the pocket.

Mrs. Brown sank down on the living-room divan and began to cry. Southworth wandered into the dining room, eying his mother furtively. After a few minutes he came into the living room.

"Mom? What's the matter, mom?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Well, what are you crying for then? What are you crying about, mom?"

"Nothing at all, Southworth."

He practiced a few pegs to second. He told an imaginary pitcher to "burn one down the old groove." But his heart was not in it.

Suddenly he turned and walked over to his mother.

"Mom?"

"Yes, Southworth."

"Well, I might as well own up, mom; I didn't go to choir practice this eve."

"Where did you go? Where did you go? I've been so worried about you."

"Aw, I was over at Bojo Snyder's house."

"Why didn't you tell mother you were going over there?"

Defiantly: "Well, you wouldn't let me go if I did tell you. You wouldn't let me go. And I don't care. I spose you'll tell dad and I'll get a licking, but I don't care."

Mrs. Brown dried her eyes.

"I should tell your father, Southworth. This is the first time you have ever deceived me. If you had come to mother and asked her ——"

"You'd have said I couldn't go. You know you would, mom. Sure you would. That's why I didn't. There was reasons why I just had to go over to Bojo's house tonight. There was reasons, that's all."

"What reasons?"

"Aw, rats, mom, rats. Don't you believe me? There was reasons I had to go. Don't you believe me, mom?"

She did not tell Southworth's father this time. But two days later she caught Southworth red-handed taking money from her purse in the bedroom.

"Southworth, how could you? How could you? Don't you know that is stealing?"

"Well, I just had to have some money, that's all. I just had to have it."

"You have taken money out of mother's purse before, haven't you?"

"Yes, but I just had to have it. You know yourself you wouldn't give it to me. You won't give me any more than my measly little allowance of fifty cents a week."

"Why did you just have to have this money, Southworth?"

Cornered, Southworth made the gesture of one who must tell the truth when he knows the truth will not be believed.

"I had to give it to Bojo Snyder, that's why."

"Give it to Bojo Snyder? Why? Why did you have to give it to that awful boy?"

"I owed it to him."

"For what?"

"Well, I just owed it to him. That's all. Gee whillikers, mom, I guess I can owe money to somebody, can't I?"

"Yes, but for what? You don't owe money for no reason."

Southworth decided to abandon his effort to obtain understanding and belief from the adult world.

"Aw, I just owed it to him, that's all."

"I shall have a talk with Bojo Snyder."

Mrs. Brown was astonished by Southworth's response to this. He burst into tears and begged, "Oh, don't, mom. Don't—don't say anything to Bojo about this. It would ruin us, I tell you. It would ruin us. Beat me, mom. Murder me. I don't care what you do to me, but don't say anything to Bojo."

"Don't be absurd, Southworth," his mother said. "Nobody is going to beat you or murder you. But I am going to get to the bottom of this affair."

That night she mourned in silence, saying to herself: "My son a liar and a thief. My son a liar and a thief. Oh, Southworth—Southworth."

Mrs. Brown set out in the family car next afternoon to find the Snyder boy's mother. All Southworth's playmates on the block could tell her was that Bojo lived "below the Hill." The district termed "below the Hill" was the plebeian section of Sunset Heights. She discovered, however, by questioning two policemen, an ice-wagon driver and three urchins, that Bojo Snyder was well known below the Hill and one of her informants knew where his mother lived.

In a drab flat above a grocery store, Mrs. Brown introduced herself to a bony, brown little woman who said she was Mrs. Snyder.

"You are Bojo's mother?" she asked.

"I am Alfred's mother, yes," the woman answered with some asperity. "The boys call Alfred Bojo. I don't like it, but that's the way boys are."

Mrs. Brown noticed, on a hatrack in the meanly furnished front room, a familiar slicker. It was Southworth's slicker and had been given up for lost weeks back. Mrs. Snyder had got up from her sewing machine to answer the door. Confronted by this scene of scraggy, dirty poverty, Mrs. Brown found herself unable to launch the subject of her call.

"I'm Southworth Brown's mother," she began lamely, and noting that Mrs. Snyder's face was blank, she added "The boys call him Pie-face."

"Oh, Pie-face!" said Mrs. Snyder, brightening. "He comes here often. He is such a nice boy and has been so good to Alfred."

"Southworth is good to everybody," said Mrs. Brown, beaming. She decided she liked Mrs. Snyder.

The other woman sighed.

"Yes, Alfred thinks a lot of Pie-face. They're on the baseball team at school together. Pie-face helps Alfred with his lessons. He is a good influence for Alfred. I guess you know how boys are, Mrs. Brown. Alfred used to give me a lot of trouble. He is all I have since his father—got in trouble. The police have been down on Alfred since then and the Juvenile Court has him on probation. I'm always so worried about him. But since Pie-face started being friends with him my boy has done right well in school."

To Mrs. Brown the timid, halting speech explained everything—the absence of Southworth from choir practice, the stolen money, the lost slicker, Southworth's poor grades at school.

"I am glad to hear such things of my son, Mrs. Snyder," she said. "I am glad to know he is properly appreciated."

"Oh, he is—he is indeed," said Bojo Snyder's mother. "Pie-face doesn't put on

(Continued on Page 129)

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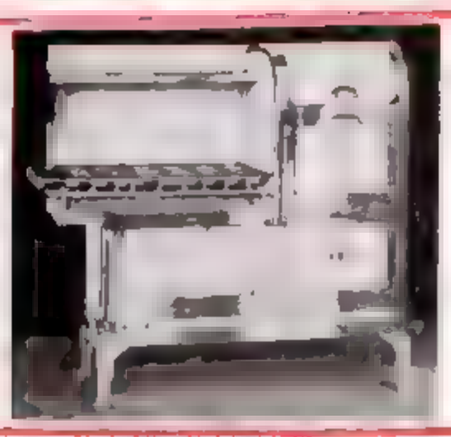

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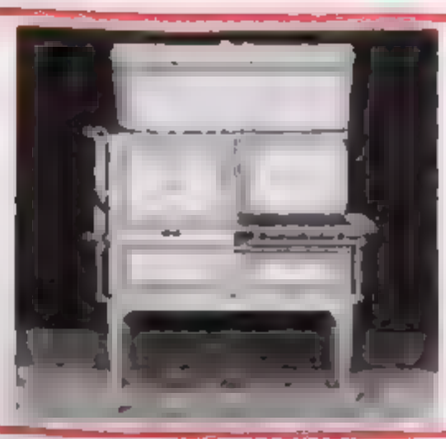

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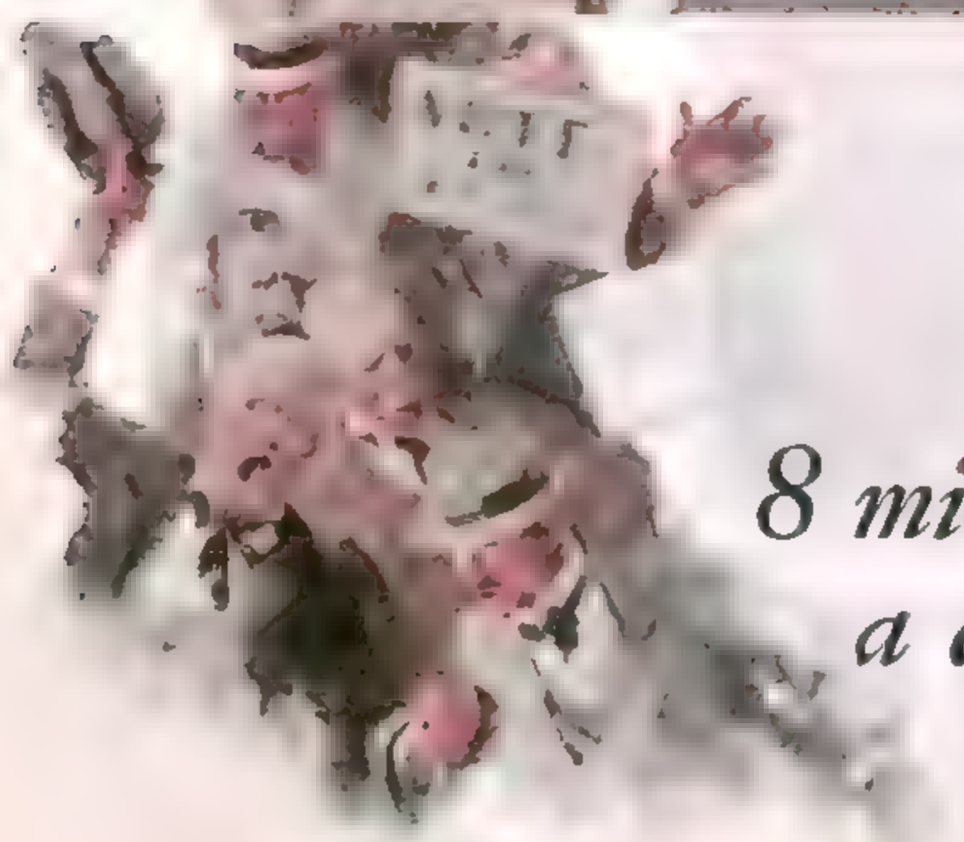

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IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

(Continued from Page 124)

airs like some of the boys at school do, just because Alfred is poor. He has certainly been good to Alfred. I hope he will continue to be my boy's friend."

"He will," said Mrs. Brown firmly, feeling like a good Samaritan.

Noble, noble Southworth. How she had misjudged him. He had seen Alfred Snyder's plight and out of the goodness of his heart, the fullness of his soul, Southworth had befriended this boy. Southworth was a true democrat, a real Christian. He had taken pity on Bojo Snyder.

Mrs. Brown filled her ears with further encomiums on her son and drove home in a rapturous state. She drove home faster than she had ever driven an automobile before. At times the speedometer showed twenty-seven miles an hour.

It was almost suppertime when Mrs. Brown reached the big house on Sunset Boulevard. She was horrified to hear, issuing from the back hall, loud screams from Southworth and the sound of a strap being vigorously applied.

Dashing in, she cried, "James, James, stop, stop!"

Her husband paused with the strap in mid-air and stared at her. On the floor Southworth redoubled his yells.

"What are you doing, James?" gasped Mrs. Brown. "Come here, my poor boy—my poor boy!"

Southworth fled to the safe haven of her arms.

James S. Brown gripped the strap more firmly.

"Do you know what your son has done, Madge? ' he demanded.

"What""

"He has been suspended from school—suspended."

The dread words, repeated several more times for emphasis by Mr. Brown, did not dismay Southworth's mother. She hugged Southworth, fondling his hair; then stood him off from her.

"My noble son," she said.

Her husband lowered the strap and rubbed his eyes. He was stunned. There had been some terrible mistake.

"The principal told me so with his own lips not ten minutes ago," he insisted. "Ask Southworth. He was suspended. Weren't you, Southworth?"

Southworth nodded, as much bewildered as his father, and began to cry again.

Mrs. Brown held Southworth from her and gave him a serious look.

"Tell me the truth now, son," she demanded. "Didn't you take the blame for whatever they said you did in order to shield Bojo Snyder?"

Southworth considered that a moment, edging away from his father and the strap. Tears rolled off his pudgy nose. His bland blue eyes were streaked with them. His curly brown hair stood in a tousled shock. Mrs. Brown thought he looked like a misjudged seraph about to take flight from a cruel world.

"Well," he said, "if I say I did, will you promise not to tell them at the school and let me stay suspended? I can go back in two days. But if they get the goods on Bojo this time they'll send him to the reform school. Will you promise not to tell them at the school?"

"Bosh!" said his father. "You're going back there the first thing in the morning and tell the truth. You can just let that young tough go to perdition. I'll not have my son taking the blame for his capers."

But Mrs. Brown drew herself up like a modern Cornelia.

"James Brown," she said, "we should both get down on our knees and beg Southworth's pardon. We do not deserve such a son. I have been investigating his behavior of late and I have discovered how cruelly we misjudged our boy. His friendship for Bojo Snyder has been the handiwork of a great soul!"

"Now, mother," said James S. Brown, smiling, "calm yourself. Don't get theatrical, please."

"I am not theatrical, James," said Mrs. Brown. "I am merely trying to make amends to Southworth. Little did we realize what fine motives prompted his apparently evil acts. Why, James, do you know that Southworth has been neglecting his own lessons in order to help his friend get passing grades? Do you know that he has stolen money—yes, actually stolen money—to put good nourishing food in this poor Snyder boy's stomach?"

Mr. Brown looked impressed in spite of himself. Southworth just snuffled softly into his shirt sleeve.

Mrs. Brown continued: "I found that Southworth played hooky from choir practice so he could help Bojo with his lessons. I found that Southworth gave Bojo his own slicker to keep the poor boy warm and dry in wet weather. And now, as the final self-sacrifice, Southworth has taken Bojo's guilt on his own shoulders to keep the boy from being a sorrow to his poor mother and preserve him from the reform school. Why? Why has he done all these things? Why, James?"

"You can search me," said Southworth's father. "It looks funny. I can't make it out."

"Oh, James!" and Mrs. Brown was grandly scornful. "Why? Because, James, our son has a great soul. He saw when we were blind. He acted when we were indifferent. He saw the tragedy of his poor little friend. He has done all he could to help him, out of the goodness of his heart and the grandeur of his soul. Oh, Southworth, forgive us!"

Southworth sat on the back steps that evening, munching his third big slice of angel-food cake. His eyes were as blank as the sky. A great peace was upon him—the peace that passeth understanding.

His father came out on the porch. Southworth did not look up. James S. Brown cleared his throat, scuffled a foot, then sat down on the step beside his son.

"Well, kid," he said gruffly, "I guess I made a mistake. I'm sorry."

"Aw, rats, dad, rats," said Southworth generously.

They sat in silence a moment.

"But just the same, youngster," said James S. Brown, "I don't quite get you. You must think an awful lot of this boy Bojo to do all that for him."

Southworth considered the question gravely. He looked at his father. Man and boy settled down into a sweet, understanding silence.

Out of the depths of his inarticulateness Southworth spoke:

"Bojo is a swell kid, dad," he said. "Gosh, he's the best pitcher that ever was in the grade-school league. He's got a peachy fast one and a curve they break their backs reaching for. We've won six straight."

His father nodded. He was beginning to see the light.

"So you sort of had to keep him in line, eh?" he prompted.

It was the blessedly right question. Southworth stiffened into animation.

"I'll say I did," he exulted. "I had to ride herd on that kid. Gosh, it was a fright the way he broke training rules and got his arm wet and didn't eat good grub and wouldn't study. He sure has plenty of ivory, dad. I had to work so hard getting sense into his dumb head I fell down in my own subjects."

"It sure beats the devil the way these pitchers act. Look at Grover Cleveland Alexander," said Southworth's dad.

"Bojo's just like him," said the boy—"won't pay any attention to training rules. And looky what he did today in school. Threw a wad of gum and it stuck on the blackboard when he only needed two demerits to get kicked out of school. Old Johnson said the boy who threw it would get ten demerits. Well, I didn't have any to spare, but before Bojo owned up I said I threw the gum. Heck, we play the Junior High next Saturday. We gotta have old Bojo in there."

"You bet," said James S. Brown. "We'll have to keep that flinger of yours in shape. And—er, Southworth ——"

"Yeh?"

"—— let's not say anything to your mother about all this. She wouldn't get it at all."

Father and son looked at each other in a way that no mother and son ever could.

"Sure," said Southworth, "that's right, dad. Mother wouldn't savvy all this stuff. Gee, she's nothing but a girl, after all."

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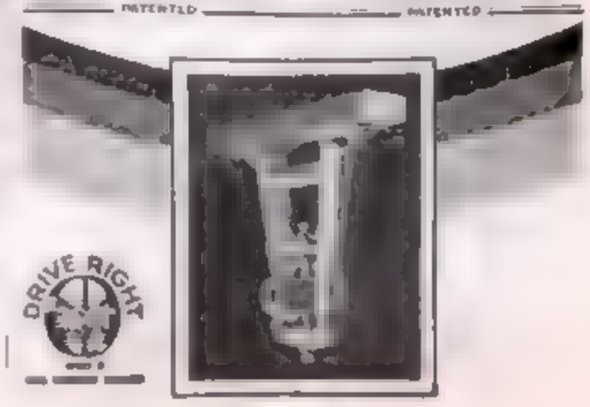

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

A few more days till my intellects explode;
Then my old preradio home, good night!

WEAF no more, my lady,
Oh, WEAF no more today!
Let me sing one song for my old preradio home,
For my old preradio home, done away.
—Gorton Veeder Carruth.

A Fable for Critics

A Mountain Marmot, crude but thorough,
Scrabbled in the dirt to make a burrow;
A Bush-Tailed Wood Rat, chipper and chirk,
Tarried on a log to watch him work.

The Wood Rat squeaked with a sniff and a snigger,
"My energetic friend, you're a darned poor digger;
Your mound is low and the width is small
And this isn't any kind of a hole at all!"

The Marmot chirped as he paused for a minute,
"If you ever digged a hole you can just pop in it!"
The Rat replied with a lifted brow,
"I do not choose to dig, but I well know how!

"I warn you that your tunnel is a terrible abortion,
With nothing whatsoever in the right proportion,
You're working in the loam when you ought to work in clay;
Not to dig is better than to dig your way.

"Without the faintest flavor of the Poet or the Mystic,
Your dwelling is precarious as well as inartistic;
A Weasel or a Wolf or a wild Bobcat
Will snatch you in a jiffy from a dump like that!"

The Bobcat leaped with a pounce and a flurry!
The Marmot skipped down his hole in a hurry.
The Cat was grieved at the Marmot's haste,
But thoroughly approved of the Wood Rat's taste.
—Arthur Guiterman.

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—Otto Freund.

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No material is so economical for a bathroom as keramic tiles, for no other lasts as well. Tiled walls emerge unharmed from the vigorous splashing of the daily shower; tiled floors are uninjured even when the forgetful member of the family sometimes lets the tub overflow. Tiles are non-absorbent, sanitary, extremely easy to keep clean—in all respects ideal for use in bathrooms.

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PLAIN PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 40)

religion. If I pass a church and faintly hear the organ and choir, I have heard a sermon that does me good. Once when abroad and visiting many cathedrals, the soft music, the impressive ceremonies, the peal of bells, the smoking censers, the pictures, the entire absence of preaching and collections—almost induced me to join; most of all, I was impressed with the ceremonies of the Russian church, the doctrines of which I know least. When I have slept well, feel well and been as good a man as it is possible for me to become, I almost feel like falling on my knees and offering a prayer of thankfulness, but have not yet accepted any of the dogmatic creeds.

Advice is not very important except as offered by a decade or a century; I have none to offer specially my own. No one has all the worthiness, all the wisdom, or has had all the experience; everyone has some, and displays it with his folly. From this babbling, men learn the final lessons of greatest use. The old of a thousand years ago, a hundred years ago, of today, have almost agreed finally on certain simple rules and facts of life. These afford the only advice I recommend.

I am not one of those who regard the old days as better than the new. The wonderful days, the days of most comfort, intelligence, of kindness and helpfulness, are being lived now. Possibly men of today are neglecting some of the old lessons I was compelled to learn more thoroughly because of harder circumstances, but of this I am not sure. It is another of the questions I cannot answer. I am proud of the men who have gone so far while I have remained in the country. That they are useful to the world I know, for they are useful to me; every day I am obliged to someone smarter than I have been. This is not toadyism—I have looked myself over carefully—it is honest respect. That men have done the best they can I do not doubt, and they have done surprisingly well. It is not fair to say they might have done better in the face of so much accomplishment.

A lie is a special shame on the lips of an old man, therefore when I say I am grateful in my later years, it is the truth as near as it is ever told. I doubt if anyone can be entirely truthful in telling his story. The world has treated me as well as I have treated it. I sometimes grumble because the people do not do better, but marvel more that they have done as well as they have, there is so much natural evil. The people have overcome so much of it, I only grumble because they have not overcome more, since improvement over our original condition pays such generous rewards. That there are thieves, drunkards, wantons and idlers is another of my unsolved problems. I do not know why anyone consents to be thoroughly wretched when opportunity abounds for fairly agreeable lives. Natural depravity is no better established than that much of it may be overcome. When I meet disagreeable persons my first regret is that they have not met kind and intelligent people, as I have, able to convince them that bad conduct is the long, disagreeable, difficult and unprofitable way of getting through life.

The really smart men are so much smarter than I am that I have never been very conceited. Considering the human weakness that must be admitted, it is marvelous to me that anyone is.

Judging from my own experiences, I have concluded a man's life is largely determined at birth—by the strength, weakness and characteristics inherited from his ancestors. The popular notion is that one may grimly resolve and achieve greatness and usefulness in spite of natural handicaps, but my secret opinion has long favored the old doctrine of predestination, somewhat liberalized. Although close association with my father ceased when I was thirteen or fourteen years old, and I never knew my mother's people except as a child, I am able now to detect in my character strong habits they possessed. An uncle with whom I associated intimately as a boy, as he was of about my age, exaggerated everything. If he saw twenty prairie chickens he said there were two hundred in the flock. I find as a man I am much like him, but have been punished so regularly for bad habits that for many years I have been disposed to reduce twenty to fifteen. I try to be truthful, but find it difficult; all men are liars, and I am as certain of others as of myself

I do not doubt one may hopefully struggle against bad habits—some more than others. I am tremendously careless, and try to overcome it, but my success has been, on the whole, humiliating. I have been attempting for many years to write maxims. The one I believe most important is: "Be careful and you will save many from the sin of robbing you." I have not been that careful myself. The old Howes and Irwins hit me pretty hard in spots, but in others they were generous. I think my fairly good health at seventy-five is a blessing from the Irwins. My father died around seventy-four as strong mentally as he ever was. I think I inherited this blessing from him.

I do not believe there ever was a man who wished to leave the world worse than he found it. Everyone would rather be philanthropist than villain. The ill-behaved have somehow gone wrong when they might have succeeded with better behavior, and they hope, I believe, finally to get out of the dumps and apologize with a burst of goodness. Every bad man is angry because he is not a good man. Those of us who know nothing and talk as if we know everything, propose many remedies to help the totally depraved, but I do not believe any such exist.

In thinking of the world and humanity in old age, I am not certain about a good many things. Some days I am of one opinion and some another. But I pretty steadily believe that there is more tolerance for the ill-behaved in 1928 than ever before. I recall a time when good women were more particular than they are now in admitting questionable characters to their society. Likewise I believe I observe that questionable men find more charity everywhere—both bad symptoms which distress me.

I think the greatest regret of my life is that I have not behaved better and amounted to more, since I believe I might have done this and found more enjoyment in life. By "behaving better" I refer to no secret crimes I have committed; I refer to no more than failure to use the knowledge I might have gained from long association with excellent people. And there are always excellent people available among the many trifling ones.

The other day I encountered a man preaching from a gospel wagon and wondered what specialty I would adopt should I conclude it was my duty to travel about preaching. I decided I would preach the importance of everyone behaving better and say nothing about general sin. The great hope is individual reform. So far as I am impatient with the churches, it is because they have the best opportunity to preach this important sermon and neglect it.

I have friends I almost worship, they are so patient with me; there are such friends, but one must look for them, cultivate and cherish and pay back a good deal. With a few friends I have never had a disagreement after long association; and I do not expect more of human nature than I have found.

Recently a woman fell in love with a man and pursued him to his home, where she insisted on staying. While there, the man's wife and daughter died under suspicious circumstances and the neighbors gossiped so much that the woman was arrested. Later she was acquitted and the papers said gossip should be ashamed of itself. It seems to me that in this case gossip was well within its rights. Gossip is vicious, but, nevertheless, I believe something may be said in its defense. Evil itself finds evil long before the sheriff does. Gossip is forever turning state's evidence and asking no immunity. The neighbors, willing to be vicious gossips, are often valuable missionaries. Gossip is Nature's police system.

Dr. Murray Butler says no great men are living today, although every other age had outstanding human performances. The men of the past hundred years have accomplished more wonderful things than all others combined; a hundred things might be named to shame the ancients. No reasonable man can doubt that men of today are the smartest that ever lived, and not much worse in their morals. This is a perfectly natural conclusion. Knowledge is experience, and modern men have had the benefit of most experience. Men idle too much in predicting great things for the future. There will be improvements in the ages to come, but by the time they are perfected and generally accepted, we shall be tired of them and demanding better conditions.

I rarely read without finding a fresh and more vigorous attack on democracy. The gloomy Dean Inge said lately it is becoming plain that democracy has done its work—that it is a most wasteful and unstable form of government and a luxury we cannot afford. Are we so worthless we cannot govern ourselves? I believe so much in human rights that I cannot imagine myself submitting willingly to king or dictator; I so much admire the people I cannot quite admit they must have a master. Slavery has been found objectionable; slaves rebel so often that an intelligent system of liberty has been found to work better. There are many evidences that the people are not doing well with democracy; the great excesses in human history have been due to too much of it. The old Romans wrecked a democratic government—a dictator rescued them. The Russians are murdering themselves and democracy; the Reign of Terror in France ended only because of the iron hand of a dictator. There is reason back of this general fear of democracy. If I long for anything with patriotic fervor, it is that the people of the United States may learn to govern themselves so well that they will never be disgraced by a dictator. And if we do this, we must behave better. We are grossly offending Nature. The only remedy is for the people themselves to appreciate better the blessings of democracy, which always fails in the hands of a shiftless, idle, unfair people.

The quarrel between parents and children has gone on for ages, but is more evident now, because liberty is better established every decade. I have been child and parent, and believe parents are nearer in the right than children; that parents do more for children than children for parents. My father was a hard man, but did more for me than I did for him. His natural active responsibility to me lasted thirteen or fourteen years, certainly; mine to him only three or four years, it so happened.

Anyone who thinks at all seriously and accurately soon realizes that there are two crowds in the world—one thinking somewhat as he does and the other in an entirely different way. I long ago decided I belonged in the minority. I believe in accepting the facts of life as the most efficient way of meeting them—apologize and be ashamed, certainly, but admit the facts. When a man goes into a field to devote a day's work to producing food crops for his needs, he labors with intelligence and accepts world experience. There is an agreed time to plant and harvest and he follows this knowledge; in everything, while in the field, he works as effectively as possible and accepts all information that has been tried out in the centuries. He finds truth an asset, folly troublesome and expensive. But the same man, if he belongs in the big crowd, on going to church, lodge, political convention or social affair, is apt to change

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TOOTH PASTES and TOOTH BRUSHES

his attitude and deny fact and experience in half he does. I believe there is profit in the philosophy of little things, but not much in the ponderous kind. I believe philosophy most concerns life while we are living it to the effect of food on the stomach, mind and disposition; to the effect of our conduct on everyday surroundings.

We have so many well-to-do in the United States that a distaste for being an employe has grown up, I sometimes think. In my younger days men did not regard it as bemeaning to accept a job, for there was always the hope of giving satisfaction and of advancing. Frequently employes became partners in the business; always, if worthy, they advanced from subordinate positions to more important ones. That was the way we advanced in that day. We learned a trade, tried to become good at it and advance when possible, as it usually was. And I never knew anyone to object to the system. The old fellow who had young men under him usually began as they did and took an interest in them, if they were worthy and improved in their work, as workmen should with longer experience. But lately I am noting a difference. The independence of employes is frequently offensive to me, and I do not easily take offense in presence of ordinary politeness and service. The objectionable air on the part of the workman is an attitude which seems to say: "Because I am employed, it does not mean I lack knowledge of my rights or spirit to defend them." My attitude toward the workers is always friendly, since I recall my own long days as an employe. I like to go into business places and note the younger men specially capable and therefore not far from promotion. I also note the old fellows who are wearing out and must soon have successors. Usually they are the bosses, and I hope they were thrifty during their years as employes and will be able gracefully to accept when younger men are promoted over them as a natural necessity. I love good machinery in the office as well as in the shop. I have been familiar with both all my life, and when there is improvement, as there usually is, it interests and pleases me. I have worked for five dollars a week and board; if a man now gets ten times as much, and earns it, it pleases me, as evidence that my race is improving. When the men of a nation have improved steadily, that nation offers more comfortable conditions of living. And I specially do not object in any way to the young fellow who is beginning where I began; I specially hope he may be able to avoid many of my mistakes and succeed better. I like independence, but it should not go so far as to be offensive to old employes who have become foremen, superintendents and owners, as I regret to believe it frequently is in these modern days.

I am not uncharitable with the young, but events in their lives, formerly interesting to me, I now find dull. I do not believe that when young I was better disposed than young people of today, but sometimes believe parents, neighbors and the world were less generous in forgiveness in my youth, and whipped more. I have admitted to myself, and without much difficulty, that I am tiresome to the young. I know this is natural, because of my failing interest in their special affairs. Recently I was held up at a telegraph counter with a death message in my hand, by a girl clerk idly talking with a young loafer who interested her. I suppose I was less patient with the incident than I would have been thirty years ago.

Every day I am hurt a little by unnecessary references to my age. A common form of this offending is the remark: "How well you are looking!" when no reference should be made to looks. That form of politeness always causes me to believe my acquaintance has remarked I am not looking well. Almost hourly someone says to me, "Of course I am not as old as you are, but ——" And there are many other forms of thoughtless rudeness. I was admiring a pretty child, as I often do, and the young mother said, "Won't you shake hands with grandpa?" But I am becoming used to it, and generally disposed, I hope, to fairness to the young. So far as I am neglected by anyone because of my age, I rather like it. The other evening I had opportunity to attend a dinner where there were to be young women as entertainers and several notable guests. I expressed a wish to meet the guests, and later did, but declined the dinner and the display of youth; remaining at home suited me better.

Clarence Darrow, the old criminal lawyer, called on me recently and somewhat reminded me of myself, as he was quiet and tired of the hurly-burly. "What's the use of talking?" his manner seemed to say—a question I had often asked. He charitably told me of his favorite abominations and I told him of mine, but we did not argue anything or indulge in severe criticism. Altogether, I find old age easier than anticipated.

Frequently I read of men who are original thinkers. I have detected so many of these in expressing old thought that I have concluded there is almost no such thing as an original thinker. For thousands of years men have been thinking, and men rarely keep their thoughts to themselves. If you have what you call a new thought, you are very apt to run across it later as having been uttered long ago. What is called new thought today is usually old thought abandoned because it was not reliable.

Why is it that every man has an ambition to make a success of life? Probably because he knows success is a standard by which men are judged. Except in cases of inheritance or gross luck, a well-to-do man represents something besides money. He usually represents a lot of hard, intelligent and useful work—saving, politeness, capacity to handle the tools of a necessary trade a little better than is the rule. There is a high and low caste in this country, as in India, but anyone may get into the high caste here. In our country, children are not born to the purple; the matter of caste is settled after birth. The young fellow who practices the simple virtues and is polite and industrious becomes a high-caste man; the young fellow given to bad habits becomes a low-caste man, whatever his birth may have been.

How I have idled, sinned and made mistakes! How I have neglected the rules of health! How I have rushed heedlessly into dangerous places, in spite of red lanterns plainly displayed! And here I am, an old fellow with enough, more friends than I deserve. Others may have been charitable with me because they needed charity, but they have shown charity.

I hear of men who are 100 per cent efficient. There are no such men—the best have weaknesses. It is true some rate higher than others, but if a man is 65 per cent efficient, I should say he does well. The average is lower; many run so low in efficiency that they cannot be catalogued with any certainty. Men become famous as they are efficient above 65 per cent.

When men speak of good behavior they mean not only sobriety, fairness, politeness; they also mean some sort of usefulness and success in life. In the best sense, a useful and successful man is one who teaches the importance of good methods by demonstrating them. Then others follow his example and better methods are encouraged.

The people of many nations have been able to accomplish reasonable justice among themselves in their private affairs, but always in their public affairs there has been the menace of a half or wholly insane king, president, congressman, governor, county commissioner, city councilman, township trustee or road overseer, with troublesome regulations, prohibitions, parades and conventions. In most respects mankind grows wiser with civilization. This has not been true in public affairs. The greatest public extravagance in history must be credited to the present generation of rulers.

Civilization is a compact among men to fight savage Nature. The man always in trouble and of no use to anyone is still a savage. Those who have good homes and jobs and are least troublesome in their communities are civilized. Young people who annoy parents, men and women who annoy their neighbors, those who are liars, thieves, idlers—are still savages. The most conspicuous failure is the man whose birth cost money, care and travail, and then fails to pay his natural debt to parents. When a man reaches maturity, after all the trouble and expense he has caused in youth, he should give a note to his parents and be punished if he fails to pay in helpfulness, kindness, after they are old.

The big men in science make many absurd statements. One goes so far as to say there is really no reason why anything or anybody should die. No big man can interest me in such a story. He may say he has new evidence, but there is old evidence rendering the new ridiculous. A French specialist declares that every man who makes a success in life is something of a fool. Such a statement may do well enough for literature—always too friendly to vagrancy—but fact is an entirely different thing. The fact is that those who get along, and do some sort of work regularly and creditably, are the better specimens of mankind, in thinking as well as in working and conduct. A man who decides to be an industrious, creditable citizen has been brought to that conclusion by intelligence. Dollar chasing isn't a crime, but a virtue. If the loafers now disturbing the world should become dollar chasers and develop factories, farms, erect buildings, extend transportation lines, it would be a blessing.

Dollar chasing is commendable. The man who gets in the bread line, because of too much mental activity and not enough physical, is a mild sort of criminal for whom there should be punishment, that he may perform better in future. There is much to argue about, and we do not neglect the opportunity, but at least one thing has been settled. It is that if a man will behave reasonably well, he may get along reasonably well. Everything in experience, history, proves it. The story of every successful man is the same in essential details—he began work when young, stuck to it, was reliable, efficient, polite, fair, and had respect for the lessons of experience. The story has been told so often that it greatly enrages the loafers, and they make fun of it, but it is true; here is one fact to depend upon.

The big critics frequently consign us plain people to the devil. Well, we'll not go. There are thousands in our crowd who amount to more than they do, and we have proved it. Our affairs are more important than theirs; and we have proved that, too. We plain people have found an aim in life, a goal, and occasionally reach it. Our man Abe Lincoln amounted to more than any dozen of the big critics who abuse us. And there are other good men coming on along the various Main Streets and out in the country a few miles.

I often remark the plagiarism in philosophy. The philosophy of the ancients is finally so much like that of moderns that one man might have written it all in 1928. The experiences of mankind are so simple and so much alike that there is only one way to tell them. I lately read a book in which the author attempted to summarize the wisdom of all ages; not only the noted philosophers were included but the sayings of plain people persisting from age to age. All seemed anxious to give warning that will keep others out of trouble, and all insisted on the importance of good conduct; all advocated temperance, fairness, industry, sound education and thrift as first helps in making life as endurable as possible. Not one recommended theft, drunkenness or idleness, but all advocated the observance of simple, just rules. Without exception, all declared man is master of his own destiny and that in helping himself he should respect the plain rights of others. Here is no philosophy you have not long been familiar with, for the reason that there is no other worthy of the recollection of men. And here is comfort, also, for every man of common sense. A modern man with intelligence so excellent that he has attracted wide attention declares that "common sense, in a rough, dogged way, is technically sounder than the special schools of philosophy."

From the cradle to the grave, all are students in the university of fact. The professors include policemen who arrest us under certain circumstances and politely salute us under others; bankers who cheerfully loan us money under certain circumstances or refuse to under others; foremen of shops who commend or condemn our work; merchants who extend us credit or refuse it; ladies who smile or frown at our approach; newspapers which give us good notices or bad. Your diploma from this university is your standing at the bank and in the community.

I have long been annoyed with that type of man who announces he is out of work and wants to punish someone as a protest. My experience during a long life has been that a good workman pretty generally has a job, and when he loses it through the misfortune or lack of ability on the part of an employer he is able soon to find another. I have even observed that there is clamor everywhere for specially capable workmen and that employers prefer to pay higher rather than lower wages. I know the poor from the inside, having long been one of them, but never have I known of a law oppressing me because of poverty. On the contrary, I have not encountered a generally accepted social custom intended to impose on the poor. Custom has always begged me to acquire an education and offered abundant and honorable opportunity to improve my condition. The poor, for whom there is so much sympathy, are really taking the country; their children are usually taught industry, often acquire good habits, and as a result become rich. If the poor of this country are being ground down, it is being done by those who came up from poverty.

Men have long contended they are groping in the dark. The light of thousands of years really illuminates their way. Life is not such a complex thing that we must experiment with it forever. The few simple truths you need are revealed every day. An industrious and worthy man will inevitably meet with many humiliations and punishments, but not so many as his neighbor who knows the law only to disobey it. Success in life is actually easier than failure; if civilization is more desirable than savagery, this must be true.

XXXI

I HAVE been wondering if I shall be able to induce the reader to continue to the end of this writing, now not far away. Following are some of the paragraphs I wrote during youth and middle age, and they briefly state my opinions on almost every subject which concerns life and mankind. If the reader yawns and lays the magazine down, I have failed, and should have engaged in some other occupation than writing, for the most withering criticism is indifference. I have arranged the paragraphs in perhaps the most unattractive form for the test, as follows:

Make new efforts, attempt to find better ways, certainly; but unless you have the best old thought as a basis, you will fail. A new thought is dangerous until the people have had a chance to pick at it a hundred years. . . . Don't be discouraged. Fortify yourself with knowledge of your trade and of life; practice fairness, politeness, industry, thrift, and you may be the next dark horse to win. . . . I neglect so many duties I think I should die of mortification did I not promise to perform them tomorrow. . . . I do not care to fool any man. When he discovers that I have fooled him, he will do me more harm than my cunning did me good. . . . No man ever enjoyed the joys of living without having some sort of success to his credit. Of all the games worth a candle, success is first. . . . It will be necessary in time for conservatives to control the radicals, who want not only to eat the nest egg but the setting hens and the addled eggs under them. . . . When a fantastically dressed man rides up and down the

(Continued on Page 137)

PROFIT

PRICES

MERCHANTS EXPRESS —110"	wheelbase	$ 665
COMMERCIAL TRUCK —120"	wheelbase	775
1¼-TON—130"	wheelbase	995
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1¾-TON—165"	wheelbase	1415
2-TON—150"	wheelbase	1545
2-TON—165"	wheelbase	1615
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3-TON—185"	wheelbase	1845

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Profit is earning power—less expense.

Earning power of Graham Brothers Trucks has always been high. Expense is low. The difference—profit—is greater with Grahams than with any other motor truck, in the experience of thousands and thousands of truck owners .... And owners invest more than $65,000,000 each year in these money-making trucks.

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SOLD AND SERVICED
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DEALERS EVERYWHERE

DEPEND ON KUPPENHEIMER VALUE

Kuppenheimer merchants are now showing suits of TIGERTWIST, TROJAN WEAVE and CASTILIANS-original in pattern and color-the ranking fabrics from the world's looms. Created to give you fine style and extra value-just as FAMOUS FIFTIES set the $50 standard.

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The dignified styling is the thing about each new season's Kuppenheimer models which causes so many men to endorse them. That agreeable feeling of being ahead and correct is important; the handcrafting of the exclusive woolens adds still more satisfaction.

ECONOMY *for* CAR OWNERS

Willard promises battery economy. Willard gives battery economy. . . Years of giving the car owner more for his money—years of Willard Service standing between the car owner and avoidable battery trouble. Fewer demands on patience—on pocketbooks. Less spent *for* batteries. More value *from* batteries.

Willard Batteries plus

Willard Service

(Continued from Page 132)

street in an open carriage and invites you to hear him lecture on the corner, remember that he didn't go to all that trouble to amuse you. . . .

People in big cities would behave better if they knew one another as well as do country and town people. In a country town a man hears gossip about his sin when coming home from it. . . . A pessimist is foolish one way and an optimist is foolish the other. . . . You may talk all you please about patriotism and religion, but a right good love affair moves a man more than anything else. . . . There must be poverty to punish the shiftless and encourage industry. . . . When behaving myself, I am rarely reprimanded by policemen, neighbors or newspapers. . . . A good scare is worth more to a man than good advice. . . . Half the promises people say were never kept were never made. . . . The most patient man is entitled to grumble about some things. . . . It isn't sissy men who help women most, but rough, capable ones who can be caught and trained. . . . A man likes marvelous things, so he invents them and is astonished. . . . War is so wicked, so unnecessary, so foolish, that I rather believe the people should be punished for submitting to it. . . . How few the penitentiaries and jails, which represent the punishments, contrasted with other buildings representing the rewards! Life is worth living if it is lived well. . . .

The thing that distinguishes this country over any other is that a greater percentage of its poor may become well-to-do or distinguished. . . . Most of the opinions you hear are wails. When a man talks, he is usually representing his prejudice or his individual trouble. Few people condemn a thing only because it is wrong or praise it only because it is right. . . . There is at least enough in love to keep everybody hopeful about it. . . . Gentlemen talk of government by the people, for the people, and so on. There never was any such government; that was one of Abe Lincoln's jokes. . . . You can't get anything done unless you do it yourself. And usually you can't do it yourself very well. . . . As a rule, a man does not need a state or national law to keep him straight; his competitors and patrons usually attend to that. . . . I usually think I am better than the people who are trying to reform me, and occasionally am. . . . I am afraid of my audience, there are so many mean and smart people in it. . . . Water at command, by turning a tap and paying a tax, is more convenient than carrying it from a free spring. . . . Except the flood, nothing was ever as bad as reported. . . . When I say "everybody says so," it means I say so. . . . The New Thought gentlemen are always demanding new conditions. There will be no new conditions; we must make better use of the old. . . .

I have failed to take advantage of many opportunities, but the world has not failed in offering them. . . . We all fry in the pan a good deal, but it is at least better than jumping into the fire. . . . I do not enjoy gossip; I rejoice that thousands of indiscreet persons escape without my hearing of their indiscretions, providing they have been sufficiently scared to make them more careful and worthy in future. . . . It takes only half as much time to do a thing when it should be done as will be required a week later. . . . Whoever created man made him too much of a lover and neglected some other things. I often wonder I got through the mad age of sex at all. . . . I know what great admiration is, but know nothing of worship. I believe the word to be artificial; men do not worship anything or anybody. . . . The neighbors know a man better than Bradstreet, and they are reasonably fair in their judgments. If you are reliable, they say so; they may admit it grudgingly, but they admit it. If you are unreliable, they say so; and they have a right to warn others against you. . . . When you find a father who insists on ruling his family strictly and sensibly, he may be called an oppressor, but at least he has children who are obedient, polite and capable, and who will probably amount to something in the world. Compared with the indulgent parent, the oppressor in the home is a blessing. . . .

Every successful man I have heard of has done the best he could with conditions as he found them, and not waited until next year for better. . . . There never was universal love; there never will be—it is doubtful if such a state would be desirable. Men hustling to do better than competitors they do not love have done more for the world than the great souls who dream of universal love. . . . We elect certain men to big positions and thereafter expect them to do something for us, whereas we should know that the net effect of the transaction is we have done something for them. . . . A man making a great row said to me lately, "I did not assert myself soon enough." There are millions of citizens who must finally assert themselves and who are putting off the fuss too long. . . . Most people find a great deal of fault with others, but none with themselves. I have always been disposed to take my share of the general blame. I'm ashamed of ourselves. . . . God, in His infinite mercy, is not so much interested in my behaving as I am myself. If I go wrong, God may dismiss me, along with millions of others, with a tear, but going wrong is a serious matter to me; I am punished. . . .

An elderly woman called at a jail to see her son, a youth much given to bank robberies, shooting officers, and the like.

"I feel in my heart," she said to the sheriff, "that I am largely responsible for his terrible position. From the day of his birth I petted and pampered him, and aided very materially in his ruination."

The world is full of such cases, but I have never before known a woman to confess quite so publicly. . . . I have not known a very poor man who was a good worker, or who had the ordinary habits of thrift which should distinguish the average man. . . . We are not free; it was never intended we should be. A book of rules is placed in our cradle and we never get rid of it until we reach our graves. Then we are free, and only then. . . . Women and children greatly influence every man. They are gentler and more innocent, and men are always hiding disagreeable truths from them. But there are times when the women and children should go in the house while the men discuss or settle a good many rough matters out in the yard. . . . I have never been one of those severe critics who expect the people to be without faults. All I recommend is reasonable effort in getting rid of the worst ones and decent attempt to hide the remainder. . . .

Every man is better for being watched. Put your affairs unreservedly in any hands, and your agent will exact the best of it, when he might have been fair if watched and frequently checked up. . . . I do not know what should be done with the man who cannot get a job or cannot hold one when he gets it. He has always been a problem, and always will be, on the hands of the industrious. But I do not believe we should hang those who find work and perform it with reasonable satisfaction. . . . The men in pursuit of money make less trouble than the big idealists with their experiments. When men start out to make money, there is always some salvage; they pay out a great deal in experiments and probably more than half of them get no profit. Those who succeed employ men, and the labor unions see that fair wages are paid, but the money appropriated to oblige the big idealist is often wasted. . . .

I am able to make a guess at most things, but when it comes to war, I know nothing. Ordinarily men have a good deal of respect for their lives and their pocketbooks, but in war they will forget both. We have come to know the weakness of the rich and great, but the plume and sword of the officer, the loud noises of the big gun, the screaming shell, the destruction of towns, and mass murder, are as powerful now in making fools of men as they ever were. Many dignitaries have been reduced to weaklings, but the general has increased his dreadful power. . . . It is a favorable circumstance that the fact is lately being widely admitted that the people ask too much. The corporations waste millions every year in protecting their properties from burglaries attempted by men fairly honest with their neighbors. A supreme court lately held that the utilities commission is too great a friend of the people to be able to decide what rates a railroad should charge. It is the wisest, fairest decision handed down by a court in a long time. . . . I cannot pay the man working for me as much as he thinks he is entitled to. I can only pay him what he earns, and I am entitled to as much credit for giving him work as he is entitled to credit for working for me. I am as much a workingman as he is, as honest, and equally entitled to protection and respect. . . .

Big business, capital, should be made as clean as human things can be. Give the poor, customers, workingmen, not only justice, but a little more, but never so much that useful and necessary business, capital, will be crippled. There is no leader in big business, no man who may fairly be called a capitalist, not now realizing that the poor and the workingmen should be treated fairly; that such a course is wisest and best, also, from the standpoint of efficiency. There is no profit in injustice or trickery; slavery is not economic. Slaves are such a nuisance that had there been no statesmen advocating emancipation, men would have given up slavery to get rid of the never-ending row. Slavery is a nuisance not only to slaves but to masters. Everywhere men are still mean enough to own slaves, but experience shows that slaves are not worth owning; the poor work they do, their constant wailing and rebellion, have always suggested emancipation. . . .

Every man who writes or speaks of our present social system gives the impression that it is a great wrong that should have been remedied long ago; everybody seems to believe changes might be made that would result in easier living. Our present competitive system is as necessary, as firmly founded on experience, as our system of eating three meals a day. A few say two meals a day would be better, but the great majority find three more convenient and efficient. No one will be able to suggest a law that will work better. The only hope is for all of us to assist a little in bettering the old law. . . .

I have something to say in my county and town. Councilmen and commissioners respect my rights somewhat, but the President I vote for and assist in electing is inaccessible in far-away Washington. This is the man who assigns me my most difficult and dangerous tasks; who orders me to engage in war and, as long as I live, taxes me to pay its cost. I could possibly have coaxed my county commissioners and town councilmen out of the war notion, but could do nothing with my President; he was too far off. If a prophet appears in my county or town, I may see him, hear him talk and judge his performances, but if he appears in Washington or Arabia, my information about him is inevitably vague and liable to be unreliable. . . .

We should all pretend to be a little better than we are, in public; we should have a display window, as the storekeepers have, and exhibit our best goods. We should have ideals we cannot quite reach; we should all be a little high-minded and accomplish a little of the greater good. Possibly everyone should know a few lines of poetry, exaggerate every good thing a little and hover cautiously around the various higher things, but should not go so far from the shores of reality that he may not paddle back to safety. We can't wear our Sunday or company clothes all the time; we must put on working suits and attack the weeds and the mud holes. . . .

When a man is twenty years old, his youth is his capital. At sixty a part of his capital should be money or property: savings during the years of his strength and youth. A young fellow should be ashamed

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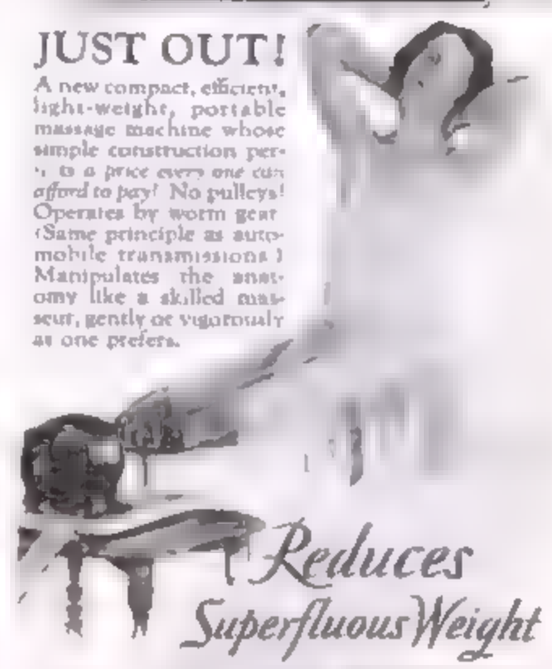

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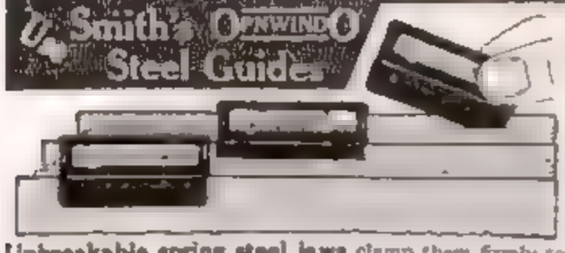

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to protest because an old gentleman has laid away something to care for himself during inevitable rainy days. . . . All philosophy I read makes too much or too little of men. I know of no really great thinker who has reached a reasonably just and simple estimate of my problems. Either he confuses and discourages me with talk of tremendous duties I am not equal to or says I am a greater slave, fool or nonentity than I am. Any law enjoining me to love my enemy is too much duty. Love is not the foundation of the law; Cicero was mistaken in so declaring. The foundation of the law is knowledge born of the experience of vicious men that, with all its restrictions and injustices, law is easier than license. . . .

The Italians have lately engaged in revolution for industry, fairness, politeness, efficiency, thrift; not because these are noble virtues but because long experience has recommended them. The revolution in Italy, in a way, is like idlers engaging in revolution for the privilege of honest work; like drunkards fighting for sobriety; like outlaws coming down from the hills and fighting for the privilege of becoming honest men, having found outlawry a mistake. . . .

I expect to hear next that a man has sued a banker because the banker refused him a loan. Pathetic and moving scenery might be erected behind such a suit—that the plaintiff offered ample security; that his reputation suffered because of the refusal of the banker to make the loan; that the banker belongs to a money trust organized to keep up prices and rob the poor, and the like. Why should not cash stores everywhere be sued for refusing credit? . . . A man must work his way by merit to control of a factory. We can't give it to him merely to be good fellows. Ownership of a factory is not the main thing; the main thing is successful operation. And only good workmen and fairly sensible and honest men can meet pay rolls and provide markets. . . .

We moan about those enjoying special privilege. There is no such thing in the United States, except the special privilege we all enjoy as Americans over the people of other countries. We moan also about an oppressive plutocracy. There is no such thing in this country, except that we are all plutocrats as compared with the average people in other countries. . . . There are a few simple principles of right taught, if not always obeyed, around the world. Probably no one living today, asked to write ten commandments for the guidance of men, would advocate adultery, drunkenness, thievery, impoliteness, idleness, filth, cruelty, slavery, ignorance or murder. . . . One of the things taught by sentimentalists is that we should be big and forgive injuries. It is a foolish notion. It is by punishing those who offend that we establish such order and decency as we have. If we cheerfully forgive those who offend against our plain rights, thieves and ruffians will control instead of worthy men. . .

I have the greatest respect and admiration for the men who have really acquired an education and make use of it. But I do not much respect those who have been through college and not acquired an education. . . . If you can forgive the magnificence and vanity of a successful politician, why are you unable to forgive a successful business man? Every time I strike a match or turn an electric-light button or use the telephone, I am indebted to a business man, but if in debt to any politician, I do not know it. . . . The history of mankind is one long record of giving revolution another trial and limping back at last to sanity, safety and work. . . . I do not greatly care for the one man strutting at the top, but sincerely admire the millions doing very well a little lower down. The number of men who get along well enough, in spite of human ills, is enormous. . . .

What great amounts of money are spent by parents on educating their children! How often children become contemptible while in school and meanly wrangle with parents about money! And how often education thus acquired is valueless! I wonder that educators do not think of the sacrifices made by parents in sending them pupils and resolve to get rid of everything unnecessary. . . . Not only the wicked suffer. The weak suffer, as do the inefficient, careless and impolite. The ignorant, the incapable, are imposed on first. . . . The least profitable profession in the world is that of a thief. There never was one who made a success at it. He cannot marry unless he marries a woman who is not at all particular; he can't build a home, because he must always be ready to run away. He cannot know the joys of honest friendship; he cannot be elected county treasurer, to the legislature, to Congress or to the presidency, as may an honest man. . . . I have lived a long time without knowing a miser, but know almost no one who is not foolishly extravagant. . . .

In the last hundred years there has been wonderful progress. We have had big decade after big decade of accomplishments; important and useful discoveries, one after another, have stalked into the world's history. Let these things be remembered to offset the meanness of which men may be honestly convicted. . . . A gentleman recently wrote: "The average man does not know he is on the wrong road till he has traveled nearly or quite to the end of it." This is good writing, but bad sense. The right road bristles with signboards, and when you turn into the wrong road, thousands of people run after you, waving their arms and shouting warning. . . . It is too bad that the vicious thing known as suspicion is frequently warranted. . . . I was almost persuaded, when young, that life is not easier because certain of the population are constantly working for evil and prevent many improvements that might be made. I do not think so now. I believe we all want the world improved and that changes long demanded have not been made because we ask too much. . . .

James J. Hill, the railroad builder, did much for himself, but vastly more for the Northwest. After his brief strut on the stage, the neighbors who stood beside his grave found he was taking nothing out of the world except a single suit of clothes. He may have thought during the days of his activity he was working for himself, but he was really working for mankind. What he did for himself he wasn't able to keep, but the Northwest has what he gave it and will be able to keep it until the end of time. . . . Our best and most useful men are those who go forward and occupy the forward positions, and not those who only look forward. . . . It is every man's natural duty to make a success of his life, and this he may do without being a hero. One may do very well who does not forever strive; not a great deal of genius is necessary to meet the requirements of life. The rules we are asked to obey were made for our benefit and we assisted in making them. They are easier than neglect of them. . . .

Every business establishment is in danger of ruin because of the clamor of employes for shorter hours, and their victory would ruin it. Therefore every employer should have some sympathy from the public; not too much, but enough to keep his doors open and machinery going. There is not a sound institution in this country that does not have somewhere in its shadow a lot of young democrats mouthing the false doctrine that when the sound men are out of the way, unsound men will manage better. . . . I suppose I am stingy. Well, why not? When I look back at the extravagant and shiftless I have known, and note their terrible punishment, I am almost proud of being stingy. I have had a home, a roof for my workshop, to build; children to educate, kin to bury—so many respectable uses for money I could not afford to throw it away, as do those who apologize for shiftlessness by telling stingy stories on the frugal. . .

Everywhere there is respect for the efficient man; contempt for the inefficient, the beggar. Even in a pirate crew, the most capable cutthroat is captain; his followers may hate and fear him, but not enough to be willing to do without his ability as fighter and leader. . . . A magazine lately referred to American prosperity as vulgar. I believe that so far as we exhibit national vulgarity, it is displayed by those in the bread lines and not by those able to support them. In a country so rich that most men succeed, and all may, I cannot regard prosperity as vulgar.

THE END)

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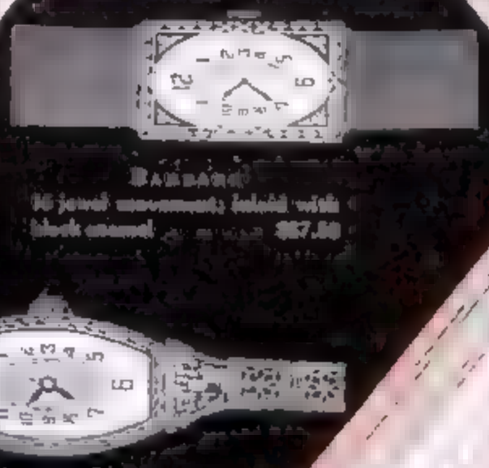

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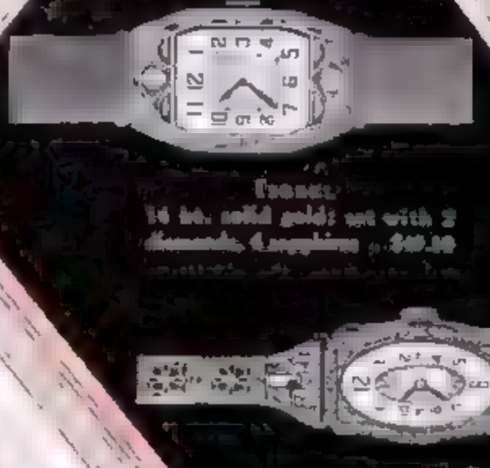

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A HITCH-HIKING REFORMER

(Continued from Page 23)

in no wooden nickels!" He waved his hand and swiftly departed.

The young man swung the roadster across the highway, backed, and shot forward up the road in the direction whence they had come.

"What's the idea?" said Elise. "Why do you have to ——"

"Can't those people push their car off the bridge?" Zula asked. "They haven't got any right to block up a bridge all day. Why can't they ——"

"Better this way," he said. "There's a little side road near here somewhere. It'll take us over to the main highway; only four miles longer."

"But what made you turn around?" Elise said.

"Was it because you're afraid the cop might hang on till he got a chance to pinch you? Was that it?"

"No, not quite." He turned off into a country lane. "That bird is laying for me, though. Once these state police get it in for you they'll ——"

"You turned back because of—of Bernie Jordan or something, didn't you?" Elise broke in. "You didn't want to meet him?"

"Well—you see, this is a queer business—this book business," he said briskly. "Now you'd hardly imagine that I'd have to dodge somebody on the road, but that's the way it is. To tell you the truth, our firm has been cutting in on his territory lately and he don't like it."

"But why did you have to turn around?" Elise was puzzled. "I don't see ——"

"You don't understand." Harmon glanced at the speedometer and slightly increased the pace. "Bernie's pretty mad at me and he's liable to get excited over some little thing that nobody else would notice; he's funny that way."

"You mean there might have been a fight over—books?" Zula said incredulously. "A fight over ——"

"No, not exactly." He looked down at Elise. "Now—now suppose he got to swearing at me," he said. "Just think of that! Suppose he got to swearing in front of you girls; why, I'd of had to get right out of this car and knock him down!"

"I'd like to have seen it. You could do it too!" Zula said admiringly. "You've got nice shoulders. Wouldn't you like to see it, Elise? Have him knock someone flat for swearing in front of ——"

"I would not!" Elise said coldly. "It was very gentlemanly of him to spare us all that rough talk. Of course he could have knocked the man down, but ——" She paused to lay her hand on his arm for an instant. "My, you're just like iron!" she said. "I know you could have done it, Lyle, but I'm glad you didn't keep on that road."

"So am I," he said grimly. "If Bernie was mad enough to lay for me, fist fighting wouldn't—well, anyway, here we are and no harm done." Again he looked down at Elise. "Say, you're just my type!" he said abruptly. "You're the kind of a woman that makes my teeth chatter. You're one of those nice, quiet kind that's got a lot of pep, but doesn't have to show it; you're ——"

"Would there really have been a fight over books?" Zula said. "I didn't know that book agents acted that way. Do they, Lyle?"

"Sometimes they do," he said. "How far are you ladies planning to go this afternoon?"

"Far as we can!" Zula said promptly. "How far are you ——"

"We don't much care," said Elise. "We just go until we're tired or until we find a good place to spend the night. Do you know of a good place?"

"That's what I was getting at. It's pretty late"—he pointed at the dashboard clock—"and I'm going only five miles farther; so why not let me take you where I'm going? As my guests, of course."

"Fine, Lyle!" said Zula. "How's the food there and do they have ——"

"We're awf'ly much obliged," Elise interrupted. "It's sweet of you to ask us and we'd love to come." She smiled up at him. "We'd love to!"

"Well, I'm glad of that!" he said heartily. "And tomorrow morning I might arrange for you to go down the line in one of the company's trucks."

"Trucks?" Zula leaned forward. "What kind of a car did you say?"

"It's all right!" He laughed. "They're as comfortable as this car; they're fast and easy-riding—fifty miles an hour empty and forty loaded. These are empty ones; they'll give you a good ride."

"That is sweet of you," said Elise. "By the way, Lyle, what has this Bernie got against you personally?"

"Bernie Jordan? Oh! Why, it's just a little feeling of perfessional jealousy, that's all. It's business; nothing personal in it."

"I see," she said quietly.

"For a book agent, you have yourself a time, don't you?" Zula said. "Well, it's everybody for himself in business, I guess. What is this place we're going to?"

"Oh, it's all right—sort of a country inn. A friend of mine runs it." He turned the roadster into the main highway. "He's a funny sort," he continued; "you may not like him at first, but ——"

"Why not?" Zula asked.

"He's kind of droll and queer. At first you think he's a roughneck. But after you get to know him you see how much personality he's got. There isn't a better-hearted fellow on earth. He's a funny one, though."

"Is he a character?" Zula asked.

"No, I wouldn't exactly say that," Lyle said slowly. "He's funny in a droll sort of way sometimes; and then again, sometimes he isn't funny at all. He's a ——"

"Is he in the—book business, too?" said Elise.

"You mean this friend of mine? Well"—Lyle looked at her shrewdly—"well, no, he's got nothing to do with books. I always stop at his place when I'm up this way, but we haven't any business connection. What made you say —— You get some strange notions," he said. "You do!"

"Do I?" Elise laughed. "Maybe so. That's an awf'ly attractive tie you're wearing," she said. "It really is. It's one of the new fall shades, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said. "I only got it yesterday. You know, I'm beginning to think I was right about you, Elise; you are just my type. Most girls, now, wouldn't notice my tie unless I didn't have any on—I mean, they wouldn't notice anything unless something was wrong."

"I like your pigskin gloves," said Zula. "They're pretty sporty."

"Thanks, Zula," he said. . . . "You know, you're just my type, Elise. I like girls that are sort of quiet and pleasant and friendly and—and ——"

"Refined?" Elise suggested.

"Yes, I like 'em refined; that's the way I am. And I guess you're pretty much that way too. I've got an idea that you like men to be sort of gentlemanly."

"I do," Elise said solemnly. "And I always believe in going halfway with a man. If I act like a lady and treat him like a gentleman, I generally find that he treats me the same."

"That's the best thing I've heard yet," he said. "Seriously, the girl that goes halfway can have me just where she wants me in no time at all, especially if she's refined."

"But how many girls know that?" said Elise. "How many know enough to go halfway with a man? Of course I don't mean that I know so much, or anything; I only meant that ——"

"Let's not go in the ditch," Zula said. "And I shouldn't care to hit a telegraph pole, either. How much farther is this place we're going?"

"What?" said Lyle. "Oh, we're nearly there."

The yellow roadster crossed a high bridge and turned sharply to the left down a narrow lane; the lane led into a thick grove of overhanging trees, and between their trunks the girls caught an occasional flicker of light reflected from the waters of a river far beneath them.

"Good place for a murder," said Zula. "Has anybody ever been in here before?"

"Ther're lots of people around," he said; "only you don't see them."

"Not if they don't want to be seen," Elise said. "It does look rather secluded."

They came to a maze of crossroads. Harmon chose the least conspicuous; it had the appearance of an abandoned cart track, with grass growing between the ruts. After a short distance it broadened out into a smooth gravel drive, terminating in an imposing wooden-arched gateway. The arch was white and upon it, in red letters, was painted Liberty Landing.

The car passed beneath the arch and came to a stop in front of a long one-storied frame building, on one side of which was a wide veranda set with rustic tables and chairs.

"Here we are," said Lyle. He opened the door and with easy, muscular grace slipped out from under the steering wheel. "You ladies better wait here until I see about getting you fixed up for the night."

As he turned to go, a large, heavy-shouldered man came out of the house, looked at him, and then silently advanced. Neither of them spoke until the large man came to a halt, facing Harmon, and extended a powerful hand.

"Little late, ain't you, Lyle?" he said. "How's 'a boy?"

"Fine," said Lyle, shaking hands. "I want you to meet two lady friends of mine. . . . Miss Brenner, this is Burl Tracey; and Miss—Miss Mayers?"

"Yes," said Zula, "Mayers is my name."

"This is the man I was telling you about; he runs the place."

Mr. Tracey gravely removed his hat and shook hands with each of the girls.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, 'm sure," he murmured hoarsely. "You girls particular friends of Lyle's or did he ——"

"You think Robine could find them a nice room for tonight?" Lyle broke in. "I met these ladies on the road; they're hitch-hiking down to Florida."

"I guess we can take care of them," said Mr. Tracey. He leaned over and honked the horn on the roadster.

A thin woman with gray bobbed hair appeared in the doorway; he beckoned with a sweep of his burly arm.

"C'm' here, Robine!" he said. She came, spoke quietly to Lyle and looked the girls over. "This here is my housekeeper—Mrs. Mosely," said Tracey. "She'll fix you up with a nice room and ——"

"This is Miss Brenner, Robine," Lyle said formally; "and Miss Mayers."

"Have 'em sign the register," Tracey directed. "Where you girls from?"

"Florida mostly," said Zula. "That's where we work, winters."

"That won't do!" He shook his head. "Too many Florida addresses on the book already. Can't you have your home in a real swell place, like ——"

"Philadelphia, maybe?" said Elise.

"No," he said firmly. "You register from Atlantic City. What are your first names?" They told him. "Well, they'll do," he said. "I get right sick of Veras and Rubies and Thelmas. You see, I'm kinda thinking of putting in a good road clear over to the main highway next spring, and have me a big sign out there ——"

"I thought of the sign, Burl," said Robine: "'People From Forty-eight States and a Thousand Cities Stopped Here. Why Not You?' And then we'll put in a barbecue stand beside that gate and ——"

(Continued on Page 144)

$3.50 each

INSIST ON THE ORIGINAL

BUCK SKEIN SHIRT

Wears like leather, soft as suede, warm as a coal fire and looks like a million dollars . . . that's BUCK SKEIN.

And no matter how often you wash it, or how hard you grind the dirt in, your Buck Skein will come out of the tub even smoother and mellower . . . looking more like leather every time.

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Windproof and Rainproof. Double weight Buck Skein for double wear. All-wool knitted springy belt. Two, large, over-sized flap pockets.

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The well-dressed man of CORRECT

Buy shoes of whatever style, price or pattern you prefer; but if you would be looked upon as a man just a-bit-to-be-envied for that happy faculty of "wearing clothes well," you must keep in mind these few simple axioms already established by leaders in every community who dress as well as they do their work.

Select the RIGHT TYPES of footwear to go with the clothing you wear and the things you do, the types of footwear that will be most useful TO YOU. Then let price and pattern please your personal whims.

Since footwear plays so conspicuous a part in the apparel of all men, this bulletin is

FORMAL SHOES LOOK BEST with formal dress. Certainly there can be no exception to this rigid rule of etiquette: strictly "formal dress," plain-toe footwear of black (preferably patent leather) should be worn with tuxedo or full evening dress.

PLAIN-PATTERN SHOES LOOK BEST with conservative clothing. Shoes of any smooth-finish leather (black or tans) look best with smooth-finish fabrics. Do not wear heavy shoes of "doggy" design with suits of thin, fine-textured weave.

BLACK SHOES LOOK BEST with dark clothing, with blues and all but the lighter shades of gray. The lighter weights are best for summer time, and the heavier shoes for wet and wintry weather. Wear black shoes *always in the evening.*

Don't wear the same pair of shoes every day. Change about. When shoes get a chance to dry out between wearings, they keep their shape better, feel better and render longer service.

Try changing from day-time shoes to another pair for evening. Even the slight differences between two pairs of the same last and size will have a surprisingly restful and beneficial effect.

Follow this advice and you'll get the utmost out of your footwear in comfort, economy and pride of appearance.

SHOES THE

stands on a foundation
FOOTWEAR

published to make known to all the basic principles of good usage established by the well-dressed men of America in regard to shoes. Its purpose is to serve as a guide, to enable all men to get greater dress-value, better service and satisfaction out of whatever footwear they buy . . . wherever purchased.

It is authoritative . . . one of a series based on a national study sponsored by the combined Shoe, Leather and Allied Industries in collaboration with the National Shoe Retailers' Association. *Executive Advertising Committee, Fourteenth Floor, 260 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts.*

SPORT SHOES LOOK BEST with clothing comfortable and appropriate for out-of-the-city recreation. For general playtime wear men are offered almost unlimited range in their choice of special footwear that's smart and practical.

FANCY-PATTERN SHOES LOOK BEST with woolly fabrics. Brogues and other standard fancy patterns go well with heavy suits, heavy weather or high old times in the open air. Novelty patterns go best with youthful togs and young ideas.

TAN SHOES LOOK BEST with trousers of the lighter shades, with all the browns, *and in daylight.* For reasons of style, common sense, and comfort the heavier weights come into vogue with the felt hats and heavier suits of autumn.

SHOES MARK THE MAN

NRA

Consult your shoe dealer for correct usage as well as for correct fitting. Retail stores which display this symbol are leaders in this national service to their patrons and to the shoe industry.

MARK MAN

Corns

Pain ends instantly!

In *one minute* the most painful corns stop hurting when Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are applied. These small, thin, soft, protective, cushioning pads *remove the cause*—friction and pressure of shoes—and heal by the natural process of *absorption*. That is why doctors use and recommend them. Also special sizes for Callouses and Bunions. Try this new, scientific, safe, sure way. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores—35c box.

Callouses

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For free sample (mention size desired) and booklet, address The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

IT PAYS

to have a GOOD *Jack*

A Walker Jack has these features. It starts low—it raises high—it lifts easily—it always works. Long handle clears bumpers and fenders. The way to make tire changing easy is to own a Walker Jack.

No. 525 Walker Jack for large cars $6.85. Nos. 520 and 515 for lighter cars $5.00 and $4.00. Slightly higher west of Denver and in Canada.

Handle four feet long. Folds to fit your tool box.

He makes no work of tire changing. He uses a Walker Jack.

Walker Mfg. Co. Racine, Wis.

Walker Jacks

DEPENDABLE IN EMERGENCIES

(Continued from Page 141)

"We want to have a nice-lookin' register," he said. "Take these girls away and sign 'em up, Robine."

The three of them departed.

"What about this good road and tourist camp and barbecue business?" Lyle asked.

"What do you want to know for?" Burl demanded.

"Just curiosity." The old young man lighted a cigarette "I'm always curious about such things."

"I didn't want to do it," Burl said doggedly. "I don't want to do it yet, and I may not, neither! But Robine's been showing me how we could make a lot more money and get crowds of people in here and ——"

"And put in a nine-hole golf course. Great stuff!" Harmon said with soft sarcasm. "Listen, Tracey; you've got a nice little thing here if you don't lose your head. You tell Robine to lay off you, see?"

"You tell her." Burl spat sullenly upon the ground. "O' course, the more I think of it, the more I begin to believe she's right."

"You mean you're really thinking about putting up signs and letting everybody know where your place is?"

"That's about it."

"You know what that means?" Harmon said slowly. "That means we're done with you and ——"

"Yeah," Burl grunted, "I suppose so. But couldn't you see your way to keep on with me just the same, even if ——"

"Just the same?" The young man smiled unpleasantly. "Just the same? You know our policy as well as anyone: No publicity, no rough stuff unless we have to, and no women running things. The big boss wouldn't have stood for you this long if I'd told him about Robine nagging you into one thing after another, and ——"

"I'm sick o' her, all right," said Burl. "She just talks, talks, talks, day and night, about me getting out o' this business. She makes me tired, but she's not far wrong about it. Say, now, Lyle"—he spoke almost wheedlingly—"don't you think the big boss might be willin' to leave me go if he don't like this barbecue and tourist-camp proposition? Couldn't he go his way and leave me go mine?"

"What for?" Harmon demanded.

"It's all because of the way Robine's been actin'. She just gives me ——"

"Robine? You big, fat owl! Anybody'd think you were married or something. The way you ——" He paused, struck by a sudden thought. "You aren't married, are you?"

"No; but I'm a-goin' to be!" Burl said defiantly. "The only thing that's holdin' it up is what we was talking about."

Harmon's manner became ominous; he ceased to be merely an argumentative business man; there was a suggestion of aggressive young gladiator about him. One hand on his hip, he tapped the big man lightly on the chest.

"Listen, guy!" he said. "We're all together in the same fix, and each one of us knows too much to get out of it. If you ditch us, there's only one way to make sure of you. You're licked before you start, and you know it!"

Burl's neck swelled slightly and his large hands opened and shut.

"You're a bad actor, you are! And you got a bad gang behind you," he said. "Why can't you leave me be?"

"Why?" Harmon relaxed. "Business—that's why. We've got this territory and we're going to keep it. You're the only man around here that can handle it. No tourist camp, understand? You want to get taken for a ride?"

"Wait a minute! I got an idea ——"

"Don't wear it out," said Lyle. "I'm going to wash up for supper."

The door of the house slammed behind him and Robine hurried down from the veranda.

"I got here late," she said. "And I couldn't hear right well from up there, neither. It looks kinda mean for us, don't it?"

"Mean?" He gave vent to an acid laugh. "Oh, no! It's all fixed. If I do like we planned, I get took for a ride, this here place gets blowed up by dynamite, and then they'll send an airyplane to drop bombs on us!"

"He couldn't do that! Why, you could beat his head off and — "

"I couldn't beat nobody with a bullet in me," he said regretfully. "That boy's a bad actor, and so's his boss."

"Did you tell him you had Bernie Jordan all lined up to take charge of your territory?"

"No, I didn't get a chanst. And anyway, he'd suspicion me if I mentioned that guy's name. He knows about that racket we had with Bernie last July, when he tried to hijack those trucks off us."

Robine stood in thought; she stroked her hair slowly, examined her rings and idly rubbed her nose.

"If we could sell him the idea that Bernie can run this territory as well as you, then we're all O. K., ain't we?"

"No," he said moodily, "nowheres near it. He don't like to think of me hangin' round loose. Thinks I might drop some inf'mation."

"Well, that's another thing we got to sell him. Now, how are we going to do it?" She looked at him playfully for a moment, as if inviting him to guess; then she ran back into the house.

He stood looking after her gloomily; then he sat upon the stump of a tree near the veranda, smoked and stared at the ground. At intervals he muttered monosyllabic sounds, pessimistic and profane.

Robine was gone for half an hour and returned in a breathless hurry, gasping "Those girls ——"

"What about 'em?" he inquired, not interested.

"Burl!" she said. "I been talkin' to 'em in their room. Lyle was splashin' in the tub at the other end of the hall."

"Yeah? What about it?"

"I just went in their room and helped 'em straighten out their things—they got some real pretty clothes in those knapsacks. And we got to talkin', and then that little girl says, 'Say, Mrs. Mosely, don't you think this Lyle is a bootlegger, maybe?' Well, she nearly knocked me over!"

"She suspicioned him, did she?" Burl smiled sourly. "Then what does she think I am?"

"She didn't say, but the other girl did. This other girl Elise, I think her name is—she says, 'Oh, no! Lyle ain't no bootlegger! He's a book agent. Just the same as this here ain't no road house. It's a chicken farm, and Burl plays the flute to keep 'em contented!' And that little girl, Zula, she says, 'Well, you needn't be so superior about what you know. I suspicioned it as soon as you!' Honest, I had to sit right down."

"How'd Lyle come to give himself away?" Burl asked. "He's always so close-mouthed. How'd they come to ——"

"You'd never guess," Robine said—"never in this world. It was by his necktie! That Elise girl says, soon as she had a good look at it she knowed he wasn't no book agent. Book agents can't afford 'em. And since he'd lied to her about that, she figgered he must be a bootlegger. And that little girl says she didn't care what he was, long as the food was good. And then I ——"

"But where does this get me?" Burl said impatiently. "What good does it ——"

"I'm tellin' you," she said. "That Elise girl said he ought to be reformed."

"What did you say to her?"

"I told her, 'Yes,' I says she was too refined to let a nice young man like Lyle Harmon go ruin his life in this pafession. I said I didn't see how a refined gurl like her could stand to see a man throwin' away his future, and she said 'Yes,' she says, she was too refined to sit back and see a man like him ——"

"How does that help us?" Burl was puzzled. "We don't want to reform that lace-curtain gunman! We just want him to leave us alone."

She looked down with tolerant amusement and gently tweaked his ear. "He's awful susceptible and everything to refined girls. If she got him only part way reformed for a while, he'd be a lot easier on us. You just wait and see!"

She was brightly hopeful, but Mr. Tracey continued to be pessimistic.

"Well, it's worth tryin'," he said thoughtfully.

Supper was on the table by the time Elise and Zula were ready to descend to the small dining room reserved for friends of the proprietor. They came down slowly and not without a touch of self-conscious deliberation when they saw Lyle standing at the foot of the stairs. He inspected them critically, took Elise by the hand, made her turn around, and even found time to glance admiringly at Zula.

"How did you manage to do it?" he asked. "Everything's just right. You both look like a million dollars. Where did you get those ritzy clothes?"

"Oh, we just picked them up," Elise said airily. She pirouetted on her toes and looked at him over her shoulder. "Do you really like this back line?"

"It's good!" He nodded approval. "You're both perfect; you're just my type. Where did you —— "

"Magazines," said Zula. "We read about what we wanted and then bought it at an end-of-the-season sale at one of those summer stores in Maine. We ——"

"What do you think of the color scheme? Elise broke in. "Are these stockings the right color?"

He considered them with the eye of an expert.

"They might be a shade lighter, but they're all right. You've got nice legs too," he said judicially. "Nice as I believe I've ever seen."

Seriously Elise pondered upon this question; leaning against the wall, she slightly elevated one gleaming slipper.

"Well, I'm not so sure." She frowned. "I think they're a little thin. But it's awf'ly sweet of you to say so."

"No. I meant it. I ——"

"Awf'ly sweet," she insisted. "It really is." She took his arm and allowed him to lead her to her chair.

After supper, at Robine's suggestion, Lyle took the two girls into the front part of the establishment—a long room set with small tables and with a space cleared for dancing in the center—"the ballroom," Robine had called it. Waiters were lounging there expectantly and their chief showed Mr. Harmon and his two fair friends to a place near the front entrance.

"Goin' to stim t'night, Lyle?" he inquired huskily. "No? Well, if you change your mind just tip me off."

"What did he mean by 'stim'?" Zula asked.

"Stimulate myself," said Lyle. "He meant was I drinking. Look! Here comes the orchestra. They're the best colored orchestra in the state."

The musicians were making their way from the side door to the raised platform at the far end of the room. The girls turned to watch them; they were of various shades of coloredness, ranging from light yellow to purplish black.

The two in advance walked seemingly in rivalry, each trying to outdo his companion's catlike swagger.

At the rear was a man of Augustan proportions; scorning the litheness of the leaders, he crossed the floor with a majestic waddle and spread a sheet of canvas on the edge of the platform, within easy reach of the dancers. Lyle pointed him out.

"It's his orchestra," he said. "He's about the best ——"

"What's the cloth for?" said Elise. "Why did he put it down there?"

"That's one of those bright thoughts of Robine's," he said. "If the dancers want an encore pretty badly they throw money there. They think it goes to the orchestra, but Burl and Robine get two-thirds. She keeps a waiter standing by it most of the time." *(Continued on Page 147)*

The Smaller the Wheel the Faster it Turns

The modern car has a smaller wheel—often a smaller tire—yet it is driven faster, goes further in a day. In fact the newest models seem almost especially designed to punish tire rubber.

Hood tires are built to meet these modern conditions. To give more satisfactory mileage, comfort and safety . . . even with the higher speeds, smaller wheels, four-wheel brakes and the quicker starts and stops of present-day motoring.

Made by HOOD RUBBER COMPANY, Watertown, Mass.

Hood tires are worth more because they give more.

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HOOD THE SYMBOL OF WORLD WIDE SERVICE IN QUALITY RUBBER PRODUCTS

"BUT how will I *know* what kind of flowers are delivered on my telegraph order?"

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Seek a florist shop displaying the Winged Mercury symbol of safety. This florist will send your order to the distant city. Each F. T. D. florist is under bond to *immediately* transmit every order he accepts . . . and to fill, *exactly as specified*, any order sent him.

When the flowers you order are delivered, a Bond of Satisfaction is in the box. Only an F. T. D. florist can give you this assurance.

This FTD Bond GUARANTEES Safety in Telegraphing Flowers

Say it with Flowers BY WIRE WITH SAFETY

(Continued from Page 144)

With the arrival of the musicians several couples came from the adjacent veranda and a straggling line of newcomers wandered in to compete for seats at the tables nearest the dance floor. The evening was beginning.

The fat colored man seized a small white rod, stamped his foot twice, and beat time. Music, so to speak, came forth from the orchestra. The saxophones moaned; in irregular throbs a banjo twanged minors; a bass horn uttered Congo gutturals. The dancers clasped one another and began to practice gymnastics, borrowing freely from the art of the contortionist. With set, serious faces they shook, jiggled, wiggled, spun in dizzy circles; then jiggled, wiggled, shook again.

"Times like this almost make me think I don't know how to dance," Lyle said. "And glad of it. Can you do what they're doing, Elise?"

"'Deed she can!" said Zula. "Why, she knows more ——"

"I don't like it, though!" Elise said quickly. "A girl's got to know how, of course; but I don't really enjoy those trick steps."

She looked out at the dance floor, watching the spinning couples with some amusement. From amid this whirlpool Robine suddenly emerged and came toward them.

"Well, it's shaping up like a good night for us," she said. "Lyle, have you showed your girl the sights?"

"You mean have we been dancing? No, and I don't think we will. I'd rather talk to her. I'm just getting used to seeing her all dressed up, and there's lots of things I want to say."

"Then you might show her the statue," Robine said.

"What statue?" Zula asked.

"Would you like to see it?" Lyle said to Elise. "It's on the river bank, behind the house. I'd like to show it to you."

"It is a little warm in here," Elise said. "I guess maybe that would be nice."

"Where," said Zula—"where is this statue, and what ——"

"You two run along, if you want to," Robine said benignly. "I'll stay here and keep Zula comp'ny. . . . Go ahead, Lyle."

Elise got up from the table, and holding his elbow, she walked beside him with brisk little steps.

In the faint starlight the concrete figure rose impressively above them; perhaps twenty feet in height, it appeared to be a copy of Bartholdi's Liberty Enlightening the World, completely equipped with her torch and headdress.

"Did Robine have this brought here?" Elise inquired. "Is this another bright thought of hers?"

"No, Burl wanted it. It's nearly the only thing he's had his own way about. He saw the one in New York harbor and he couldn't stand it until he had one, too; so he got it and named this place Liberty Landing. It cost him a good deal."

"Yes, it looks as if it might," she said absently. "Let's sit down here, Lyle. I want to ask you something."

"You do?" He sat beside her at the base of the statue. "What would you have in mind?"

"Well—oh, of course it's foolish of me, and all that!" she said. "But I admire you so much; you're so gentlemanly and—and ——" She paused and fixed her eyes mysteriously upon the stars. "I—I don't know how to say it." She sighed deeply.

"Just say it," he said gently. "I don't know what it is, but the way I feel, you could tell me anything and I'd try to believe it."

"Lyle?" She allowed her shoulder to touch his for an instant.

"Yes?"

"You see, Lyle, even in the short time I've known you, I got to like you so well that ——"

"Yes?"

"Oh, come to Florida with us!" she burst out. "Come down there and—and go into some other business. There's money in ——"

"'Some other business'?" he said with quick suspicion. "Who's been telling you things?"

"No one," she said. "I just guessed it."

"You mean, you guessed I was a—a ——"

"A bootlegger," she said gravely.

"When?"

"Right after you picked us up." Her hand went out to his. "But it's all right; you needn't keep on being one. You can stop bootlegging and ——"

"Wait a minute," he said firmly. "Now let me get this straight. No one told you what my business is and ——"

"No, I just ——"

"You guessed it, and now you want me to give it up. Is that it?"

"Yes!" she said. "Indeed I do want you to give it up."

"Why?"

"Why do I want you to? Goodness!" She made a little gesture of dainty helplessness. "Why?"

"Yes!" he said coolly. "Why?"

She sat for a moment in thought.

"I'll tell you," she said. "It's really because I like you so much, but that wouldn't matter any to you." She waited. "That wouldn't matter to you," she repeated, "and because it's against the law wouldn't matter much, either. So I'll put it another way."

"What way?" He was smiling at her seriousness.

"This: Just what do you get out of it? You're liable to be shot at, or arrested or something. You do all the work——"

"That's true."

"You can't do what you want; you've got to be running around the country all the time, and—and—gracious, what have you got to show for it?"

"Oh, I've got a car and a little money in my pocket and ——"

"Yes, and how'd you get your money? By making ten times that much for somebody sitting back in an office, prob'ly!"

"The big boss is pretty well fixed," he admitted. "And you never catch him out on the road, day and night, in all kinds of weather. He ——"

"Not while you're willing to do it for him. Now, Lyle," she said persuasively, "don't you see you're too gentlemanly to be doing other people's dirty work? You're the most gentlemanly man I know, and you ——"

"You think so?" he said, brightening. "You think I am?"

"You are!" she said. "And you're too gentlemanly to keep on taking chances for somebody else."

"Well," he said, rubbing his forehead, "I've had a hard week. I've gone to see every one of our distributors in this district since last Monday, and I've been thinking that my job's not quite satisfactory. I'm getting disappointed in it. You're right when you said it wasn't very gentlemanly."

"Does that mean ——"

"It means nothing, except that I'm going to sleep on it. I don't blame anyone for quitting—it's such a roughneck life. Nobody dresses for dinner, and when I do go to a gentleman's house, like as not they show me in the back door. But it isn't that way with the big boss. His bankers take him out to play golf and hand him cigars and introduce him to their friends. I'm tired of being just one of the help."

"Why don't you stop, then, and come to Florida?"

"Too much competition down there. I'd be nobody. Here I'm not so badly off; I've worked up to district manager. I got fifty men under me."

"Yes, and who are they? Truck drivers and saloon keepers like Burl, and ——"

"So you guessed about him, too, did you?" He looked at her admiringly. "You're as smart as they make 'em!"

"Oh, anybody could tell what sort of a man he is."

"He's not very refined," Lyle sighed. "Hardly any of my associates are, and the way I'm being worked I don't have time to see much of other people."

"There's another argument! You're never through work; you always have to be worrying about what might happen tomorrow."

"That's true," he said. "We're all of us worked to death, except the big boss. Why, even old, rough Burl is getting fed up. He wants to quit us, but of course we won't stand for that."

"Why not? Can't he quit if he wants to?"

"No. You see, this is a personal business and he's got the trade in this section. We can't afford to lose him."

"But can't someone else take his place?"

"There are two or three that could, I suppose, but they're working for another syndicate. Bernie Jordan and Frank Alvey could do it if they weren't fighting us. But Burl knows too much to leave us. He might let something leak out."

"Not with Robine around," said Elise. "He wouldn't have time to do much gossiping. If you let him go she'll take care of that."

He laughed and then looked at her sharply.

"Say, what interest have you got in what happens to Burl? Has Robine been telling you a sob story?"

"No," said Elise.

"What's your interest in her then?"

"I'm sure I'm not int'rested in her at all." She idly put her hand on his knee. "You ought to let 'em go, if they want to, because you ought to be out of it yourself. Gracious! I don't care for her 'specially; she hasn't any style. And of course Burl hasn't either."

"Hardly!" he said. He did not speak for a short time; he sat contemplating the black river beneath them. Then he glanced at her.

Her profile was toward him, her eyes again fixed dreamily upon the distant stars; there was a shadowy, ethereal loveliness hovering wanly about her face in the dim light. From the dance hall there came softly through the air the sound of a crooning negro melody, played with plaintive wistfulness.

"You—you're just my type!" he said huskily. "You make me do more thinking than any other girl ever did in all my life before. You certainly are my type."

Shortly after Elise had gone to her room Robine came in.

"Elise, I think you done us a big good turn," she said in a triumphant whisper. "Burl's got him in the office now, with Bernie Jordan. Bernie's been waitin' there most of the evenin'. I think Lyle's goin' to let Burl quit."

"Oh, that," Elise said vaguely. "Lyle practically promised me he'd quit this work himself."

"You don't mean to say you've gone and reformed him?" Robine said incredulously. "Why, girl, do you know what kind of a hard-boiled, silk-stockinged gunman he is? Do you know ——"

"I b'lieve I do." Elise smiled with tender compassion. "I b'lieve I know him better than you do. And he's going to let me know in the morning about what he decides on. But I'm sure he's going to quit."

"All right," said Robine. "After the nice way he's talkin' now to Burl, I'm willin' to believe most anything. The way you handled him certain'y opened up my eyes." She turned to go. "I'm goin' go get me some hosiery like you got," she added, departing.

"How did you do it, Elise?" Zula asked.

"How? How did I do what?"

"How did you manage to reform Lyle?"

"Oh, I just went halfway with him. It's something you ought to learn, Zula," she said graciously. "I showed him I was a lady; so of course he acted like a gentleman. That's the way I handle refined men. I'm not such a bad little reformer!"

Her expression suggested that she alone had heard the sound of heavenly bells, and the faint flapping of cherubs' wings was

Rust-Proof Because PARKERIZED

THE day of the rusty disreputable automobile fender is passing.

Automobile manufacturers are keenly alive to the demand for beauty of design and permanent finish.

Fenders and splash boards are always the first to lose their newness and beauty. Water and dirt work through the unprotected enamel and rust once started spreads rapidly, "blowing off" the enamel in unsightly spots.

Now Parkerizing has come into the picture. The fine finish of fenders, splash boards or any other iron or steel part can be protected.

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The Wolverine system of applying fine finishes to rust-proofed surfaces is a perfected method which insures the automobile owner against the exasperating experience of seeing the fenders of a beautiful new car soon becoming rusty and shabby. It can be applied to a single set or to a manufacturer's entire production.

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Write today for our illustrated booklet, "2 Sales Factors"

WOLVERINE ENAMELING COMPANY
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DETROIT, MICHIGAN

soon to fill the room. A seraphic afflatus had descended upon her. Looking sweetly exalted she silently began to prepare for bed.

At breakfast the next morning Burl and Robine gratefully informed the girls that everything was to their hearts' desire. Lyle, they said, had breakfasted early and was upstairs packing his suitcase. He and Mr. Jordan had parted on amiable terms the night before, and Mr. Jordan had expressed delight in being accepted as a henchman of the big boss.

"He was glad to get the job," said Burl. "But what's this Robine tells me about you gettin' Lyle all ready to quit?"

"I think he will," said Elise. "I think Mr. Harmon has come to see that it's the gentlemanly thing to do."

It was not until the truck that was to take the girls to the distant city stood at the door that Elise had a chance to judge of her work. Lyle came down, suitcase in hand, and helped them into the waiting truck.

"I'm through," he told Elise. "What you said decided me. It's all over."

"And you won't come to Florida?" she said pleadingly.

"'Fraid not. Too much competition." He leaned forward and gently patted her hand. "You're a real lady," he said. "Good-by, and be sweet!"

The truck had gone. Harmon put his suitcase into the rumble of the roadster and locked it; then he got into the driver's seat and started the motor. Letting it run, he went to Burl's office.

"We might as well close your account right now," he said. "I may not be back this way for some time. Let's see, how much do you owe us on last week's shipment?"

"Six and a half grand," said Burl promptly. "And here it is, in cash and gover'ment bonds." He opened the small safe.

"That's correct," said Lyle, consulting a notebook. "Sixty-five hundred. Here's your receipt."

He handed Burl a slip of paper and received in exchange the package of bonds and currency, which he counted and put in his pocket.

"Now," said Burl, "that's done. Have a drink?"

"No, thanks. I've got too much to do today."

Burl winked at him waggishly.

"Don't do like you done last night," he said. "Gettin' that girl all worked up about how she got you to quit this business."

"She tell you that?"

"Yes, and she was certain'y struttin' her stuff around here, about how much good she's done. You got a way with girls I wish I could get. How do you get across, lyin' to 'em like that?"

Harmon did not answer; his face was thoughtful but unfathomable.

"Come on out to the car with me," he said. "I've got a message for you to give somebody."

Slightly mystified, Burl went with him. Harmon got into the car and shut the door; with motor still running, the roadster faced the driveway.

"Miss Brenner said some things that got to me," he said. "You tell the big boss that I'm through with him, and that if he tries to make me any trouble I'm going to the district attorney. I know enough to hang him."

"What?" said Burl. "You—you're really quittin'? You ——"

"That's what I said! And you tell him I got some evidence that would surprise him—a few things nobody else knows about."

"You—you mean you're through with it just because a girl made goo-goo eyes at you?"

"Not entirely. I've been thinking quite a while of going into business for myself. I know a quiet little place where there's no competition, and now I'm going there. You tell the big boss that I'm getting out because it isn't a gentleman's game—working for other people."

"You're goin' into bootlegging for yourself?" Burl asked. "Is that it?"

"Yes, and it's time I did!"

Burl looked at him blankly; then a sudden curious light came into his eyes and his mouth widened unpleasantly.

"You son-of-a-gun!" he said. "You're goin' in business for yourself with the money I just handed you—with my money!"

"Don't shout; it makes your nose red," said Lyle. His hand slid suggestively under his coat. "You might stand back a little too. I don't like to hear you breathe so hard."

"With my money!" Burl repeated. "Why, you ——"

"Show the big boss the receipt I gave you. That'll prove you ain't got it."

"Yeah? And suppose he don't believe me? Suppose he thinks I forged it? Suppose he turns the racket squad loose on me with a machine gun?"

Mr. Harmon smiled coldly.

"That's your problem," he said. "I've reformed."

The yellow roadster shot off down the drive.

THE END OF THE STEEL

(Continued from Page 19)

here he is now with his stick pin of nugget gold, camping hard and fast alongside of what he declares is going to be the last and luckiest crossing of the River of Fortune.

Gazing across the Saskatchewan, I found myself continually wondering about the country beyond. Out there was the end of the steel. In from there came the trail blazers, the trappers, the traders and the prospectors, bringing with them rare tales, and what for some is worth far more than tales—pieces of shining ore.

The time-table of the new railway announced that there was one mixed train each way twice a week. I made plans to proceed north on the following Thursday on the "Muskeg Limited."

The scenery of the Hudson Bay Railway in winter is made up of several hundred miles of monotony, with about as much variation out of the car window as one might expect in crossing the Sahara.

The physical condition of the country through which the line runs offers no heavy obstacle to construction. A portion of the road, owing to the spongy nature of the upper soil, requires more than an ordinary amount of ballast. There has been found only one sink hole, and that was effectually disposed of several years ago. The sidings are long and at frequent intervals, the supposition evidently having been that a double track would be necessary in time. The River Nelson, paralleling the line for nearly 100 miles, contains many sources of water power. At one place 400,000 horse power can be developed at a minimum expense. There are therefore important and far-reaching possibilities in the way of electrification.

From the Pas the line runs northeasterly to Mile 356 and then turns directly north to Churchill. Five main watersheds are crossed—the Saskatchewan just out of the Pas, the Nelson at Mile 242 and again at Mile 332, the Limestone River at Mile 350, the Wier and Owl Rivers at Mile 373 and Mile 411. The last two drain into Hudson Bay, with a consequence that the line pointing north is downhill. The country is flat, with a series of lakes and rivers trending northeast, the greater portion covered with a blanket of muskeg of varying depth, with a scattered growth of small spruce. Along the rivers and lakes, where there is better drainage, the growth of timber is considerably thicker. On the occasional sand and gravel ridges jack pine abounds.

Geologically, about 200 miles represent the Pre-Cambrian shield. Beyond the 300 miles the formation is covered with a heavy overburden, as yet not clearly classified.

The section which gives promise for agriculture is the clay belt beyond the Pas. Cattle raising may become profitable here, as hay and water are abundant. In this section some experimental farming is being carried on—wheat, oats and vegetables have matured satisfactorily.

Experiments in grain growing at Nelson have proved unsuccessful. At Mile 37 small plots have been sown to wheat, yielding fifty bushels to the acre, from seed time to harvest seventy days—considered a freak performance. The short season is compensated for in a degree by the longer hours of sunlight that prevail in the North.

The Railroad Terminal

The route from Mile 350 to Mile 510 is almost entirely muskeg, with some solid rock in the vicinity of Churchill. At Churchill there is bare rock. The coldest temperature registered by the engineering party was 52 below at Wier River. Churchill and vicinity are exposed to strong winds prevailing from the northeast.

The character of the country has permitted the location to be generally in a direct route, with a small percentage of curved track; only 12.6 per cent of the mileage is not built on tangents. In many places there are stretches of straight track for ten or fifteen miles. The degree of sharpness of curvature is generally flat, only a few curves being sharper than three degrees.

The gradients in both directions are favorable. North-bound, the presumed direction of predominating tonnage, the gradient is four-tenths, or twenty-one feet rise per mile. Excluding the difference in elevation of the initial point, the Pas—elevation 1190—and the terminal—elevation 10—the rise and fall is very small. The highest point reached is at Mile 10, an elevation of 1290 feet.

In the grading or forming of the road bed 90 per cent of the line is in embankments. Only 51 miles out of the 510 is in cuttings, out of which 12 miles is excavations in solid rock.

Reconditioning of the old section has been largely completed as far as Mile 360. About 600,000 new ties were put in on this section. Fully 1,000,000 yards of material have been used in raising and widening embankments, of which over 150,000 yards were taken from material in excavating and widening cuts.

In 1912, in order that the road might be placed completely under contract, it became necessary for the government to make immediate choice between the only two possible ports on the west coast—Nelson and Churchill. A scheme for development at Nelson was approved and actively prosecuted until the fall of 1917, when work was discontinued.

In 1920 a special committee of the senate was appointed to examine and report on the Hudson Bay project generally. Upon the evidence then adduced the committee reached the following conclusion upon the harbor phase:

"That in the opinion of this committee sufficient care was not taken in the selection of Nelson as a terminus of the railway, and that the government should not make further important expenditures upon this port without first making a new and thorough examination into the relative merits of Churchill and Nelson."

Before committing the country further on the part of development at Nelson it was considered advisable to engage the services of an expert in harbor development, to report as to the relative merits of the two ports as the ocean terminus of the railway. Since the work at Nelson was undertaken unexpected troubles both as to engineering and navigation had been experienced. In order to assure successful harbor operation the government arranged to submit the plan to an undoubted authority on tidal and estuarial harbor problems. For this purpose the services of Mr. Frederick Palmer, of London, were secured.

To avoid loss of an entire season it was decided to send in men and materials and machinery by aeroplane from the end of the steel, and this method of transport was successfully employed under winter conditions and much time saved.

Meanwhile a Canadian National engineering party was engaged on the survey of a possible line to Fort Churchill. As a result, the engineers reported that it would be no more difficult to build and maintain a line to Churchill than has been experienced on other parts of the Hudson Bay Railway.

The new line, as surveyed, leaves the present Hudson Bay location at Mile 356.8 and runs north from Township 28, Range 21, east of the principal meridian, to Township 112, Range 20. The last twenty-eight miles parallels the Churchill River.

Mr. Palmer, after extensive investigation, submitted a report strongly recommending that Churchill be made the port terminal for the railway, as, in his opinion, it would afford the best opportunity for the development of trade through the bay. His estimated costs are based upon an initial test development for accommodation in either harbor of six cargo vessels in port at one time, with working berths for three of the six, estimated draft not less than twenty-six feet. This provision appears to be ample, and has been adopted for plans and estimates. It is more than sufficient for the shipment of 25,000,000 bushels of grain during a season of 100 working days, and still leaves one berth free for import and export of general cargo, including export of cattle.

A comparison of estimates of capital cost for both ports puts Nelson at $26,155,550 and Churchill at $8,450,159. According to the Palmer report, the difference in favor of Churchill, on ports only, is $17,705,391, against which has to be set off the additional cost of the railway to Churchill as compared with Nelson—that is, $5,085,000 for 87 extra miles, making the net difference in favor of Churchill on ports and railway combined $12,620,391.

A Safe Harbor

The annual charges, including interest, operation and maintenance, would be about $1,000,000 greater at Nelson than at Churchill.

In his report Mr. Palmer concludes "that Churchill is undoubtedly the port to be selected as affording a real harbor in which shipping facilities can be provided in calm water protected from all storms by surrounding rocky cliffs.

"As to costs, Churchill will be about one-half the Nelson estimate.

"The time for completion of Churchill is one-half the time needed to carry out the Nelson works.

"Churchill provides a completely sheltered port for shipping from the moment the entrance is passed, while at Nelson no shelter can be confidently reckoned upon until the wharf is reached, and then only by the provision of breakwaters."

Following upon these conclusions it was strongly recommended "that Churchill be made the port terminal of the Hudson Bay Railway, because it affords by far the best opportunity for development of trade

(Continued on Page 153)

Grand Rapids Interchangeable Fixtures may be moved from department to department as easily as sectional bookcases

Hosiery

Men's Shirts

Interchangeability—
(CONSTRUCTION PATENTED)

an added *advantage of Grand Rapids store fixtures*

"If we had started using your Interchangeable Fixtures five years ago," recently said the superintendent of one of the largest department stores in the East, "we would have saved a quarter of a million dollars in that time."

Few merchants realize what a tremendous waste there is in tearing out solid "built-in" fixtures and putting in new ones every time the varying whims of fashion, the necessity of moving, or increased business forces a change in the interior arrangement of their stores.

This waste is not necessary, for with the Grand Rapids Interchangeable Unit System (Patented) the expense of making changes is practically eliminated. When changes are needed, the units can be easily removed from one department to another, or an entire department transferred from one floor to another as simply as moving sectional bookcases.

This system makes it possible for a merchant to add to his equipment just as his business requires, without costly alterations or the discarding of fixtures. Merchants can borrow more money on such fixtures, too, for the resale value is always higher. Ask your banker.

Regardless of how large or how small your store, or where it is located, the matter of interchangeability and flexibility in store equipment should be a vital factor in planning its arrangement or rearrangement. Write us for information and literature. No obligation.

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Efficient–Silent Long-Lived

NEARLY every item touching your daily life—food, clothing, furniture, building material—makes all or part of its distribution-journey on a motor truck. Under much of this vast freight tonnage on America's highways—Timken Worm Drive Axles.

Under the big buses, too—that phenomenal influence on American passenger travel—Timken Worm Drive Axles.

. . . Under these types of vehicles—which must *make profits*, which must operate at minimum cost—Timken Worm Drive finds its strongest appreciation.

For Timken Worm Drive is durable. Its high efficiency does not lessen. It is simple, strong, easily accessible. Its inherent silence is *permanent*—an obvious sign of excellence in *any* motor vehicle.

Ever since there has been an automotive industry, Timken has been supplying it with fine axles. Today Timken experience, Timken facilities and Timken quality are superbly expressed in Timken Worm Drive; clearly preferred for the performance which enables bus and truck operators to *get business, hold it, and make money.*

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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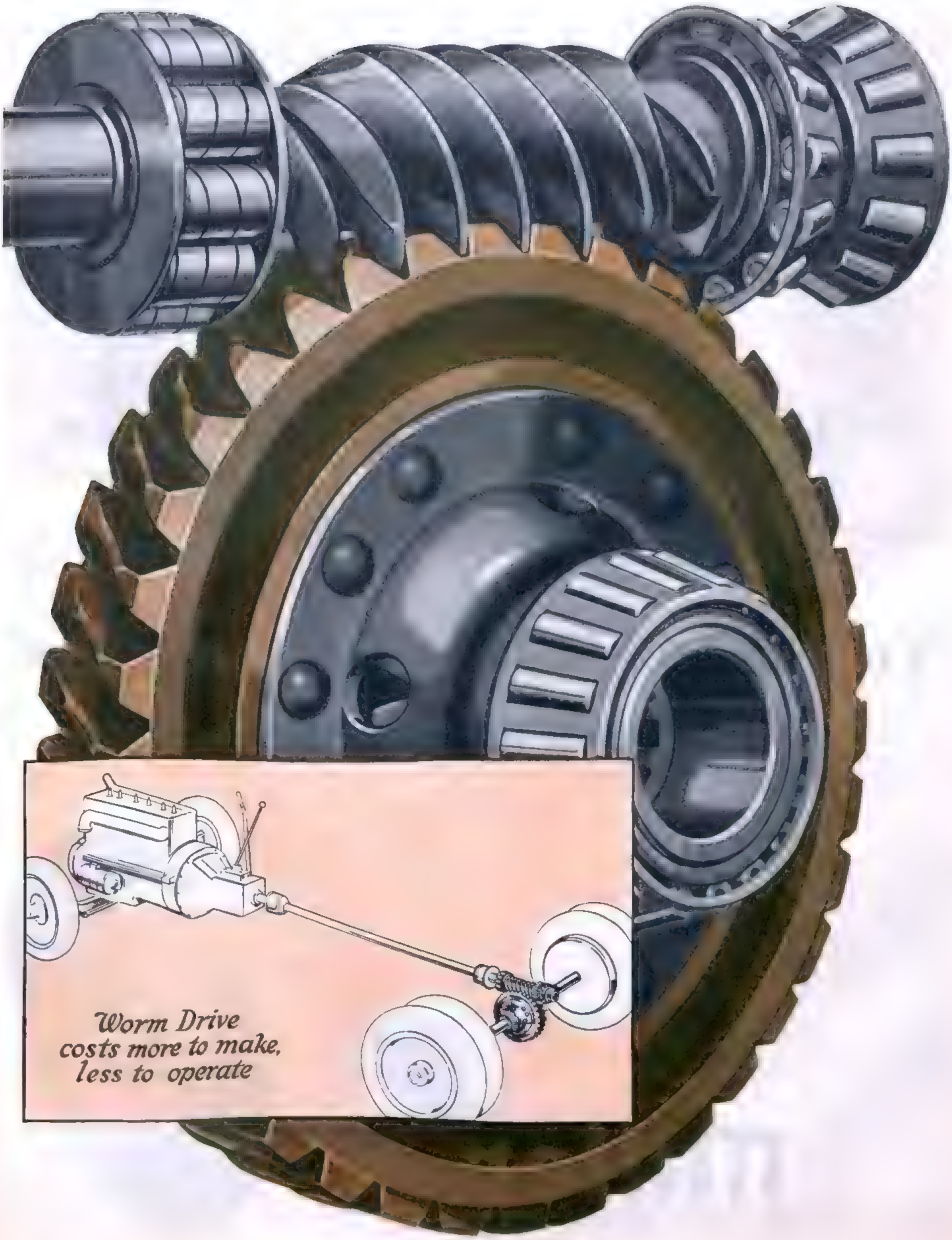

Worm Drive
costs more to make,
less to operate

Frank Frisch, captain and second baseman of the St. Louis Cardinals, with his Miller-equipped Packard phaeton

"I Couldn't find a More Trustworthy Tire"

Frank Frisch

"I consider the tires on my car just as important as the motor. And when a ball player uses his car as I do to keep regular afternoon appointments with baseball fans—the tires must be good ones. I equipped my car with Millers because I couldn't find a more trustworthy tire. In fact, they are all you claim for them, and then some."

FRANK FRISCH

FROM the standpoint of always getting there—and always getting back—even the best car built is only as good as its tire equipment. Thus—those who can take no chance with road delays are turning to trustworthy Miller Tires.

When Frank Frisch starts for a ball game, he must get there—on time—nerves undisturbed. He must have tires that ignore rough pavements—that never show the white feather at terrific speeds—that are built, through and through, to meet every demand of the driver—and keep going.

The Miller Deluxe Balloons, pictured, are built for those who want the best balloon tire money can buy, and who realize that the best is always the cheapest in the end. For those who want thousands of extra miles with freedom from road delays on long drives. For those who want an unusual degree of safety and non-skid protection in the tires they drive. For those who want a tire in which the puncture hazard is practically eliminated.

The Miller Deluxe Balloon does not supersede Miller's fine standard product—the Geared-to-the-Road Balloon. It adds a super-tire of giant strength—and necessarily of higher first cost—for those who drive fast and show their tires no mercy. On your own car—that means a degree of security, undisturbed travel and superior mileage such as you have never experienced. It means, in a word, that *you can't find a more trustworthy tire.*

The new Miller Deluxe 6-ply Balloon pictured below is a new super-type are for those who demand the utmost freedom from blowouts and punctures. It is built to give extra long mileage and to withstand the roughest service.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY of N.Y. AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Miller

TIRES · TUBES AND ACCESSORIES · DRUG SUNDRIES · BATHING WEAR
RUBBER FOOTWEAR · RUBBER TOYS · MOLDED RUBBER GOODS

(Continued from Page 148)

through the bay." Immediate action was taken by the government upon the Palmer report and a decision made to switch to Churchill.

Nelson, as I saw it, is an open roadstead where skippers would have to slip their moorings and jump for sea at the first threat of weather. To call such a place a harbor is a misnomer. The town consists of a foreshore of extensive works, a breakwater and long pier, a narrow-gauge railway. Machine shops, warehouses, stores, offices and men's quarters are spread out over an area of about half a mile.

A thrilling event during my stay at Nelson was the departure of four tractors, each loaded with four sleighs, carrying altogether some 200 tons, bound for Churchill, 160 miles distant. Without a tote road, these 125 h. p. tractors have proved a revelation in winter transport in the north.

Heretofore only dog teams had ever attempted this journey over the rough ice of the frozen bay, then inland through trackless wilderness. At the last minute the Indian guide failed to show up, but the tractor train put off on schedule nevertheless, while we watched it disappear across the ice field with misgivings. From my personal observations the Hudson Bay Railway will not fail from lack of taking chances.

A journey of several days by dog team brought me back again to the end of the steel, at Mile 356, where the present construction terminates. A flat, bare, windswept landscape of blue-white snow, ravaged skeletons of trees, a few jack pines on the ridges. From what is apparent on the surface, one would say "There's nothing here." But the findings of the explorer and the prospector remind us that frontiers are not always what they seem.

At Mile 353, on the banks of the Nelson, I found the battle headquarters of Claude Johnson, engineer in charge of construction on the line moving northward.

A Pioneer in the Wilderness

Ever since my arrival in this country I had been looking for someone who could impart an adequate idea of the whole undertaking. All alike seemed to be absorbed in their own particular section. It was hard to get a coordinated view, but I hadn't been talking with Johnson five minutes before I was inwardly exclaiming:

"At last someone who knows how to tell the story!"

Johnson was blessed with that kind of imagination that saw not merely the blue prints above his desk but also the far-flung implications of the task. I dubbed his shack advisedly battle headquarters, for the spirit there was one which viewed the Hudson Bay Railway in its entirety, with all its manifold ramifications.

"This is the greatest job on the continent right now," said Johnson, "and yet the poor boobs down in the cities are so busy reading the old stuff that they don't even know what's happening up here.

"I can't understand why the magazines and movies waste so much time on ranching. Why, there's more kick in railroad construction in one day than there is in ranching in ten years! I know, for I've tried 'em both."

Yarns and casual remarks about wading endlessly through mire and muskeg, about being lost for days and nights in impenetrable bush, about floods and frosts, about men drowned in the white waters of the Nelson—a wicked river—about an engineer frozen to death on location out in the barrens—these were like flashes from the firing line.

From Johnson's talk, one felt that he was touched with the same fire that burned in Alexander Mackenzie's veins when he answered to the call of "something lost behind the ranges."

Returning to the subject of the Hudson Bay Railway, he declared: "Next fall folks will be able to take a sleeping car to the Arctic Circle. They'll take that and everything else as if it just happened. But I doubt if there ever was a construction job that called for more guts in the winning through."

A pretty broad statement, but I was rather inclined to agree. Had not my watch stopped against my breast before the awful cold? One could imagine how hearts might flutter and fail before that same unpitying blast. And yet that is just what Major J. Leslie Charles, engineer on location, has been standing up against for two solid winters.

The first stage of this project was locating the new line. This was Major Charles' job. With a party of twenty-five men and sixty dogs, he set off for his second trip early in December, to work out the alignment and profiles for the steel that was to follow.

The country into which Charles went is one of the hardest stretches in our northern wilderness, with endless leagues of windswept barrens where one could find not so much as stunted growth for shelter. There, in cold that searches to the marrow, Charles lived with nothing better than a tent, often sleeping in the open, making forty miles day after day afoot, tirelessly searching for the future right of way.

On March 28, 1928, with his location completed, Major Charles came out and handed over his precious blue prints according to which the oncoming line will be laid. His endurance feat, successfully accomplished, was not even noticed by the headlines—which, of course, is the true lot of the pioneer. But next fall a thundering highway through the northern barrens may speak to some of us of that steadfast and enduring man who blazed the trail in order that the railroad might come through.

The second stage of this task will be when Johnson takes up alignment and profile and starts to lay the road. A couple of thousand "Irish buggies" will be a part of the army under his command. An Irish buggy is another name for a wheelbarrow, manned formerly by Hibernians but now given over to Swedes, Russians, Belgians and Finns.

All this summer and fall will see hundreds of barrows going up and down the planks, dumping their loads and building the everlengthening embankments. On account of the long twilight they will be working far into the evening; some days of labor from early dawn to last twilight will run for seventeen hours.

The Irish buggy is replacing the grading machine, the teamwork style of the old days gives way up here to the lone hand. Every man with his barrow and spade is a small contractor, each being recompensed according to the number of yards completed. Some will clear $3.50, some $7.50 per diem. The engineer gives each man his estimate and he in turn trims the road ready for the track.

As a preparation for this army of invasion, they ran supplies in along the line all last winter, with a cache of forty-five tons of foodstuffs every ten miles. A cache in this case is a long storehouse with a canvas roof.

About forty miles across the barren lands will be the worst piece of territory encountered. Probably the prettiest spot is at Deer Lake, an oasis in the midst of a dreary waste.

The gang will be working from April fifteenth to November seventeenth. With grading, ballasting and track-laying completed, nearly 100 miles will be added by this fall. In the following season they will complete the line, the system will be put in final trim, after which the maintenance will take over.

"Why doesn't the maintenance take over the sections as they are finished?" I asked.

"No good taking over until the whole thing's done," replied Johnson. "You see, there are no industries along the way, no towns, no farms; the only traffic for which we can look at the beginning is through traffic such as ore or wheat and cattle, in transit for the bay."

The third stage of this job will be when the permanent way is handed over to the Canadian National Railways system. At that time the finished work will include rails laid and ballasted, bridges built, sidings constructed, stations, section houses, water tanks, divisional works, telegraph and telephone lines, terminals and docks.

Making Ready for Wheat

The total length of the line from the Pas to Churchill will be 510 miles, with an easy grade both ways. This matter of grades is just as important to a railway as cars and cargoes, since ease of operation is largely a matter of low grades. With a four-tenths grade, the Hudson Bay Railway is advantageously situated in this respect.

The second crossing of the Nelson at Kettle Rapids is one of the outstanding engineering feats of Canada, as regards bridge design and difficulties of erection. The water is so fast here that the piers had to be built on rocks in the midst of the swirling torrent. They had to work from one end only, as there was no way of bringing material in from the north; accordingly all derricks and works were constructed from the south.

When crossing the Kettle Rapids I was awed at the spectacle of titanic power roaring away far below. In spite of solid walls of ice on either hand, the river continued in its headlong course, with plunging, foaming cataracts, sublimely indifferent to the might of winter—an irresistible force that "neither gods nor man could hold."

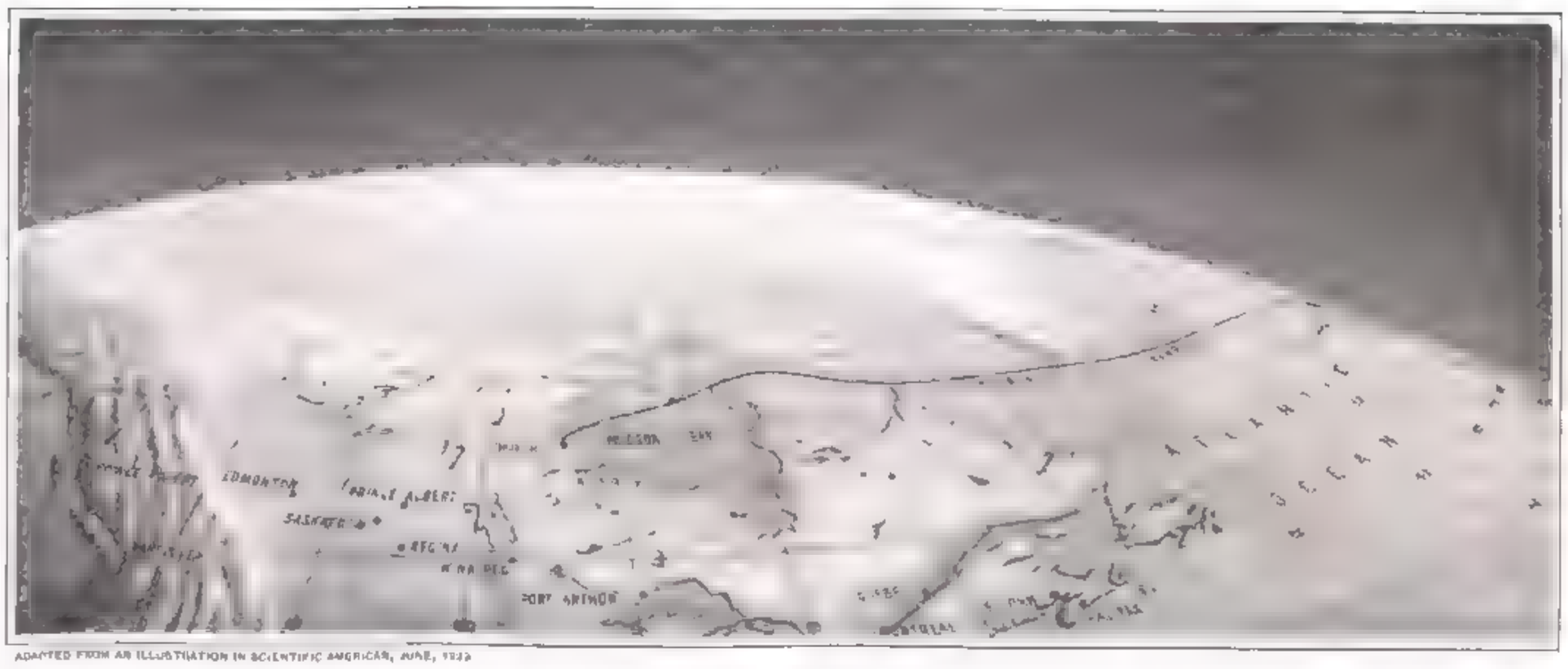
The peep out of the car window at the Kettle is eloquent of the thousands of horse power that will ultimately be generated here in a vast hydro development.

Traveling out from Nelson, I met Mr. Kydd, the resident engineer at Churchill, and his associate, Mr. Coutts, who are engaged at the task of making the terminals. Dredging the channels, placing buoys and lights, building elevators, depots and docks, their work will go on for years.

But the immediate objective will be to have some kind of preparation for the handling of the first wheat that will begin to arrive at salt water at Churchill in the autumn of 1929.

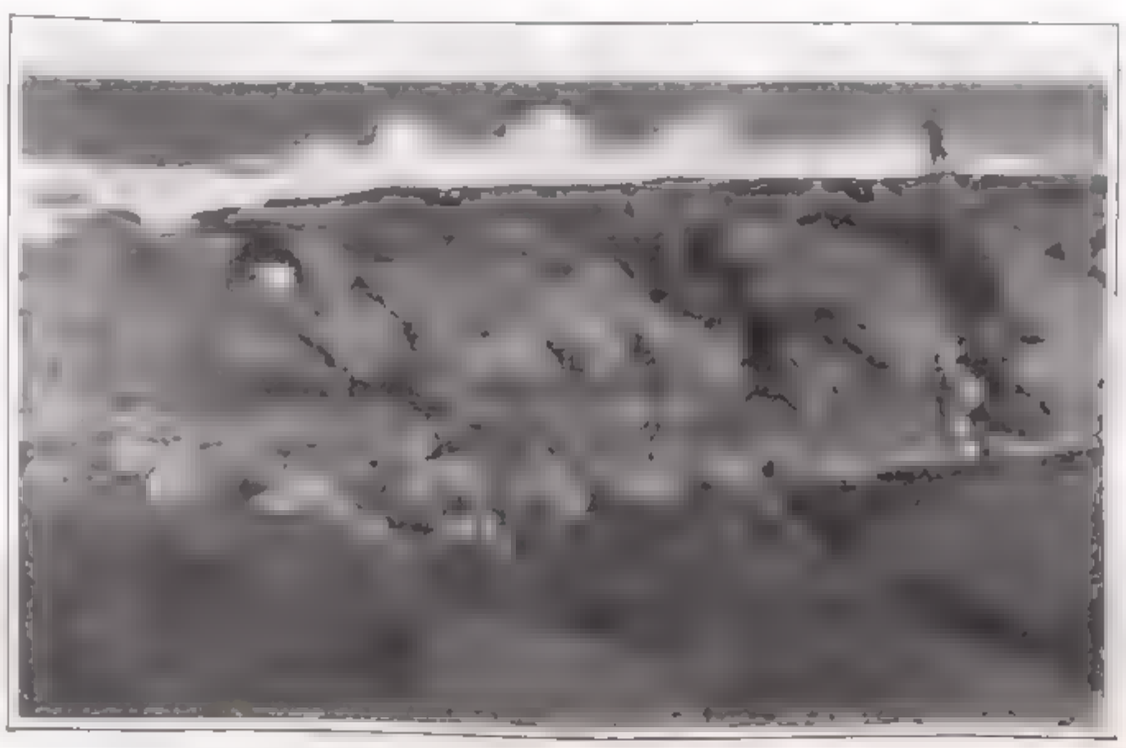
What other Canadian engineers have already done amid the ice of the St. Lawrence, Kydd and his associates are now out to accomplish on the lonely shores of Hudson Bay.

As this new railway moves forward to completion, one is struck by the change of attitude across the country in regard to the undertaking. Many of those who were dubious in the initial stages are now beginning to wonder how they may be able



ADAPTED FROM AN ILLUSTRATION IN SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, JUNE, 1929

The Hudson Bay Port



Hudson Bay Outside of Churchill Harbor During a Gale

STYLE

and comfort in shirts and shorts

YOU want style, and you must have comfort. That's why thousands of men everywhere have picked Carter's shirts and shorts. Carter shorts are "right"—no pulling or binding. A wide, flaring leg gives perfect freedom and allows ample seat room. Tailored front and side tapes give a trim, comfortable waistline. Yoke front, band, or elastic top styles, made in white, colored stripes and patterns. Fine knit shirts of rayon and cotton in white or colors.

Carter's

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

to get on the band wagon if the dream really begins to come true.

Realizing Manitoba's advantage, Ontario and Quebec are beginning to look northward, with an eye to the lordship over that empire tributary to Hudson and James Bay. Ontario's provincially owned T. & N. O. need only build about 125 miles more railway to reach James Bay near Moose Factory. With this short span of steel it could bind itself to the enormously rich domain of the new north, which has been exploited for centuries, but whose true value is only now beginning to be realized.

If Ontario should decide to push on to the bay, Montreal big business might conceivably counter by getting Quebec to build the 200-odd miles of road from Taschereau on the Transcontinental to Rupert House on James Bay.

Although the Hudson Bay Railway is being built primarily to establish Churchill as a base of transatlantic traffic, it will be available as a means of opening up the regions surrounding the bay itself. Iron ore deposits at Belcher Islands on the eastern shore, copper and gold at Chesterfield Inlet and the rich fisheries of the bay itself are evidences of future wealth waiting to be tapped.

The scouts and adventurers who have been pushing out beyond the line of advancing steel are coming back with discoveries that look like real business for the railroad in days to come. When the course of trade has been established, its diversion to or through other channels is always a long and costly process, and even then it is not always successfully accomplished.

The C. N. R. has cornered the Manitoba country. The C. P. R.'s big chance lies in blazing the trail through Northern Saskatchewan. Already the C. P. R., never backward where opportunity beckons, has location parties out looking for a way into the latest empire. Extension in this direction was forecast at Winnipeg recently by President Beatty, of the C. P. R. The work will be a continuation of the branch line which runs north from Wadena and ends at Nipawin. Asked if this meant eventual extension to Hudson Bay, Mr. Beatty said that this was a possibility.

The Mediterranean of the North

One of the railroad pathfinders with long experience remarked to me: "The C. P. R. officials are taking a tumble to themselves all right. But for once the proud line is in second place. The H. B. R. will pay for itself in metal alone. The astonishing mining development along the line is causing everybody else to wake up. Millions of tons of ore in sight on explored properties spell traffic, which is the lifeblood of a railway system. Before long you'll see the C. P. R. crossing the Saskatchewan, which will be the first move in a coming war between the Titans—a war for the trade of the north."

Destiny has brooded long about that mighty inland bay. In the middle of the eighteenth century, Churchill had Fort Prince of Wales, one of the three strongest fortresses in the New World, guarding an empire from Rupert's Land to Oregon. Upon the ruins of this fortress the grain elevators, the castles of commerce, are beginning to rise beside shores that are now the haunt of the polar bear.

"This "Mediterranean of the North" has been a solitary sea for nigh 100 years, but Yankee and Peterhead whalers have known her well, the keels of England and of France once plowed her deep-blue furrows. At York Factory I saw a book of entry and departure covering two centuries, during which time it is recorded that 750 ships came in and out of the bay with only two casualties. If they could do that in an age of sail, before wireless direction and the gyroscopic compass, who is there to say that they cannot do it now? Surely the navigators are still with us!

Up there at the end of the steel a new chapter is being added to the pioneering story—highways, towns, cities, vast mining ventures, millions of invested wealth, ocean terminals, new trade routes—this is a part of the picture. There has been perhaps too much dogmatism, too much propaganda; no one can be sure, but one who has been there to spy out the land comes back with the feeling that up there anything may happen.

Watch the changing map of the north.

Your Uncle Sam

MR. GEORGE H. LORIMER,
EDITOR, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR MR. LORIMER:

IN THE article "Your Uncle Sam" which appeared in the June thirtieth issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST there occurred the sentence "And when you see on a box of spices or a bottle of extract the little legend, Passed by the Federal Food and Drug Act, you may be assured the Government has inspected it for possible adulteration, impurity or deception."

In a communication to the Editor, the United States Department of Agriculture, which enforces the Federal food and drugs act, has pointed out that while the Department under the meat inspection act maintains continuous inspection of meat packing establishments and authorizes the appropriate stamping or labeling of meat and meat products so inspected, such statements as "Passed by the Federal food and drugs act" and "Guaranteed under the Federal food and drugs act" on the labels of food and drug products are not only unjustifiable but are distinctly misleading since there is neither authority in the food and drugs act nor appropriations by Congress to permit such factory supervision as to justify any statement implying governmental approval. The Department states that in the enforcement of those provisions of the law prohibiting the appearance of false and misleading statements on food and drug products all representations of this kind are prohibited.

Frequent factory inspections are made under the present system of enforcement, and samples of food and drug products are continually under examination. Illegal practices can not become prevalent before corrective action is taken. It is the Department's view that to maintain inspection covering every lot or package of food or drug would necessitate the expenditure of unreasonably large funds and that the benefits gained over the present control, which costs less than one cent per capita per annum, would not be worth the vastly increased expense. The Department expresses its desire to encourage intelligent reading of food and drug labels. The purchaser should be assured that the absence of guaranty legends is in no wise an indication that the products are objectionable.

I wish to express my appreciation of your courtesy.

Very truly yours,

W. G. CAMPBELL,
Director of Regulatory Work.

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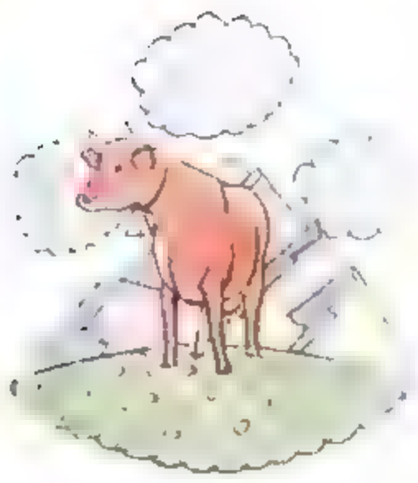


IN MANCHEM LANDE WIRD SOGENANNTER
"SWISS CHEESE" HERGESTELLT, ABER DER ECHTE, FEINE GESCHMACK
FINDET SICH NUR IM "SWITZERLAND CHEESE"

Many nations make so-called "Swiss Cheese," but the rare, true flavor is found only in "Switzerland Cheese"

"IMPORTED SWISS CHEESE." . . . You hear it across the counter or read it on the menu. But before you accept, ask—"Imported from where?" Do you realize that every dairy country in the world makes so-called "Swiss Cheese"? Much of it is exported. The genuine, however, comes only from the land of its origin—Switzerland, and is thus marked on the rind.

No nation can give the flavor and richness to its product that Switzerland gives to its cheese. For no other nation has the same mile-high pastures—spicy grass and hay—pure, soft water from eternal snows—to create this superior quality. What's more, the Swiss cheese-maker has inherited the skill of his ancestors and never varies from their high standards.

Famous hotels and restaurants which search the world for unusual foods and delicacies serve Switzerland Cheese—by itself or as the ideal ingredient in fondues, welsh rarebit, soups and exquisite dishes which only a great chef can create. Fastidious hostesses insist on Switzerland Cheese because they know it is above the commonplace and always in accord with the distinctive atmosphere of their social events.

If you want to have a picturesque and appetizing cold-cut platter, make it this way:—slices of tongue, ham, beef, chicken and sausage . . . garnished with sprigs of cress or parsley and always generous portions of Switzerland Cheese

Try Switzerland Cheese. Have it for dessert with toasted crackers and the demi-tasse; or with fresh fruit. Serve it with salads—in soups—with cold meat. It blends deliciously with all foods and accentuates their flavors.

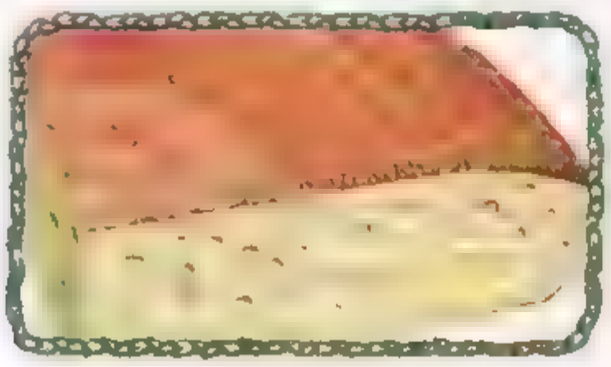
The identifying mark of this rare cheese is found on the rind . . . many imprints of the word "Switzerland." There is but one quality of Switzerland Cheese, although it varies in its natural color from a cream to a butter-yellow. This is due to the season of the year in which it is made. The eyes also may be larger in some cheeses than others, but the rare, true flavor of Switzerland Cheese never varies. The best way to buy Switzerland Cheese is in pound, half-pound, quarter-pound or ten-cent pieces instead of sliced thin. "Switzerland Cheese—and how to serve it", is the title of an interesting hostess booklet which we will gladly mail to anyone requesting it. Switzerland Cheese Association, Berne, Switzerland. New York Office, 105 Hudson St.

SWITZERLAND CHEESE

Genuine Swiss Cheese from Switzerland

AT A GLANCE YOU CAN IDENTIFY SWITZERLAND CHEESE.
THE RIND IS STAMPED WITH MANY IMPRINTS OF THE WORD "SWITZERLAND."
NO OTHER CHEESE CAN BE THUS MARKED.

A Swiss cheese-maker takes a cheese to market on his head



A homestead in the homeland of Switzerland Cheese

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IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

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Please send me FREE a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid

Name

Address

EGBERT, HATH-WROUGHTER

(Continued from Page 21)

and we posted the highway on both sides—Half a Mile to Twin Maples Service Station. And Service is What We Mean. No telling how much that brought in. I got hold of a bunch of free road maps and had 'em on hand. Also I was posted on all the through routes to the mountains and Canada, and I could reel off directions for anywhere. I looked up the names of the different peaks in sight and while I was letting the gas run in I'd point 'em out to the folks. "Jefferson here in front, with trees clear to the top; Adams in the distance, kinda blue and hazy; and between 'em old Washington, with the cloud over the summit. That big gash on the side is Tuckerman's ravine. There's a trail up there. Yes, ma'am, folks can walk up there. Some climb though. Well, stop again when you come back."

That was how I started. Then Luella found me a book that told all about the mountains and I read it through three times. Maybe I wasn't loaded for the overnight campers when they begun to drift along. I'd gather a bunch of 'em around after supper and tell 'em how high every peak was, what kind of rock was in 'em, where there was a fatal landslip in 1872, when the Summit House burned down, how long it took to build the cog railroad up from Fabyan's, where the Lakes of the Clouds was located and how much above sea level they stood. I enjoyed it, and I guess they did too. Only Uncle Ethan would come poking around and give me a sour look.

"Better save your breath," he'd tell me.

"I've never run short yet," says I.

"What's it ever going to get you, all that gab?" he asks.

"No knowin'," says I. "Look at Demosthenes, look at Patrick Henry, look at Mayor Jimmy Walker! Suppose they'd saved their breath?"

He'd just grunt and go along. Meanwhile Luella and me was getting better acquainted, but it was slow work on account of her being so shy. Seems she'd been kept pretty close, only getting away from the farm for three seasons while she went to school down at the next town, ten miles off But she got so she'd find excuses to come out to the stand, bringing milk and eggs and butter to sell to the tourists, and more and more she'd stay around and talk. Then at mealtimes her and ma would listen while I told 'em of the wonders of Nature I'd read about in the travel magazines I'd get hold of. They was about as good listeners as I ever met

"I think it's just grand to know things like that and be able to tell about them," Luella says one day.

"If it's noise you want," growls her pa, "I might raise a flock of guinea hens."

"Ever price guinea hen at a swell hotel?" I asks him. "You wouldn't call 'em failures exactly."

"Some folks buy parrots, too," says he, "but we've always struggled along without one—until now."

'Course he meant that for a dirty crack, but I didn't let it bother me none. It's just as natural for me to talk as it is to breathe and I'd keep right on and pretty soon he'd take his plate and go out to the woodshed or the barn. Somehow it's been my luck always to have bosses more or less like that Only this Ethan Wright was more so.

"Don't you mind, Egbert," says Luella. "Pa's forever hushing up ma and me, but since you've come he's taking it all out on you. We like to hear you though. I—I think you talk just lovely."

"Then what anybody else thinks don't matter much," says I.

And I expect it was about then that this little romance of ours really started. Before that I hadn't dared do much more than look at her when she didn't know it, but from then on I didn't try to keep from gazing, and the more I looked the more I saw worth looking at. Them peaceful blue eyes, for instance. Say, those are the kind of eyes you'd like to see, even across the breakfast table, every day of the year. Sort of soothing. Her voice was that way too—low and soft. And I got to wondering how she'd look with all that yellow hair unbraided and streaming down over her white shoulders. Like some kind of goddess, I bet. So I'd up and tell her about the lily pads in Ceylon, big enough for a man to stand on; and the carved-stone temple they'd found in Yucatan, built and deserted before the Pyramids was even started; and about the dead shores of the Red Sea, and things like that. She'd lean her elbows on the counter of the soft-drink stand and listen, that admiring look in her eyes, until her old man would come crabbing around and send her in the house.

Seemed to make him sore just to know I was talking, even if he wasn't in hearing distance. Didn't want to say much himself, or have anybody else. He'd trained his wife and daughter so they sit through a whole evening almost without making a remark, but he had no such luck with me. Growled out once I made so much racket he couldn't think, but he'd had years of quiet before I came along and I couldn't see where his thinking had done him much good, so I judged he wasn't missing a lot. And now he gets riled every time he finds me and Luella together.

"What's all this you're tellin' her?" he asks.

"There, now!" says I. "Didn't I say you'd be comin' 'round with your ear out? Well, I was speakin' of a place in Yucatan where ——"

"Oh, shut up!" he snaps and moves off.

I don't know as I ever met anybody that appreciated my talents so little. He got to the point where he was just aching to fire me any minute, but meantime I'd built up the business so it was more'n he could handle, and he knew it. Liked to see all the cash coming in all right—and there is good money in one of these service stations that's run proper—but somehow I seemed to get on his nerves worse and worse. The June sales were good, but the July business ran twice as much. Then in August it got so we'd have to have the gas truck call three times a week to keep us filled up. Saturdays and Sundays both uncle and I would be kept on the jump and he had to have Luella come tend the drink stand too. My little 10 per cent on last season's sales was running into quite a rake-off. I must say, though, he settles every Monday prompt and without a single squawk.

"You'll be able to travel quite a ways on that when you leave," he suggests.

"If I ever do," says I.

"Huh!" says he, them gloomy eyes going almost glittery.

I didn't pay much attention. In fact, what I was thinking most about at odd times just then was the way that dimple in Luella's right cheek would come and go as she smiled, and what a nice chin she had, and how her eyes would kind of light up when she listened to me. For a spell there I forgot the beauties of Nature all around me and concentrated on the beauties of Luella. Only I couldn't talk about 'em. You may not believe it, but I couldn't. And I wanted to tell her—wanted to the worst way. I'd make a start, maybe about her eyes, but it would end up with something about the mouth of the Amazon or the Bay of Fundy. Oh, he didn't stop us from seeing each other. Evenings after supper she'd let on to go up to bed and would slip down the back stairs, out through the shed and around to the stand.

Must have been the second or third night after Labor Day that the big scene came. Anyway, there was a full moon and we'd sort of lost track of the time. I'd been telling her how bright the moonlight was down in the tropics on some of them South Sea Islands where they have lagoons, with palms leaning over 'em, and soft breezes all scented up. I expect I was being good at it—extra good. We was standing in the doorway of the drink stand, right close together.

And all of a sudden Luella turns to me and says, kind of low and soft, like a sigh: "Oh, Egbert!" she says.

And I says "Oh, Luella!"

And the next thing I knew I had my arms around her and she had hers around me, and there was that creamy pink face almost against mine, and her lips was puckered kind of inviting and—well, I ask you? It was simply gorgeous. I never had such a thrill in my life before. If I was a poet maybe I could do it justice, but I just ain't got the words. No. I can't even say how long it lasted, but it must have been some time, with neither of us making a move to break away until—well, maybe you can guess. I looks past Luella's left ear and there stands her pa.

"Hey, you!" he snorts.

"Oh, you would think of something disagreeable!" says I.

"Leggo that girl!" he growls.

"Just what I was about to do," says I. "Lovely night, ain't it?"

"You—you gabby young good-for-nothin'!" says he

"Wrong on both counts," says I. "I ain't said a word for minutes and I'm good for a lot."

"Luella, you git into the house quick as you can," he orders.

"And don't worry about me, Luella," I adds. "I'll be all right."

"You will, eh?" says he as Luella starts off. "What you'll do now, you ignorant roadside scum ——"

"Now, uncle!" I protests. "Ignorant of what? You tell me what it is I don't know and I'll ——"

"You'll pack your duds into that tin car of yours and get goin'!" says he. "Now."

"But listen," says I. "We're in love—Luella and me—just found it out; and love, you know, is a beautiful and sacred ——"

"Yar-r-r!" says he, waving something in his right hand.

Now I don't mind arguing with any man and pointing out where he's making a mistake and all that. That is, unless he's waving the handle of a brush hook at me. Thick and heavy they are, generally with an iron band on the end. Pa Wright had one. Quite a waver he was for an old boy too. You'd be surprised. I was. Made it whistle, kind of. Got me mixed up as to what I was going to say next.

"Give you just three minutes," says he, "if I can keep from beatin' out what few brains you got for that long."

I'd hate to tempt anybody to lose his self-control. I packed in less than three minutes and had climbed into the seat of the Spirit of Sabina. As I steps on the starter I gives him a final shot.

"You'll be sorry for this by tomorrow," says I.

"I know I will," says he. "Maybe I ought to give you a lick or two as it is. Dog-goned if I ——"

Well, all that saved him from being real violent was the fact that the motor went off at the first kick and a second later Us was scooting down the highway. We kept going, too, down through the middle of the state toward the Massachusetts line. Along about daybreak I pulled into a woodsy side road, crawled into the back of the fuselage body where I had some blankets, and went to sleep. It was well along in the forenoon before I woke up, chugged on until I found a hot-dog-and-coffee stand and started to think things out.

Should I drive back to Twin Maples, stage a young Lochinvar act by hurling defiance in the teeth of her old man, and carry Luella off to be my lovely bride? For a few minutes I got all steamed up over that program and then I begun to pick out the weak spots. Defying old boys who could swing brush-hook handles so reckless wasn't my

(Continued on Page 158)

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(Continued from Page 156)

strong suit. And where would I carry Luella to if I got her? The roll I'd saved up would last me for a month or more, touring the way I do, with no lodging to pay for and only meals and gas to buy. But how long would it carry two of us on a bridal tour?

No. I'd have to go on, wait until I found a place where my talents was appreciated at their true worth and then, when I'd been made assistant general manager of something, I could go boldly back and claim my fair one, or maybe phone her from the village where to meet me. 'Course it was tough, leaving Luella farther behind every hour. And it was kind of discouraging, not finding any high-salaried jobs beckoning me to stop. What ailed people anyhow? Why was everybody so dead set against hearing me talk? Olsen and Ethan Wright? Wasn't any crime, was it? Why, some was paid just to talk—preachers, radio announcers, lecturers, campaign speakers. And I had the gift too. Must be some place in this broad land where I could cash in on it. Had to be.

At that I cheered up, struck the Mohawk Trail, rolled west, crossed the Hudson, kept on into Pennsylvania, veering south through Allentown, Reading, Gettysburg, and about the third day I found myself heading down the Shenandoah Valley. I sent a picture post card back to Luella. "Lovely country," I wrote on it. "Historic, beauties of Nature on every hand. Wish you were with me. Regards to ma."

It's some busy tourist route, that Lee Highway down through Virginia. You can tell that by the number of filling stations and places where they let rooms. And you couldn't run out of gas if you tried. Then I begun to see these cavern signs. Didn't take much notice of 'em at first, as I've never thought I'd care for poking about underground. To me caves were dark, damp, smelly places that it was best to stay out of. People got lost in 'em, or trapped by landslides, and had to be dug out, with widows weeping and news-reel cameras clicking.

But you couldn't get away from them cavern signboards, some big as houses, that loomed up along the highway. They got thicker and thicker. Might have been some scenery, but you couldn't see it for the signs. Seems this part of Virginia was simply shot with caverns, which was news to me. The name of one was familiar. Yes, I'd heard of it before. Here were half a dozen others, though, all with more and bigger signs, each one advertised as the grandest, sublimest, most beautiful, and you were warned in letters three feet high not to miss this special cavern. Looked like there must be a lot of competition in the cave business. I begun sizing up the signs, trying to judge which was the best outfit. See the Unrivaled Beauties of Nature—that finally got me. As Lindbergh would say, I became cave minded. I just had to see a cave. And the next time a big red arrow pointed to an entrance road, I swung in, jolted two miles over poor macadam and parked the Spirit of Sabina in a field with nearly a hundred other cars. So I wasn't the only one caught. Well, I'd give up half an hour to this cave stuff and see what it was like.

"Party just starting," says the fellow I bought a ticket of. "There goes the Professor now. Follow him."

And inside of two minutes I was one of a crowd of twenty or so swarming down some stone steps in the wake of this tall young bird with the bone-rimmed spectacles and the flowing black tie. He was talking as he went, telling how, way back in the 80's, a lone hunter and his dog chased a cub bear into a hole in the mountainside, pushed through the brush and followed dark, winding passages until he came to a great chamber where, by the feeble light of a candle, his astonished eyes viewed the first of these hidden marvels wrought by the hand of the Divine Architect.

"You are now," says he, snapping on an electric switch, "standing in the portals of the Gothic Cathedral. Observe, if you please, the groined arches rising from everlasting walls, the mighty nave in the rear, the glittering altar, the pipes of the great organ."

Well, I expect it did look something like the inside of a cathedral; like a big church, or an oversized barn anyway. You had to guess at the altar and the organ pipes. But after you'd listen to him describe it all and saw him point with his bamboo cane, it sort of came to you. Somehow you didn't dare have any doubts, he was so positive and dignified about it. And cultured! Say, I never got that close to so much culture before. It fairly oozed from him, dripped from his tongue. Had us all kind of awed and hushed. Except a fat old girl that wore a red raincoat and a boudoir cap.

"Is all that jest made out of mud, young feller?" she pipes up.

"Mud!" says the Professor, giving her a look that must have put chilblains on her soul. Then he turns in disgust, fixes his eyes on a couple of good-looking girls in sport clothes, and goes on: "All these beauteous objects which you are now permitted to behold," says he, "were fashioned by the hand of the Great Artist by a process known as calciferous percolation—in other words, calcium carbonate in solution was deposited, drop by drop, atom by atom, through uncounted ages, until these wonders of Nature were built up. Ten thousand years to an inch is the growth estimated by scientists and the process is still going on, will continue until the last trump is sounded. And now if you will step into the next chamber ——."

Say, he had that old girl stopped all right. She never let out another peep and though the rest of us came in at the proper time with the "Ahs" and "Ohs," nobody had the nerve to ask the Professor another question, except the girls in sport clothes and a schoolmarmy-looking party with gold nose glasses. We was down there more than an hour, trailing him from one wondrous scene to another, and I never missed a word, although there was a paunchy guy I had to elbow some and I never got quite so close as the schoolmarm or the two girls.

If it hadn't been for the Professor I expect I'd have thought some of them grottoes and things was curious and weird and some kind of lovely to look at; but after he'd clicked on the hidden lights in a new cave and paused for a minute, thoughtful, rubbing the end of his chin with the cane, and then cut loose with all that swell language, you knew different. You knew you were viewing a symphony in eternal stone, a subterranean fairyland which had been evolved through unnumbered æons. You knew you were seeing the Crystal Cascade, a translucent cataract whose frozen beauty suggests a jeweled Niagara; the Throne Room of the Gods, where mystical shapes of forgotten deities hold their solemn court; and the Elfland Pool of Beauty, in which the fantastic cohorts of a lost Titania gaze forever into the mirrored magic of the pellucid pool.

Boy, but he was good! There was something grand and noble about talk like that. Kind of lifted you up. Half the time I never saw what he was describing, from watching him as he stood there with his chin well out—sort of a pear-shaped chin with quite a throat apple underneath—his eyes rolled and one hand waving the cane graceful. You almost got the idea he had been there from the first, and that while Nature had done fairly well, probably the job wouldn't have been handled so clever if he hadn't given a few hints now and then. Anyhow he could make you see marvels whether they were there or not.

As we climbed the last flight of steps and the people began to buzz at seeing the sunshine once more, I crowds in past the two girls and holds out my hand.

"Thanks, Professor," says I. "You certainly gave us a treat."

"Glad you liked the caverns," says he over his shoulder.

"I mean what you had to say about 'em," says I. "Honest, you were great."

"The spiel, eh?" says he, and this time he's looking at me and not at the girls. "Think I got it over, do you?"

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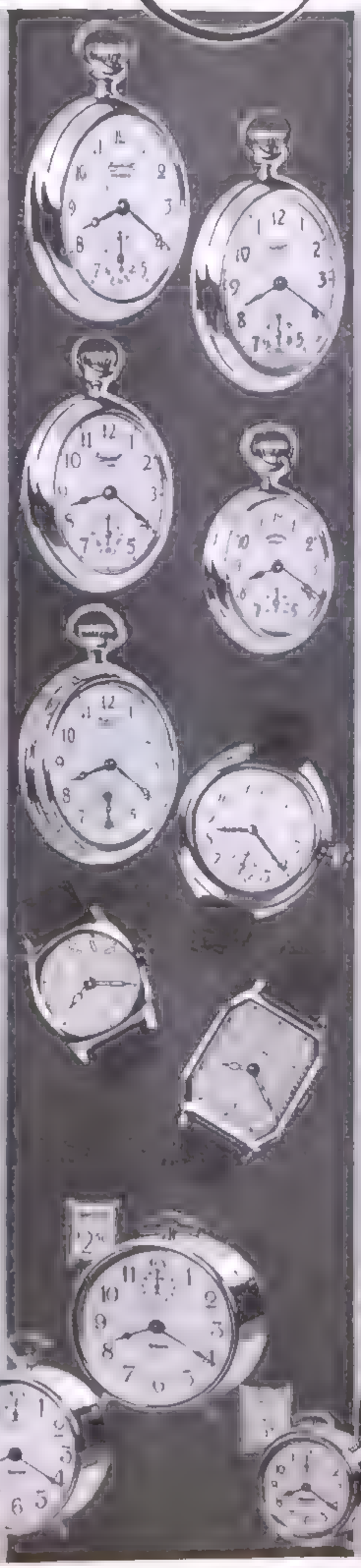
Time Equipment



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New improved model of the world's most famous and popular watch. Always dependable and sturdy The "time equipment" of millions. Yankee Radiolite, only 75c more, tells time in the dark, $2.25

JUNIOR $3.25
Tens of thousands of boys will want this watch for "back to school" use. Small (12-size) and handsome. Mat finish metal dial with double sunk effect. Junior Radiolite, $4.00.

WATERBURY $5.00
Jeweled movement ...engraved design... chromium finish. Chromium is diamond-like in hardness, platinum-like in looks. Smart 12-size. The best watch $5.00 can buy. With radium dial, $6.00

ALDEN $12.50
7 jewels...6/0 size... radium dial. Chromium finish case that won't corrode and mark your wrist. A small, fine, American-made wrist watch at an unusually moderate price.

A Dependable Alarm Clock for $1.50
The T-for-T Alarm Clock [illegible] the Yankee in the [illegible] for. Has the Yankee qualities of sturdiness, dependability and good looks—and is fast gaining Yankee popularity. As a further bid for favor, it now comes in four charming colors, as well as in the nickel finish.

ECLIPSE $2.50
Smaller and thinner than the Yankee Mat finish metal dial has attractive double sunk effect, giving an appearance [illegible] much more expensive watches. Eclipse Radiolite, $3.25.

MIDGET $3.25
For the smaller boy or girl. Women like it, too. A pleasing gift—and an excellent handsome timepiece. Mat finish metal dial with double sunk effect. Midget Radiolite, $3.75.

WRIST $3.50
A sturdy, dependable wrist watch at a low price. Now with chromium finish back that won't corrode and mark your wrist Mat finish metal dial with double sunk effect. Wrist Radiolite, $4.00

ALDEN $17.50
7 jewels...6/0 size... radium dial. Rolled gold-plate case "green" or "white" Two case styles "rectangular", as illustrated, and "cushion" Packed in a handsome silk-lined box.

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Type-S	$2.00	*Radiolite*	$2.75
Type-B	$2.50	*Radiolite*	$3.50
Type-R	$3.25	*Radiolite*	$4.50
Type-R Jr.	$3.25	*Radio*	$4.50

for School

for Work

for Sport

for the Home

Well-ordered lives run "as smooth as clockwork". And well-chosen time equipment is necessary for a well-ordered life. Choose Ingersoll timepieces and you choose well. Watches and alarm clocks that are dependable . . . that brave the hazards of every-day use . . . and have a good share of good looks! All backed by the Ingersoll Service Department at Waterbury, Conn.—a big hospital where injured timepieces have their hurts repaired promptly and at reasonable cost.

INGERSOLL TIME EQUIPMENT

. . . wakes you in the morning . . . checks your time on the way to work . . . checks your work against time when you get on the job . . . doesn't give you an alibi for missing appointments . . . helps your wife get the youngsters off to school on time . . . helps them get home in time for dinner . . . and helps her to cook dinner against your homecoming. And is an indispensable, sturdy companion when you're having good times out of doors.

If any model is not at your dealer's, sent postpaid

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Get ready *now* for Autumn Movies

"What you see, you get" —in *action*

with a

Bell & Howell Filmo Motion Picture Camera

IN THE TIME you would use to take one ordinary snapshot you can get the *whole scene—in action*—with a Bell & Howell FILMO Motion Picture Camera.

"What you see, you get." It's as quick and simple as that with either Filmo 70 or Filmo 75. For there is no cranking, no tripod, no focusing for distance, no time setting, no shutter adjustment. *Simply look through the Filmo spy-glass viewfinder and press the button.* The Filmo user gets into action as speedily as the marksman who hits a flying target . . . simply *aim* and "shoot."

Autumn brings endless opportunities to record events dear to you—football games, travel, hunting, golf, polo, the children at play—all that is closest to your heart. With Filmo every scene is captured with mirror-like fidelity, in *living action.* For Filmo Cameras have the same beautiful precision found in the larger $5000 Bell & Howell studio cameras, with which most professional movies *shown in the world's finest theatres* are made.

The new, lower priced Filmo 75 shown here is pocket size, jewel-like in beauty. Has an embossed, wearproof finish. Weighs only three and one-half pounds. "Watch-thin" compared with other movie cameras. It is held and operated easily in one hand. An excellent camera for field, travel and sports use. Your choice of three beautiful colors, Walnut Brown, Ebony Black, Silver Birch. The price is $120, including genuine Scotch-grained leather, plush-lined carrying case. At a small additional cost a special pigskin case with Sesamee combination lock may be chosen.

Filmo 70, shown in the oval, is the one camera excelling Filmo 75 in specialized amateur movie making performance. It is the camera which has for five years been the standard among amateurs the world over. Provides complete flexibility for every condition of light, weather, speed and distance. Price with carrying case $180. Special cameras for making s-l-o-w movies are available at slightly increased cost.

Both Filmos use Eastman Safety Film (16 mm.) in the yellow box, obtained at practically all stores handling cameras and supplies. First cost covers developing and return to you postpaid. Then the beautifully precise Filmo Projector calls your movies into living action, wherever you want them. A Filmo dealer near you will gladly furnish all details.

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Address
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"I'll say you did," says I. "Best thing I ever heard, not barring Billy Sunday in a tent, or when the governor of Kansas opened the state fair. What I call real Al eloquence"

"Well, well! Much obliged for the boost, son," says he. "I expect I was rather letting myself go today."

And I didn't care if the girls did giggle. I just had to tell him that. Then, instead of rushing for my car and going on, like most of the others, I hung around the portal house watching another bunch collect while the Professor smoked cigarettes and wrote his name on cavern pamphlets for his girl friends. I didn't know why I was staying either, until I saw the new lot being rounded up for the next trip. First I knew I'd bought another ticket and was joining the group.

It wasn't until he'd finished describing the Throne Room that the Professor noticed me in the crowd.

"What ho!" says he. "Doing a repeat?"

"Some of your talk I didn't quite take in first time," says I. "I hope you don't do it different or leave any out."

"You get your wish, buddy," says he. "A regular fan, aren't you? Well, lend an ear."

And once more he was good. I don't know but he put in a few more flourishes, sounded the *a*'s broader, was more impressive when he tells 'em to behold what hath been wrought.

"How about it?" he asks at the finish.

"Better yet," says I. "'Specially in the Crystal Cascade part. You know, Professor, listening to you is like gettin' educated. I wish there was some way I could hear you do that every day for a month or so."

"Ah!" says he. "At last I can point to my public. Buddy, you're an inspiration and if I could have you around regular—but why not? Say, how'd you like to sign on as douser?"

"As which?" says I.

Well, it seems that behind every guide trails a helper that rounds up the strays, twosing couples, and so on, and turns out the lights. Also, the Professor explains, his douser is quitting to go back to college and maybe if he put in a word with the management

"Say!" I gasps. "Would you, Professor?"

So that's the way I fell into this snap. By nine o'clock next morning I was wearing a uniform cap, a nickeled badge that says Assistant Guide on it, and I'd been engaged by the Giant Caverns Company, Incorporated, to help show tourists the hidden wonders of Nature at $1.65 a head, war tax included. And my first official act was to mail Luella some of our literature and write her how I was on the staff and would be here permanent. 'Course I didn't go into details or say just what I was doing, but I wanted to let her know so she could tell her old man I wasn't any roadside scum any longer. Huh! I guess not.

Never have I felt prouder than when me and the Professor took our first bunch down Exploration Corridor. Where they all came from was easy enough to find out by reading the guest book, where they registered from every state in the Union as well as from foreign lands. But how they happened to stop there, to pick out the Giant Caverns from so many other outfits, will always be a mystery to me. Motor tourists, the most of 'em; all kinds of people—bridal couples, traveling men, old folks on their way South for the winter, hitch-hikers, lame ones, fat ones, thin ones. A lot came sort of suspicious, looking for a fake. I'd hear 'em grumbling to one another: "What you want to drag me down here for, William? Bet they ain't got anything worth seein'."

But two minutes after the Professor had limbe ed his throat and opened with "Behold what hath been wrought!" he'd have 'em with their eyes popped and their mouths open. In case there was any fresh ones, or underground comedians that wanted to spring their own line, I was there with the shush-up warning; and where some wanted to linger at this point or that I'd douse the lights on 'em and whisper "Better get this next speech of his; it's a knock-out." Another thing I worked up was the ovation after the Elfland Pool stuff, which was not only the end of the tour but the climax of the lecture. In the dim background I'd start the handclapping and the others would take it up. That didn't seem to annoy the Professor a bit.

"Well, maybe I didn't panic 'em that time, eh, Soapy?" says he.

That's the pet name he started calling me the second day and it wasn't long before everybody on the staff was using it. I was Soapy Bish even to Mr. McGastry, the general manager of the cavern company. It was the start of the general kidding I got let in for on account of my admiring Professor Hickle so much and the way I tagged after and stuck up for him. You see, there was two other guides, but they wasn't in his class at all; just plain spielers that didn't carry canes, nor wasn't called professors, and never got ovations. It was this last touch that made 'em sore. They tried to tell me he wasn't any professor at all.

"A ham actor that got stranded down here," they says.

"All right," says I, "but if you know of anybody that can do a cavern speech better, just bring 'em on."

Then they says it ain't his speech, either, but is the same one they all use and was written by a lady poetess in Staunton. I wouldn't believe it until one of 'em gave me his copy to look over. Sure enough, there it was all typed out.

"See?" they says. "Your great Hickle is just a plain Hath-wroughter, same as us."

I shook my head. "Once I learned the Gettysburg Speech by heart," I says, "but that didn't make me no Abraham Lincoln. It's what Professor Hickle puts into the lines that makes 'em sound so elegant. I don't hear you birds gettin' any hand at Elfland Pool."

I was glad to get that copy though. I read it over and over until I had it all in my head, word for word. I could begin at any part and go on or skip around. Then I begun saying it aloud, when I could get off by myself. I'd try to make it sound just the way the Professor did, with all the broad *a*'s and the final *g*'s. Early in the morning I'd sneak into the caverns and do the whole tour by myself, lecture and all. Then when we'd go down with a bunch of tourists I'd sort of check up and remember the words I'd got wrong. I bought me a bamboo cane and a flowing black tie and practiced in my room before a mirror. I didn't know why exactly, only I felt I was getting educated. Also it kind of took my mind off the fact that I hadn't heard a thing from Luella and I'd sent her two more picture post cards. Maybe her old man didn't give 'em to her or wouldn't let her write. Or maybe she'd forgotten me. No, I couldn't believe that—not after that last evening in the door of the drink stand.

I'll admit there was times when I was feeling low, between being sort of a joke around the caverns and wondering if I was ever going to see Luella again. But the weather we was having there the last of September was enough to buck anybody up. It was gorgeous, the hills getting tinted up and the days mild and summery. The run of tourists kept on fairly well, too, for that late in the season. Gradually, though, they was cutting down the force at Giant Caverns. First one of the guides was laid off and then the other. Finally Professor Hickle and me was handling all the business. Had us stepping some Sundays.

And then one Saturday afternoon the Professor comes out of the main-office phone booth and slaps me on the back excited.

"I've been rescued from the caves, Soapy," says he. "Just took a wire from an old side-kick of mine offering me a job with a big top."

"Eh?" says I, gawping.

"One-ring circus on a Southern tour," says he. "They want me to do the outside ballyhoo for the freaks and the attraction patter in the tent. I got an hour to make the next train for Atlanta."

"But—but, Professor," I protests, "after describin' the wonders of Nature, how can you "

"Soapy," says he, "if I had to spout that sickening mush one more week I'd have to go hunt up a lady poetess and give her a sock in the jaw. But I don't have to. Me for a blue-painted rostrum under God's blue sky, depicting the majestic stature of Oswald, the Swedish giant; the ponderous pulchritude of Minnie, the fat lady; the gastronomic feats of Bobo, the Mozambique snake eater. And believe me, son, it's gonna be a welcome change."

'Course I could only shake my head and look hurt. He couldn't be in his right mind to talk like that about his art. High-strung he was, and something had gone wrong in his head. I could tell that by the way his throat apple was working up and down.

"You know tomorrow's Sunday," I suggests, "and it'll leave the management in a hole."

"Oh, they'll find a sub somewhere," says he. "Anyhow, I'm off. I'd have quit weeks ago if it hadn't been for you. Been a great help, Soapy. Good luck."

Well, when Mr. McGastry heard he got busy on the long distance, but at the end of an hour he was looking worried and wiping his brow.

"Maybe I'll have someone here by morning and maybe I won't," says he. "Can't tell yet."

And by 10 A.M. nobody had shown up. I went into the private office to tell him there was two dozen tourists waiting at the portal to be taken down.

"Gr-r-r!" says he. "If there was only some sap around this place who knew that lecture stuff!"

"Why, I know it, so far as that goes," says I.

"You!" says he. "Where—how—say, let's hear what sort of a mess you'd make of it. From the start now. Shoot."

"Hm-m!" says I, clearing my throat. "You are now standing in the portals of the Gothic Cathedral. Observe, if you please, the groined arches rising from everlasting walls; the mighty nave ——"

"Hickle to the life!" he breaks in. "Soapy, if you can do it all like that you're hired permanent. We'll have a tryout anyhow. Get going."

"I'll need a douser," says I.

"I'll douse for you myself and watch your work," says he. "Let's go."

Well, I don't mind saying I was nervous for the first few minutes, thinking maybe I'd get stuck and break down, but I'd got them lines fixed so fast in my head that they just gushed out like when you turn on a water tap, and the little tremble in my voice only added a touch of awe to what I had to say about the wondrous scenes. Then, as my nerves steadied down, I begun making the dramatic pauses and the graceful gestures just where the Professor had put 'em in, so by the time we came to the Pool of Beauty I was going strong, and while I didn't pull an ovation exactly, I had 'em buzzing, pleased and thrilled.

"'Course," I tells Mr McGastry, "I can't do it like Professor Hickle."

"Why, you have Hickle looking like a tongue-tied dummy," says he. "You put your whole soul and your back and shoulders into the thing. Besides, you're not always rolling your eyes at some girl. Soapy, the job is yours."

Which is how I come to be wearing a flowing black tie and waving a bamboo cane as I show groups of folks from all parts of the world what hath been wrought here in this subterranean palace of wonders. They tell me I'm good at it. I have 'em holding their breath, wiping their eyes and saying, husky, how they ain't been so stirred since their son came home from war and told 'em how many potatoes he'd peeled As for me, I like every bit of it. I know I've found my career. I may still be Soapy to some of the cheap help around the caverns, but to Mr. McGastry and the

(Continued on Page 163)

"A GOOD OVERCOAT . . . . *ruined*"

Ever see any moths? They are little worms which hatch from eggs laid by the moth miller. They eat ravenously for a few days, then become moth millers, themselves. They only eat woolens—furs, silk and [illegible]. Your overcoat represents [illegible] days' work. But why should you provide board and lodging for the moth?

***Line the closets of your home with* SUPERCEDAR**

The aroma of Supercedar [illegible] to you [illegible] the moth worm. You can [illegible] the closets of your home [illegible] Supercedar for less than the price of a new overcoat. And if you ever want to sell your house you can sell it easier and quicker.

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Another way to protect [illegible] moths [illegible] Supercedar storage closet [illegible] Our engineering and [illegible] service will help you [illegible] We will send you print [illegible] from your lumber dealer [illegible] a carpenter can [illegible] a week's [illegible] Write us about this

Your dealer has* SUPERCEDAR *in boxes like this

Supercedar is made from genuine [illegible] Ten [illegible] guaranteed 90 percent or more pure heartwood [illegible] and [illegible] to season to retain 100 percent oil content. It is accurately tongued and grooved both sides and ends. Each piece stamped on reverse side, Brown's Supercedar. It is then sealed in dust-proof corrugated fibre board, metal bound boxes to protect against damp, excessive [illegible] shrinkage. Our [illegible] are [illegible] found on each box. Geo C Brown & Co Memphis, Tenn

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(Continued from Page 161)

other officials I am Professor Bish, their star lecturer.

Then here the other day—well, I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw 'em. I'd started down with a small-sized bunch—maybe fourteen or fifteen, not having looked 'em over special and I'd just finished the cathedral stuff and was shooing 'em into the next chamber when I spots a girl with creamy cheeks and butter-colored hair. It's Luella. And back of her are Ma and Pa Wright. All I had time for then was a hand squeeze. Between the Crystal Cascade and the Throne Room, though, there's quite a walk and I got in a few questions.

"You didn't forget me, did you, Luella?" I asks.

"Why, Egbert!" says she.

"But how did you happen to come down?" says I.

"Pa's rheumatism got bad," says she. "He sold out. Has to live in the South somewhere."

"Right here's the place," says I. "How you like my talk?"

"You're wonderful, Egbert," says she.

"Listen to this next," says I.

As Hickle would say, maybe I didn't let myself go. It was what we call a push-over lot, for, besides a fat man who wheezed when he got excited, there's an old maid who sniffled into her handkerchief and two or three hearty "Ahers" and "Ohers." Some was patting me on the back at the finish. And all through it I was throwing Uncle Ethan a glance now and then. He's following along at the tail end with his head down and sort of a sheepish look on his face. 'Course when it was all over and we was having our little reunion, he had to come to the front.

Say, he may have a sciatic disposition, but he ain't such a poor sport at that. Knows when he's made a wrong guess and don't try to save his face.

"So this is why the womenfolks was so dead set on seein' caves, eh?" says he.

"Why miss any wonders of Nature?" says I.

"Huh!" says he. "And I paid good money to hear you talk about 'em!"

"Here you are," says I, counting out a dollar-sixty-five. "If it wasn't worth the price I'd like to ——"

"No," says he. "Dog-goned if it wasn't worth every cent of it."

"Oh, pa!" says Luella, giving him the first hug I ever saw him get.

And now we got everything all fixed up. There's a nice little place just off the highway that Mr. McGastry's gonna sell us cheap.

Luella and I are to be married next week, and when the old folks come up from Florida in the spring they'll probably spend the summer with us.

"So any time you want to hear that cavern talk of mine again," I tells Pa Wright, "you'll be nice and handy."

"Huh!" says he. "There's no knowin'. I might be just fool enough."

UNMANAGED CREDIT

(Continued from Page 29)

coöperation of hundreds, or even thousands. No baker's dozen "they" could have done it. Most brokers had for some time been demanding heavier margins from customers, which should have tended to restrict speculation. Before June first some brokers refused to buy curb stocks on margin at all. But people dug up the money somehow and kept buying. The Financial Chronicle observed, "It is easier to start a fire than to stop it."

Early in June the call rate for brokers' loans went to 7½ per cent, then to 8 per cent, and stock prices broke severely. Presumably many of the savings-bank speculators lost their stakes. That was a pity, but what particular persons could have prevented it? July second the call loan rate went to 10 per cent, and next day's report said: "A flood of money poured into this market all day yesterday, sending the call rate down from 10 per cent to 5 per cent. The influx of funds came not only from the interior of this country but from Canada and London. Bankers estimated that at least $100,000,000 was received from those sources during the day." A touch on a telegraph key will send money anywhere in the civilized world. No few particular men, nor a particular set of men, can control it.

Commenting on this stock-market boom, in an article for the London Statist in June, Dr. A. C. Miller of the Federal Reserve Board said:

> The circumstances which have occasioned partial miscarriage of Federal Reserve policy during the last ten months are of a kind that are likely to repeat themselves. The exuberant temper of the American speculative community can usually be counted on to respond to a sufficient stimulus in the way of cheap and easy money. This recent experience suggests the hazard to which a policy of cheap and easy money is always exposed in the United States.

Cheap and easy money may often be very desirable for legitimate purposes, but if a banking policy makes money cheap and easy there will always be the risk that many thousands of exuberant persons will take advantage of it to rush into a gorgeous speculative boom in stocks, city real estate, farm lands, overbuilding or what not.

Danger in Cheap Money

Note that the danger arises always from cheap money, easy credit. Directly after the war, in order to facilitate the last and biggest Liberty Bond issue, the Federal Reserve Banks helped to make money cheap and easy. That promoted the post-war inflation which led to the great deflation of 1920. Cheap money is the danger. Yet at the time being it is hard for people to believe that cheap money may be dangerous. If they are in a jam, whether they are farmers, manufacturers or what not, their first demand is for cheap and easy money—which may be asking for a loaded gun with a hair trigger. It is dangerous solely because, money being cheap and easy, a great many people may misuse it. It is impossible for the banks to set up a water-tight bulkhead between borrowing for constructive uses and borrowing for speculation. A loan for the most constructive of purposes may release other money for speculation.

Control of loans by the banks is limited by custom and by competition among themselves. The biggest bank in the country has $1,100,000,000 of loans and investments and an equal amount of deposits. If you ask who is running it, you will be shown into a handsome office where sits a gentleman called the president, or into another room where a number of gentlemen, called the directors, gather at a table. Directors and president, between them, "run the bank." But their power is quite limited, without regard to the many banking laws which they must obey, or to the Comptroller of the Currency, who is their official guardian

Their business consists of handling other people's money. To a large extent depositors and borrowers are the same people. A given depositor may have a heavy surplus in the bank at one time and be borrowing heavily at another, or he may be borrowing all the time and leaving some of the money in the bank for working capital. The bank holds its business on condition of pleasing its customers, accommodating them. If its customers get the notion that other banks may be more serviceable to them, the $1,100,000,000 will melt away. Customers can vote the bank out of business by simply withdrawing their accounts. No bank can control its loans in any novel, arbitrary way and continue in business. It must do the customary thing.

Though banks have a limited control over loans, they have, as a rule, no control over deposits. Whether the deposit represents new money brought into the bank from outside or is the proceeds of a loan made by the bank, once it has been placed to the depositor's credit, it is legally the depositor's money to do what he chooses with. If he wants to buy stocks or corner lots or gold bricks the bank cannot stop him.

There are more than $52,000,000,000 of deposits in 27,000 banks in the United States, the deposits being owned literally by millions of people, as that total includes savings accounts. By and large those millions of owners can do what they please with the money any time they please. As we have seen, savings deposits in New York decreased $22,000,000 in April and May, which was attributed largely to withdrawals for speculation. Undoubtedly savings-bank managers regretted that, but they could not prevent it.

There are pools of credit—small pools in small towns, huge pools in the financial centers. A comparatively small number of men stand out conspicuously as big-pool managers. But their arbitrary power is quite limited. They really hold their positions on condition of meeting the views of the myriad contributors to the pools, of accommodating them, rendering services that are satisfactory to the great part of them. Finally, under our free system, intelligent use of credit requires the coöperation of a great number of people, for a great number of people have effectual control of credit. The world money-credit system has not a mind. It has thousands of minds.

Doctor Miller intimates pointedly that the Federal Reserve Banks will not again try to make money cheap and easy by open-market operations. The object they had in mind was a good one. Their policy was well suited to accomplish that object, and did accomplish it. But it also exposed many thousands of people to a speculative temptation they would not resist. "They" may formulate wise policies, but under our free scheme, when the policy gets out-of-doors into action, a myriad people will have a pull at it. The result may be quite different from what "they" intended.

Our Yearly Income

When anything whatever goes wrong the easiest way is to pick out a few men in high positions and blame them for it. But the matter is seldom as simple as that. Instead of asking "Why don't they?" suppose we ask "Why don't we?"

Proper use of long-term credit is quite as important as proper use of short-term credit. In the nature of the case abuse of the latter may be more readily corrected. But use of long-term credit is finally determined by a "they" in many figures; and there is less useful, readily accessible information about it than about any other big item in our national housekeeping. That strikes me as singular, in view of the great importance of long-term credit.

Long-term credit is not studied from a national point of view, as short-term credit is. The investment figures are not grouped, classified, analyzed periodically, or at all. Practically no one pays attention to the subject except piecemeal, as though each particular bond issue stood by itself.

If everyone in the United States put down his or her yearly income in a row the total, as statisticians estimate it, would be something like $90,000,000,000. They call that the national income. A great part is spent in current consumption, for food, clothes, rent, automobiles, diamonds and what not. The remainder is saved for investment. It goes into stocks, buildings or long-term credits of some sort.

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The Packard Engineers have invented this marvelous SUPER 8 Radio. Uses 8 powerful A. C. tubes and one genuine full-wave rectifying tube—9 tubes in all. Supreme quality throughout. Easy to operate. Connect plug to electric socket and turn switch. Only one dial to tune. 100% Electric. Handsome walnut two-tone cabinet, size 54" high, 27" wide, DUCO finish. Metal trimmings in old gold. Super Power Built in Speaker. In volume, tone quality, selectivity and long distance, the PACKARD RADIO is without an equal for the money.

The PACKARD RADIO is shipped direct from our factory. All in-between profits are deducted from the price of the set. You pay only $99 (without tubes). Quantity production, economy in selling, and only a small profit for the manufacturer, make this astounding offer possible.

Send letter or postal at once for full information about the PACKARD A. C.—SUPER 8 ELECTRIC RADIO and our liberal 30 days' free trial offer. Our $5000.00 cash bond backs up our guarantee. WRITE TODAY!

Packard Radios are also made for BATTERY OPERATION
Prices as low as $53

PACKARD RADIO COMPANY
2323 Milwaukee Ave., Dept. 445, Chicago, Ill.

"Good-Bye Hangnails"

Hangnails spoil the looks of your fingers and are annoying, painful, and a possible [illegible]. Gem Jr. keeps them clean, trim and file your nails whenever they need it. Gem Jr. attaches to the watch chain. At dealers' everywhere.

The H. C. COOK CO., 5 Beaver St. Ansonia, Conn.

Gem Clippers MADE Gem 50¢ Gem Jr. 35¢

FILMOLENS
The Unbreakable Tail Light
One size—trims to fit any tail lamp. Standard on Chevrolet, Oldsmobile, Star Six. Over 4 million sold. At your dealer's.
Filmolens Sales Co. 1923 Ford Building Detroit, Mich.
FILMOLENS for Head Lights—no glare—of non fading Permanite—$1 per pair

Stationers & Jewelers

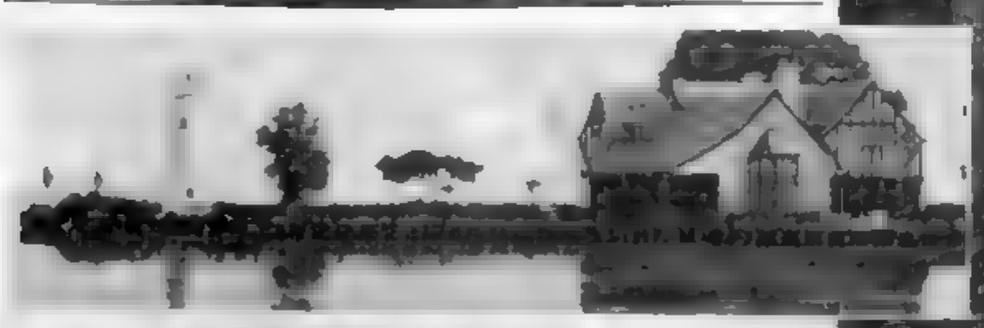
Clear $50 to $100 weekly on Ecker's Engraved Christmas Greeting Cards. 400 dealers now sell them. You too can build substantial year after year business with this dependable line. Have opening for 500 new dealers at once. Write today for full details. Sample book furnished to acceptable dealers.
ECKER & CO. [414 N. 12th St.] ST. LOUIS, MO.

MEDITERRANEAN Cruise $600 up
S. S. "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 30
Clark's 25th cruise, 66 days, including Madeira, Canary Islands, Casablanca, Rabat, Capital of Morocco, Spain, Algiers, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, 15 days Palestine and Egypt, Italy, Riviera, Cherbourg, Glasgow. Includes hotels, guides, motors, etc.
Norway-Mediterranean Cruise, June 29, 1929, $600 up
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.

Casements that meet the weather

—at its worst

In this attractive home at Bolles Harbor, Michigan, on a weather-exposed Lake Erie site, you will find Fenestra Casements closing tight against winter blizzards and summer squalls. Without warping, swelling, shrinking or rattling, these snug-fitting steel windows checkmate the weather at its worst. Mr. Frederic W. Dennis, Jr., the owner, writes: "Though conditions were severe last winter, we found Fenestra Casements very satisfactory. Storm windows were unnecessary."



—at its best

And Fenestra Casements are fair weather windows, too: Opening wide at a finger touch, they welcome the cool lake breezes. Large glass areas, divided into small, sparkling panes, admit a flood of sunshine, and give a broad view of sky, water and shrubbery. "Our inside screens are an excellent protection against mosquitoes and other insects," Mr. Dennis says.

* * *

You'll find Fenestra Casements in smart, modern homes because these windows are as serviceable as they are beautiful. You'd expect them to cost more than ordinary windows, but their genuine *economy* will surprise you.

Free Drapery Book

Ask for a free copy of "Decorating with Casements." W. & J. Sloane, Inc., New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; and the J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit, assisted in its preparation.

DETROIT STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY
2240 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan

Photographs by permission of the owner, Mr. Frederic W. Dennis, Jr.

Fenestra

CASEMENT WINDOWS of STEEL

Continued from Page 163

That is the yearly national surplus. It builds the water powers, railroad extensions, factories, roads, parks, dwellings, hotels and all other additions to fixed plant. That is obviously very important. But you cannot conveniently find out, with any sort of exactness, how much the national surplus is in any year or how it is invested. You are not supposed to be interested in that. There isn't the beginning of an attempt to manage or direct it comprehensively.

Last year $6,800,000,000 went into new buildings of all sorts and $7,700,000,000 went into stocks and bonds—80 per cent bonds—that were issued for new capital. But there are many duplications in the two lists and to add the year's increase in savings-bank deposits, life-insurance assets and all other forms of saving introduces more duplications. Suppose we take an arbitrary figure of $10,000,000,000 net. You can readily get a great deal of valuable information as to how the $90,000,000,000 income is earned and how the $80,000,000,000 that goes for current consumption is spent. The Department of Commerce, the Department of Agriculture, the Federal Reserve Banks, many state boards and a host of private or quasi-public agencies publish heaps of statistics regarding the production, distribution and consumption of goods of all kinds, rates of wages, state of employment, condition of the banks and all that. Many competent agencies, public and private, are always studying those figures, reporting on them, pointing out inferences to be drawn from them. But the $10,000,000,000 net surplus is practically a blind spot. Nobody really pays any attention to it as a national asset or attempts to say whether at a given time too much is going into foreign loans or into building loans or in any other particular direction.

When you take your bit of surplus to market to invest it—that is, to lend it on long-term credit—the only information and advice offered you will bear on the one point of safety. Practically all we have to say about the national surplus is: "Invest it safely." But that doesn't cover the ground. A loan to the city in which you live for a new schoolhouse that your children will attend and a loan to a foreign nation for new machine guns to shoot at the children may be equally safe. But they are not equally desirable. A safe investment may be a very poor one when looked at from a broad point of view.

National and Local Debts

Twenty-five years ago the people of New York State decided to rebuild the old Erie Canal and some connecting canals which were said to have become obsolete. For that purpose the state issued $155,000,000 of bonds besides investing some $12,000,000 out of current revenues. In 1903, when reconstruction was undertaken, the "obsolete" canals carried 3,615,385 tons of freight. In 1927, after all improvements had been made, the canals carried 2,569,367 tons of freight, a decrease of more than one-quarter. Interest on the bonds alone came to $2.50 for every ton of freight carried. Those state bonds are perfectly safe. Every purchaser of them will get his interest and principal on the dot. But it has been a poor investment. At least a dozen other states are rich enough to build Erie Canals without entailing any particular strain on their finances; it would make but a slight difference in anybody's taxes. The bonds would be safe investments, but $2,000,000,000 of saved-up surplus would have been unprofitably used.

We are all adjured, very properly, to plug for surplus. Every young man and young woman is urged to form a habit of saving something out of current income. But there is no point in saving money to buy a gold brick. We know it is very necessary for people in general—the nation—to save up a yearly surplus; no surplus, no permanent improvements. But having saved a surplus, we ought to get the most out of it. A really good investment is one that will pay the individual investor his interest and principal as stipulated in the bond and at the same time give him some benefit as a citizen—a better road to ride on, better freight service, better light and telephones, better shoes, and so forth. In that respect national surplus gets almost no attention.

In 1922 the Census Bureau figured up all public funded debts and reported that the National Government owed $22,155,886,000, while states, cities and other political bodies owed $8,689,740,000. Since then the national debt has been reduced about $5,000,000,000 and funded debts of all other political bodies have increased more than $5,000,000,000. Last year the other political bodies—generally lumped under the heading "municipals" in bond-market reports—issued $1,463,991,000 of bonds. At last year's rate the funded debt of the local political bodies will overtake the national debt in a couple of years.

A Check on Unemployment

Now municipals are rated in the very highest class of investments. They are perfectly safe for the individual investor. But the political bodies that issue the bonds are sometimes very poor investors of surplus, quite aside from the cases of graft or flagrant waste that come to light now and then. Usually such a bond issue must be approved by voters, but if you look up the record of bond elections in your region you will see how perfunctory that mostly is. Where I live there was a boom and a headlong rush in all sorts of public improvements paid for by bond issues. It was overdone, as everything incident to a boom commonly is. Now there are many miles of fine county roads, of paved city streets, of sewer and water extensions, many new schoolhouses and other public buildings that are really not needed at present. They could just as well have waited three, four, five years. The feverish building activities, public and private, during the boom called in a great number of workmen. When the boom ended thousands of them were left stranded. There is a lot of destitution among the remnants of them to this day, with a great strain on charitable organizations to feed undernourished children and all the rest of that too-familiar and too-disgraceful story.

If the public builders, who were spending everybody's money supposedly for everybody's benefit, had slowed down when private, speculative builders were going their wildest—put off some public improvements—then, when private builders stopped, the public builders would have had deferred work that would have employed many hands, taken up some of the slack and eased the shock.

Early in President Harding's Administration, when 5,000,000 people were said to be out of work, a commission headed by Secretary Hoover made a careful study of unemployment and recommended that very thing—a deferred reserve of public works in flush times to take up the slack when private work fell off.

To give that recommendation effect the public builders—all political bodies that spend the proceeds of bond issues—would have to develop a national consciousness, have minds open to a national situation. That is exactly what they haven't got now. They are solely local-minded. When private builders boom, they boom; when private builders slump, they slump.

Nowadays you may drive from almost any point in the United States to almost any other point over very good roads—decidedly the best in the world, generally speaking. To some parts of the route the Federal Treasury may have contributed, to some parts a state treasury, some will be county roads and other bits will have been built by a road district or a town. But all the various builders work together, linking road to road, so finally the road system is a national institution. You think of it nationally; so much so that if you come to a rotten stretch you feel abused, even though

Men buy it for its Style! Then are amazed at its Comfort

WRIGHT puts so much swank into the Arch Preserver Shoe that men pick it for its smartness, often without knowing its name. Then they discover that it feels better than any shoe they ever wore

The hidden difference is in the natural tread base with its arch bridge that prevents sagging and straining, its support for the metatarsal arch, and its flat inner sole that lets muscles, nerves and blood-vessels function freely

Even though you never have had a foot ache you'll enjoy a new sense of comfort in the Arch Preserver Shoe. And if you are foot-weary its rejuvenation of your feet will be almost unbelievable

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ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
KEEPS THE FOOT WELL

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NOW, for the first time, the problem of bearings is satisfactorily solved for many who have never heretofore been able to identify or procure the perfect bearing. This company is now able to give specific, practical new benefits to thousands of manufacturers of automobiles, electric motors, machinery and labor-saving mechanisms. Important new facts about bronze bushing bearings just discovered by this Company's research department, working in collaboration with the United States Bureau of Standards at Washington, with internationally known metallurgists and with engineering departments of leading American machinery manufacturers are of vital significance to all users of bearings.

The practical importance of these discoveries is indicated by the fact that this Company is now expanding the capacity of its plant by new buildings, improved equipment and additional personnel to meet the requirements of manufacturers who are eager to avail themselves of the cost reduction and other advantages gained for them by this research work.

It is entirely probable that this new knowledge will valuably assist you in the disposition of your own bearing problems. We will gladly apply it to your particular necessities. Such investigation and counsel cost you nothing. This organization also offers you:

Patterns and tools for over 20,000 special designs and sizes.
The convenience and economy of 439 different sizes of completely machined and finished bronze bushing bearings ready for assembly, always carried in stock for immediate delivery in any quantity.
Finished bronze bushing bearings for replacement in all automotive vehicles.
88 stock sizes of Bunting Phosphor Bronze Cored and Solid Bars.
The time and moneysaving convenience of branches and warehouses in all principal industrial centers.

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New York	Chicago	Boston	Philadelphia	San Francisco
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EXPORT OFFICE, TOLEDO, OHIO

BUNTING
PHOSPHOR BRONZE
BUSHING BEARINGS
PATENTED

you live and pay your road taxes on the other side of the continent.

National-mindedness enters into the planning and use of roads. But there is no national-mindedness in the use of the national investment surplus from which roads are built. Very likely bonds to construct this road in Iowa were sold to somebody in Massachusetts and to somebody in Pennsylvania. But in drawing on the investment surplus each local political body goes it alone.

In planning and constructing roads they have a great fund of national information to guide them—experience gained in every part of the country as to what materials are best suited to a given type of road and how best to lay them. But there is no national information about the investment surplus. Every local borrower, public and private, dips in to suit himself. Every individual contributor to surplus—bond buyer—considers only the particular piece of paper in front of him; if that looks safe and offers a fair return nothing more is thought of.

It seems a reasonable assumption that our industrial plant—in the widest sense meaning all the activities by which Americans get a living—can profitably absorb all the surplus it can produce, provided the surplus is distributed intelligently. But there is no reasoned program for the investment of surplus. It goes a good deal by fashion. At least twice—in the 30's and again in the 70's—we overdid railroad building for the time being. Railroads had been very profitable for the builders and were fashionable. Then there was a slump and a pause for the country to catch up, with bankruptcies and reorganizations and a good deal of unemployment. Many other things have been overdone for the time being. There was a time later on when railroads were harmfully underbuilt because their credit had been impaired.

Practically we find out only by trial and error. We discover by a slump that we have been overdoing this or that; we find out that we are off the course when we hit a rock.

But that is not good navigation. For more than a year many expert observers have been saying that we were overbuilding in cities. In three years about $20,000,000,000 of national surplus has gone into new buildings, mostly in cities. The plan of every building erected in a city is on file. It is easy enough to determine exactly how many habitations of all the various sorts, how many offices, hotel rooms and so on are added to a given city's plant, and to all city plants, every quarter, and to compare that with quarterly and annual additions in the past and with growth of population.

Making Investment Easy

It isn't so easy to determine the consumption of buildings—that is, their rentals. A banker remarked the other day that hardly an apartment building in New York was more than 80 per cent rented. Another observer might dispute it. But in view of the mass of trade statistics that are regularly gathered and published nowadays, it would be no staggering task to get a fairly dependable monthly or quarterly report on the consumption—rental—of buildings in cities.

Having such a comparative statement of production and consumption of buildings in cities, one could form a surer opinion as to whether or not building was overdone at any given time, and an investor would be better able to judge whether or not he should buy a given building bond. If there were similar comparative statistics for the other important fields of permanent investments, anyone could see by looking over a single sheet of paper how the national surplus was being applied, and an overapplication in any direction might be corrected painlessly.

From September 1, 1927, to June 1, 1928, there was a large increase in bank loans. But to say merely that bank loans have increased means nothing. Banking statistics are so ample nowadays that anyone could see at a glance the increase was not in loans for ordinary business purposes, but in loans on stocks and bonds. That was significant. There is no such detailed, readily accessible information about long-term credit.

The matter is pretty much up to investors. All permanent improvements are made out of investment surplus. Those who control the surplus have the last word. As a matter of course investors would get broader information if they demanded it. If you are suspected of having a bank account your mail in the course of a year will contain anywhere from a bushel to a ton of letters and circulars offering investments of all sorts. Perhaps a salesman waits on you periodically to recommend investments. Special magazines and even magazines of general information, and newspapers, are constantly advising you on investments. I know of at least a dozen books on the subject, and there are doubtless more.

The Early Birds

In short, there is a huge and very costly effort to direct your particular bit of surplus into particular spots. But it addresses itself almost wholly to the one point of safety. It seeks to answer the one question: "Will I get my money back?" or, "How much interest can I get without risking loss of the principal?" If investors began demanding information that would relate each particular engraving to the whole investment background they would soon get it. With adequate national-minded information there would be informative discussion and simple self-interest would be a strong corrective. If hotels seemed overbuilt in Babylon prudent investors wouldn't want any more Babylon hotel bonds, and if there was no market for bonds no more hotels would be built. But buildings are only an illustration of tactics that might be generally applied.

Granted that public investments—municipals—will always sell at a price, there is a check at the other end. But that check cannot be intelligently applied without broader information than is put before local officials and voters now. Information that deals with the national surplus nationally must come first. There is no point in asking "Why don't they do it?" The question is "Why don't we do it?" Getting the information is only a matter of asking for it. In the present state of statistical practice there is nothing to prevent collecting and collating the data. All that is lacking is a demand for it.

Long ago I used to pass the mouth of Newsboys' Alley in Chicago several times every day. Before eleven o'clock the street would be packed with men and girls waiting for our noon edition. When the little ragamuffins scurried out of the alley with shrill war whoops, the crowd fell on them wolfishly, snatching the damp sheets, throwing aside those with news and turning only to the help-wanted advertisements; then often running for a street car in order to beat some other applicant to the job. The steel mills at South Chicago were cold and smokeless. General Coxey was marshaling his army of unemployed to move on Washington. It was also my daily task to visit the big banks on La Salle and Dearborn Streets and inquire, among other things, as to the state of the money market. Everywhere I met the same responses: "We're running over with money." "No demand." So I became dramatically impressed with the economic fact that, though the men can get none of the money, idle money and idle men go together. Both must be at work if either is.

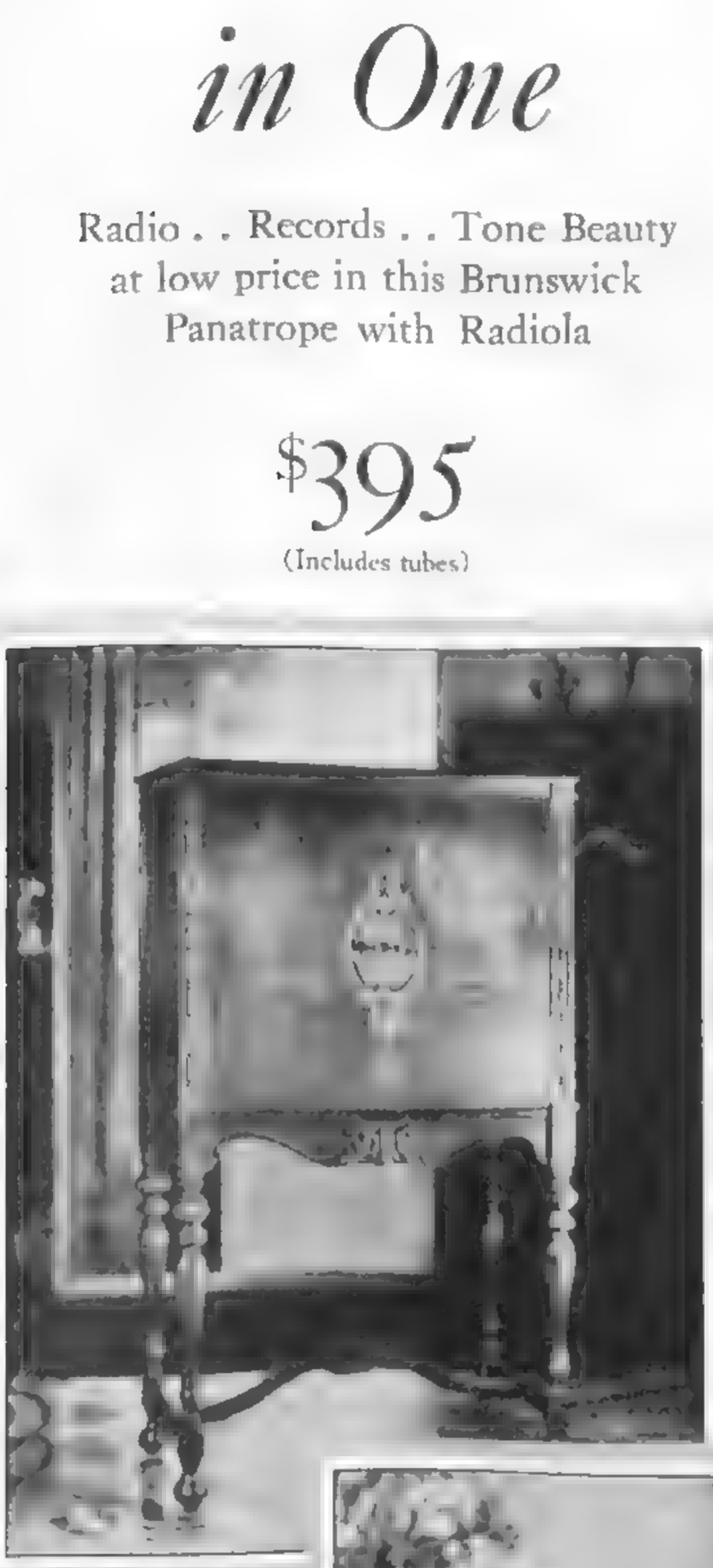
There had been a maladjustment somewhere or neither would have been idle for so many months on end back there in the 90's. Certainly God didn't do it. In a properly adjusted and balanced coöperation there could be no widespread unemployment for capital or labor. In such an

Continued on Page 169

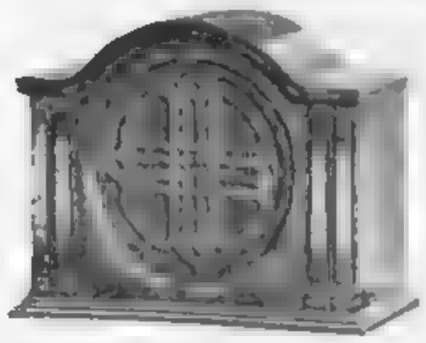
Two Musical Instruments *in One*

Radio . . Records . . Tone Beauty
at low price in this Brunswick
Panatrope with Radiola

$395
(Includes tubes)



Brunswick Panatrope with Radiola Model 3 KRO. Electrical type Panatrope combined with latest Radiola. Price $395



Brunswick Model "A" Speaker, electromagnetic type, with output to reproduce faithfully reproduces all tones within audible range. Price $35

JUST as the Brunswick Panatrope brought a new standard of musical beauty to recorded music, so now to radio it brings musical results equally beyond what you have known. This year Brunswick offers the Brunswick Panatrope combined in one beautiful cabinet with the latest Radiola at the lowest price ever put upon such a combination.

Here is an instrument you will always be proud of. Tone is musically perfect. Bass and high notes are in exactly their natural relation. The cabinet is one of Brunswick's finest. Operation entirely from the light socket. Why buy anything less modern? Less satisfying musically?

Brunswick also offers Radio built to the same high musical standards as the famous Brunswick Panatrope

The most varied and complete line of record-playing instruments and radio in the world is yours to choose from in Brunswick's great new line.

Prices range from $25 to $1275. See and hear them all at the Brunswick dealer's.

FREE! "*What's New in Music and Radio*." Our free booklet tells you. For your copy, write Dept. 430, [illegible] S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago

Above — *Brunswick Radio, Model 5 KRO. A highly-perfected 7 tube set that in musical quality sets a new standard. Price $215, less tubes*

At right — *Brunswick Radio, Model 5KR. 7 tubes. Price $115 less tubes*

Brunswick

Panatropes · Radio · Records · Panatrope-Radiolas

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., CHICAGO, NEW YORK, TORONTO · *Branches in All Principal Cities*

3 NEW EIGHTS

MORE AUTOMOBILE FOR YOUR MONEY

and we can prove it

TODAY Gardner presents three complete new series of Eights-in-line that enable you to get more automobile for your money than you have ever gotten before. That enable you to get a distinctively different Eight-in-line for six-cylinder money or less. All of which may sound too good to be true. But the cars are ready now and you can take any one you choose over your own favorite testing route and prove for yourself every claim we make.

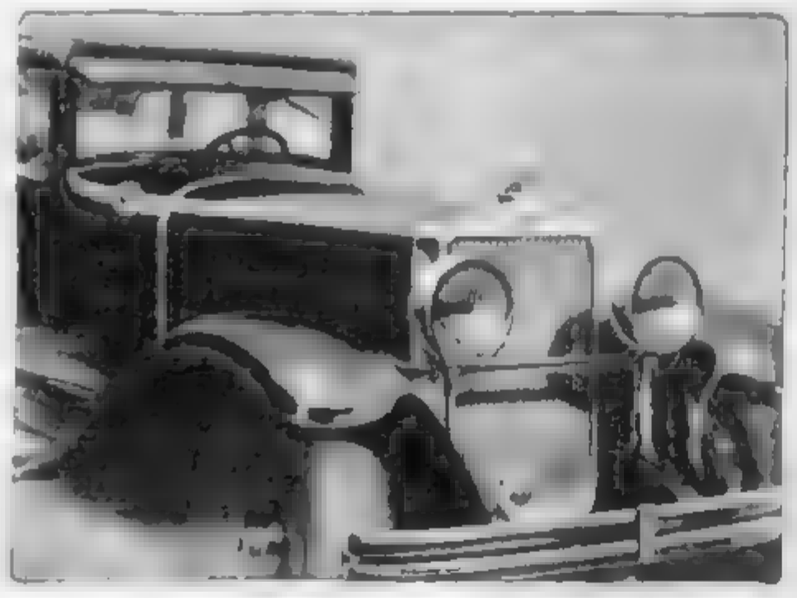
Before you start out, we will give you a Self-scoring Ballot on which you can easily record your own ideas of the Gardner Eight-in-line as compared to any other car—Six or Eight—which you think deserves serious consideration.

And if what you see and feel and put down on that ballot does not sell you on a Gardner Eight-in-line, no Gardner salesman will attempt to influence you to buy. In other words, we are so sure that you will be amazed and delighted with the way the Gardner Eight-in-line looks and acts that we are more than willing to leave the demonstration and decision entirely in your own hands. And here's why we feel that way!

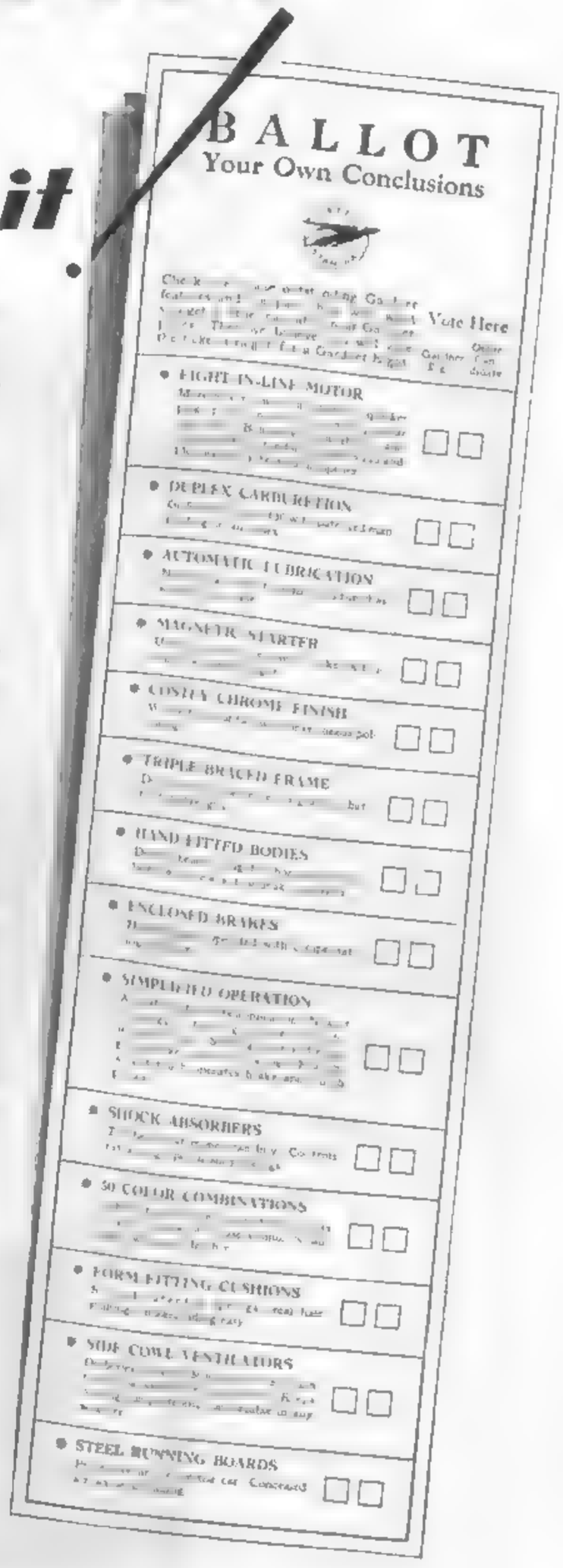
These three new Gardner series carry $200.00 worth of additional equipment *at no extra cost to you.*

There are 29 new advancements that you can actually put your finger on and every one of the 29 adds something to the intrinsic value of the car. A few of these features are listed in the ballot reproduced here.

The new Series 120 includes a four-door Sedan of outstanding beauty that actually sells for less than any one of 16 well-known Sixes . . . $1295! For a beautifully built 4-door Eight-in-line Sedan of 120-inch wheelbase!



And this is only one of 16 custom-designed body styles now ready for your inspection at all Gardner dealers! We hope you will go in to see them with a chip on your shoulder and a challenging light in your eye . . . and that you will use the ballot to check up and find out for yourself just what "that distinctively different motor car" will do and the way it will do it.



GARDNER

120	125	130
120" wheelbase — 76 h.p. Eight-in-line motor. Prices range from $1295 to $1595	*125" wheelbase — 86 h.p. Eight-in-line motor. Prices range from $1695 to $1895*	*130" wheelbase — 115 h.p. Eight-in-line motor. Prices range from $2195 to $2395*

(F. o. b. St. Louis)

THE GARDNER MOTOR CO., INC., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 166)

adjustment and balance the use of credit is very important.

Scientific use of long-term credit must begin with fuller, more accessible information. At present, if you want to know positively and comparatively how much freight the railroads are carrying, how much steel the mills are making, output of automobiles, stocks of merchandise on hand, retail sales by department and chain stores, and the like items of current income and current consumption, you can readily find the figures, for they are constantly published not only by government and private agencies but in the daily papers.

If you want, however, to know positively and comparatively how much surplus was invested last year in railroads, steel mills, electrical plants, roads, apartment buildings, foreign loans, and so forth, there is no handy place where the figures are regularly grouped. Not because it would be very difficult to collect them, but because there is no demand for them. There is no demand because surplus is thought of bit by bit, each piece separately, and not nationally.

Practically we ask only one question, "Is this bit safe?" Cheops invested Egypt's national surplus in a pyramid. Louis XIV invested France's national surplus in Versailles. Both investments were beautifully safe. They stand to this day. But they were not profitable. To get answers broader than simple safety we must ask broader questions.

We produce, say, $10,000,000,000 yearly surplus for permanent investments. That is a prodigious sum when you consider that the total wealth of France—not income or surplus, but the value of all property—was estimated not long ago at $60,000,000,000; and the German Finance Minister—possibly with a view to reducing reparations—calculated the total wealth of Germany at $40,000,000,000. This surplus will get used up somehow. Stocks and bonds will be issued and offered on the market as long as there are buyers, just as automobiles will be made as long as there are buyers. But we don't seriously attempt to know by analysis and comparison whether there is overinvestment in one field or underinvestment in another. We discover overinvestment and underinvestment after they have gone so far as to entail painful consequences that we can't help knowing. The subject, it would seem, might be treated more scientifically than that.

CRUSADERS

(Continued from Page 7)

He waved a hand. "I know. They worry too much. But it's that that makes character in them. They die too young—worn out—squeezed."

At this moment Tom Mulroy came in. He is close to six feet tall, weighs 192, with pink skin stretched so tightly over his plump cheeks that there aren't even crow's-feet around his blue eyes when he grins—which he does a major portion of the time. He looks as if he never had a care in the world, can sleep anywhere at any time on the slightest provocation or stay up fifty hours at a stretch without blinking an eye. And if work and worry ever squeezed him, his buxom body snapped back into shape so quickly they didn't even leave a dent!

"My chief engineer," said I to the theorist.

He stared at Mulroy for a moment. Then he shook his head as if to say: "Well, Byrd may take you as an engineer, but he must be making a terrible mistake. You just don't look as if you could worry hard enough!"

But Tom is an old-timer now; and I'd like to see the pump, piston, valve or thrust bearing that he couldn't make sit up and eat out of his hand.

I sometimes wish it were 1828. Then I could get along with nothing but old-timers, who make such wonderful shipmates. But it is 1928. Our expedition is one on which modern flying machines will do our most important work. Hence we need the modern flying man. And though he may not have the picturesque background of an old-timer, he must have a foreground infinitely more specialized. Instead of a soldier of fortune he is a hostage to fate.

Not Enough Work

Floyd Bennett was to have been my top man. He made our success possible in Greenland in 1925, flew over the North Pole with me in 1926 and went with us in spirit across the Atlantic after he had been too badly crippled in the America's crash on her test flight to join us. The memory of Floyd's quiet loyalty is one of the most precious things I have. It was characteristic of him that he went to succor the Bremen flyers. His long and careful preparations for our South Polar work are counting now, and his soul lives on in all we do.

While at Spitzbergen, when we were getting our plane ready to go to the Pole, the dirigible Norge came in with Amundsen, Ellsworth and Nobile aboard. Among the Norwegian contingent was a hardy young viking who used to come over and help us. It seemed as if he couldn't get enough work from his own party. Not that Amundsen overlooked him. But the lad's great arched chest held an indefatigable heart that never seemed to stop pumping energy through his muscles.

His name was Bernt Balchen.

"I vill go to America," he told me in his halting English before we left.

"Why?" I asked him.

"Because it is it is ——" The right word failed him. He made a gesture as if he were putting his arms around a cask. "It is beeg!" he exclaimed.

I got the idea. He wanted more room. Every airman wants more room.

From the Million-Dollar Crew

Balchen, picked in 1925, came to America with the idea of going to the Antarctic with me. Fokker gave him a job as test pilot during our preparatory period. He was a good flyer and an excellent mechanic as well—a rare combination.

Strange to say, I have found good pilots hard to get. Many are paid as high as $1000 a month these days. One man wanted $25,000 a year for two years. Such figures show how fast aviation is advancing.

But though our expedition funds were limited, I was more concerned with competence than with expense. And I have the comfort that my flying group have the unlimited commendation of those under whom they worked.

Among them, the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Air Mail are all represented, establishing in advance a basis for friendly rivalry.

There is Harold June from the Navy; thirty-three, married, quiet, efficient, ruddy, solid, pleasant; a mechanic, electrician, radio man, pilot. When Harold Vanderbilt mustered his yacht and million-dollar crew into the Navy during the war, Harold June was made chief engineer—only June and one other were not millionaires.

Naval officers said, "You can't find a better man than June." Naval sailors said, "June's a good guy." My surgeon said, "June is sound; he will wear too."

I took him.

I wanted one of the air-mail pilots because those fellows are the nearest people to arctic explorers I know. They work night and day, take great risks and endure much. They work for the love of their job and no money can pay them for what they can do.

To a man who was in the air-mail family, and for that reason must be nameless,

The

FLORSHEIM SHOE

For the man who cares

Florsheim SHOE

$10

SOME STYLES $11 AND $12

The direct route to shoe satisfaction is to select Florsheims permanently. No matter what your taste, there is style as you like it and comfort you will enjoy in Florsheim Shoes. Your first pair will convince you.

THE STRIDE—*Style* M-309

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · *Manufacturers* · CHICAGO

For safety in Exercise
wear a PAL

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"Attention, please! Hands over the head. Bend forward and touch the toes.

"One, two, three" . . . *Ouch!* Something's happened. A wrenched cord. A strained membrane. Pain . . . Disablement.

. . .

What folly to exercise without the safeguard of an athletic supporter . . . when even the trained and hardened athlete will not take the mildest "work-out" without this protection! . . . Whether in golf, tennis, baseball, swimming, bowling, or even the indoor "daily dozen" . . . play safe and wear a PAL! . . . PAL is the preferred athletic supporter of America's leading colleges and "gyms" . . . The coolest, lightest and most efficient . . . At all drug stores . . . one dollar. (*Price slightly higher in Canada.*)

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The suspensory for daily wear

KENWOOD
WOOL PRODUCTS
THE MARK OF SUPERIOR QUALITY
WOOL FABRICS · WOOL BLANKETS
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Men who place a proper valuation on *Clothing* as the background to Good Appearance will want this booklet

KENWOOD
ALL FABRICS WOOL

Kenwood Cloth is constructed to emphasize those qualities which, blended in the background, create the impression of good taste in dress.

The lustre and richness, so noticeable in Kenwood Fabrics, are not superficial but are inherent throughout the life of the cloth.

In addition are qualities of comfort and serviceability we believe will be appreciated.

Rather than make claims which, however justified, might be considered extravagant, we prefer to let the fabrics speak for themselves.

May we, therefore, send you, without obligation, samples of Kenwood Suitings and a Booklet descriptive of them? We promise not to annoy you with follow-up letters.

KENWOOD MILLS
ALBANY, N. Y.

Please send, without obligation, your booklet and samples of Kenwood Fabrics for my personal examination.

NAME

ADDRESS

I said: "Which one of your gang could put a plane together at fifty below and eat seal meat for supper?—a man who can live for two years in a hut and still be my best friend: a man who can walk, fly, sleep, eat, work, regardless of time or place, temperature or weather."

"Most of our men fit those specifications," came the prompt retort.

"I know. But isn't there a special one you'd recommend?"

A pause. Then slowly: "Yes, I think there is. We have one man that's just a bit different. He's a hundred per cent in all those things you named. But he has something more. He is always dreaming about getting off the beaten track and doing the kind of things you can't do in everyday air-mail life."

I arranged for this air paragon to call on me. He came six-feet-four of him and bearing the name of Smith. He didn't have much to say about his flying, although he has had as much time in the air as any man in the country. In fact he didn't have much to say about anything

"I'd like to go. . . . Yes, I think I can make the grade. . . . No, don't get sick. . . . Sure, I get along with the other fellows."

I took him.

Of equal importance with our old-timers and airmen are the members of our scientific staff. Indeed, they could be partly classed with the others; for Professor Gould, of the University of Michigan, is an old-timer in that he has been twice to North Polar regions; and Haines, our aerologist, is an airman in that he knows more about the upper atmosphere than all our pilots put together. But the scientists are distinct in that upon their shoulders falls a responsibility that can be taken by no other members of the expedition.

A scientist can shovel coal, but a stoker cannot be a scientist. No reflection on the stoker; it's just a matter of a very special profession that takes years to master.

Of chief importance is the medical member of my scientific staff. Doctor Coman, of Johns Hopkins, is the senior. He was picked from above 150 able candidates. He is a young man wearing the seriousness of age. And he has about him that convincingness which a doctor needs.

Doctor Coman must watch our diet, sanitation, regimen, ventilation and morale. In case of accident, he must mend the victim. In case of symptoms, he must make quick and accurate diagnosis. In case of illness, he must be nurse as well as therapeutician. In case of dreaded scurvy, arctic melancholia or the neurasthenia of isolation, he must guide the expedition leader in the path of sanity and effective treatment.

Bringing Old Forms to Life

In a sense, Doctor Coman must sit apart and watch us all with eagle eye while we pursue our many tasks. He must be on guard while we take chances and be ready if we hurt ourselves. He must study our expressions and moods, listen to the tones of our voices and be vigilant over our slightest hint of inner aberrations. A lonely guard he is, for it is his profession to descry physiological trouble long before it is visible to the lay eye.

His is a lonely vigil. And for that very reason, not only because he carries a great responsibility but because he alone can do the watching—with none watching him—he must be of the utmost balance and fitness himself.

Nor is the doctor's medicine his only claim to partnership in our scientific work. To him falls the biological research. It is his task to secure flakes of ice, melt them and bring to life the microörganisms that have been held there in a state of suspended animation for years—possibly for centuries.

This is not a wild hypothesis on our part. Sir Ernest Shackleton's biologist brought lower forms to life that may last have wriggled when Tutenkhamun was on his throne!

Nearly as vital as diagnosis of our symptoms is diagnosis of our weather. And weather has its symptoms as well as the body. Day and night, our thermograph, barograph, aerograph and magnetograph will record them. William C. Haines, of the United States Weather Bureau, will read their meaning.

Capt. Frederick C. Melville, Sailing Master of the S. S. "City of New York"

In the Signal Tower

Professor Haines was meteorologist on our North Pole expedition. He is a well-knit fellow in his later thirties, with a secret sense of humor and an undying curiosity about why the weather is what it is.

I can see him now up there amid the vast snow fields of King's Bay. The boys had worked their hearts out to get the polar plane ready. Day and night they had toiled over the take-off slide. The injuries of two near-disasters to the plane had been repaired.

"Thank goodness, Byrd can get away now!" was the feeling of every man Jack of them.

"How about it?" I asked Haines.

He shook his head. Pressure of public opinion could not sway his judgment.

The Norge arrived with my friend Lincoln Ellsworth aboard. We were not racing the big dirigible. But none of us wanted to play second fiddle even to so great a man as Roald Amundsen. I felt I must be going.

"How about it?" I asked Haines.

He shook his head.

There were mutinous rumbles in the rank and file. "The ham doesn't know a good day when he sees it!" I heard one man say.

"Well," I thought, "we'll try tomorrow. We can get some sleep."

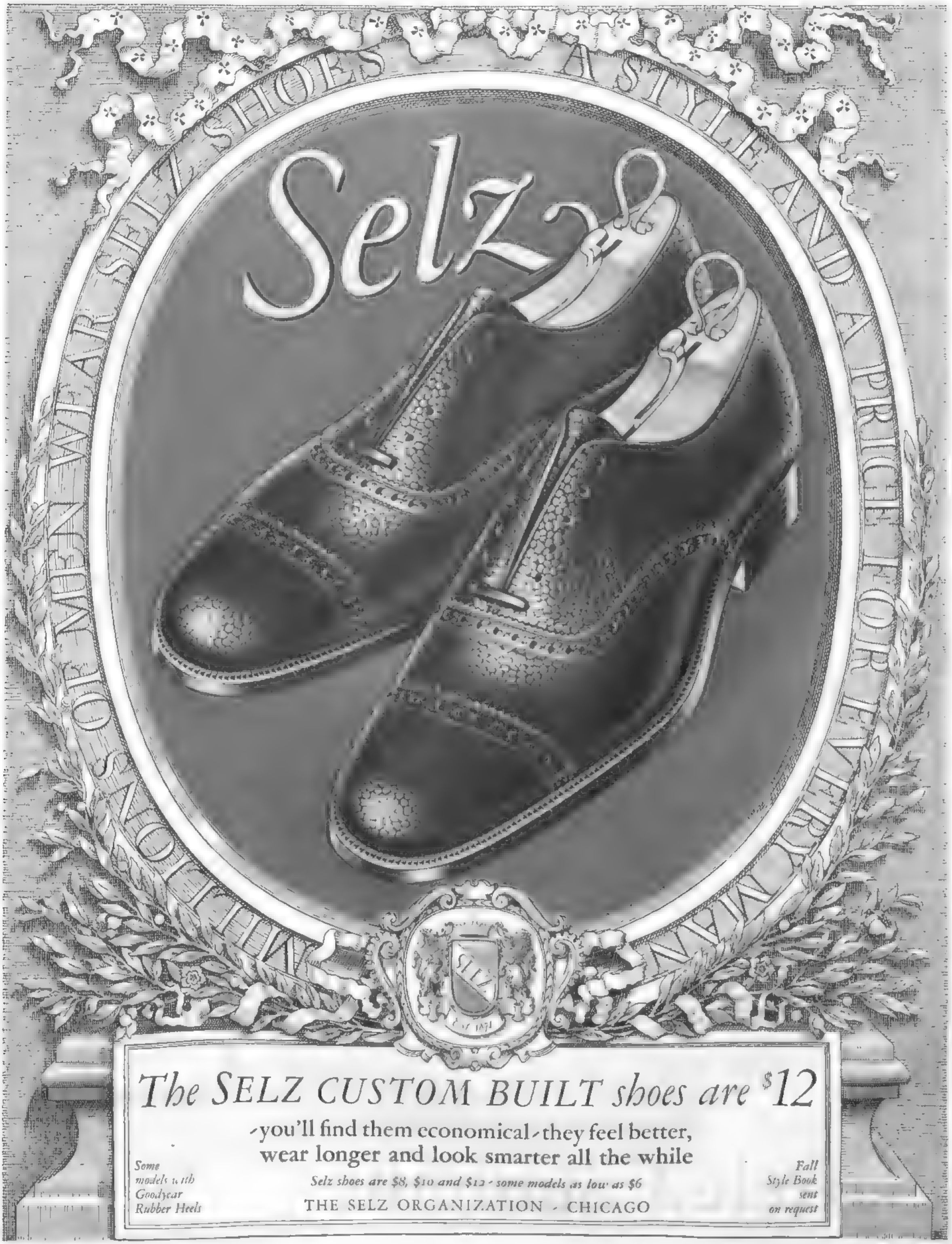
The boys turned in. Floyd Bennett and I lay down for a cat nap.

Scarcely had I dozed off when I was roused. It was Haines.

"She's right," was all he said.

We hurried to our plane, took off, flew to the Pole and back—and we had perfect weather all the way.

Had Haines been wrong, we not only should not have made it but might have died in the attempt. Witness the Italia's misfortunes; she left with the weather wrong. *(Continued on Page 173)*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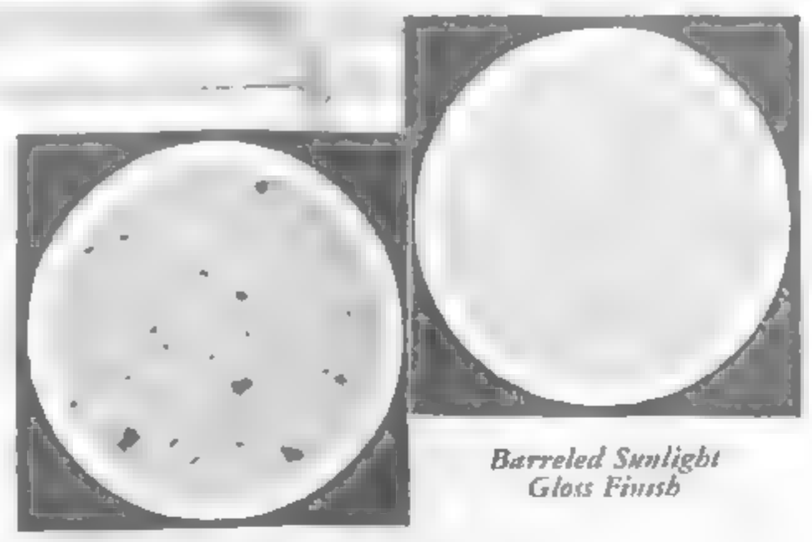

Barreled Sunlight Gloss Finish

Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Smooth, unbroken and non-porous, it resists dirt and washes like tile.

Not a smudge

In pure white or tints you blend yourself, this paint enamel is so smooth

IT CAN'T HOLD DIRT

HOW defenseless the average painted surface is today!

Motor traffic stirring up grease-laden dust that sifts indoors . . . Factories belching clouds of carbon particles that drift and settle and filter in everywhere . . . Oil furnaces . . . Trains . . . Dirt—dirt—dirt—seeking whatever it may soil!

* * *

Ordinary paints, porous and dirt-holding, soon become hopelessly soiled. The white turns a grimy grey . . . Tints lose their colorful charm.

But Barreled Sunlight defies this menace. Its non-porous, satin-smooth surface offers dirt nothing to cling to—no place to become embedded. *It's as washable as tile!*

Clean in its lustrous whiteness and equally clean in the beautiful tints obtained by adding oil colors.

And so beautiful that thousands prefer it to anything else for interior painting. A richly lustrous enamel finish with a pearly "depth" peculiar to itself.

Free-flowing and easy to apply. Remarkably opaque.

Made in Gloss, Semi-Gloss and Flat finishes. Sold in cans and large drums. For priming, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat.

For fine exterior painting, ask your dealer about Outside Barreled Sunlight—fully equal to its famous companion product in whiteness, hiding power, and smooth beauty.

See coupon below.

U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co., 25-D Dudley St., Providence, R. I. Branches: New York—Chicago—Philadelphia—San Francisco. Distributors in all principal cities. Retailed by more than 7000 dealers.

Exactly the tint and tone you may want for any interior painting job is easily obtained by mixing oil colors with pure white Barreled Sunlight. An *infinite variety* of tints—instead of vainly trying to find what you want ready-mixed!

Ask your dealer about the special Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors in handy tubes. Quantities of 5 gallons or over tinted to order at the factory, without extra charge.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
25-D Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.

Please send me information on the use of Interior Barreled Sunlight in: (Check) ☐ Homes ☐ Commercial Buildings ☐ Industrial Plants

(If you wish a sample can, enclose 10c)

☐ Please send me full information on Outside Barreled Sunlight.

Name

Street

City

Barreled Sunlight

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 170)

Yes, Professor Haines is a very vital member of the scientific staff; and he has a sense of humor, which is important on a Polar expedition. But he was something more besides.

Bound north on the Chantier, we had to shift coal from bunker to bunker in order to reach our destination. Nasty, dirty work it was, between decks in foul weather. The vigorous youth aboard added their backs to the burdened fire-room force. I went below to have a go at the business myself and do what I could to encourage the gang. In the gloom and dust-filled air it was hard to tell one face from another. But I tried to place those who were shoveling. Somehow it revealed a good deal.

The Young Adventurers

"Who is that?" I asked Noville, my second in command. I nodded toward a somewhat sawed-off figure near by whose face was grimed beyond recognition.

Noville took time to laugh before replying: "Oh, that's the professor!"

It was Haines, aerologist, solemn scientist whose craft warranted a scholarly leisure far from lowly toil like this.

Incidentally, I always suspected the professor of putting together a classic verse which ran.

Sweet little coal bunker, don't you cry;
You'll be empty by and by.
When our commander is crossing the Pole,
We'll be in the bunker shoveling coal!

A fourth group I can give no classification of importance. They are far from being old-timers. They may be airmen in their dreams and scientists in their university aspirations. But so far in life they are literally nothing—nothing more than fine, healthy specimens of manhood.

I call them my Young Adventurers.

There are four of them so far. They haven't been graduated from college yet. They are scarce out of their teens—some not even out! They haven't any good reason for going with me any more than I have for taking them. They have pink cheeks and shining eyes and bubble with enthusiasm. Their parents have given consent. They are husky enough to be useful, and somehow I felt the expedition needed the leavening of their youth.

One of my Young Adventurers is Paul A Siple, a Boy Scout from Erie, Pennsylvania. He is nineteen years old, weighs one hundred and sixty-seven pounds, has fifty-nine merit badges and can swim, cook, shoot, box, row, build a fire without matches and play a saxophone. He was selected by an elimination contest among over 600,000 American Boy Scouts. He will do a seaman's work on board ship and be a general roustabout when we establish our base on the Barrier. I expect great things from Paul A. Siple.

The next three go together. They are young undergraduate college men. Their names are Frederick Crockett, Norman A. Vaughn and Edwin Goodale, all from in and around Boston, Massachusetts, and twice as enterprising as a Wyoming cowboy.

Last autumn this trio wormed consent out of me to join the expedition. They had a plan of their own. I think the plan sold me as much as did the fine mental, moral and physical statures of the boys. Their plan was to spend the winter at Walden's dog farm at Wonalancet, New Hampshire. A little incredulous, I said, "Sounds good! Shoot!" And they did. Not only did they subsist themselves on a very slender allowance from home, but they cooked their own meals, lived in the open, and under Walden's tutelage learned to drive the very dogs we shall use in laying out our vital advance bases on the Antarctic ice cap.

The last of these informal—and altogether private—groups I call our Home Guard.

That isn't quite a fair term. "Home Guard" has always meant the crippled and elderly who stay home and look out for the women and children. For me, our Home Guard is in effect winning our battles before we ever reach the front!

I mean that the Home Guard is the untiring and high-speed squad of faithful followers who have been plugging away in broiling summer heat at the business end of the expedition.

Richard "Leonidas" Brophy tops the list of the Home Guard. He is and has been business manager of the expedition Don't think he is not going south he is We have added his middle name because in his daily routine he so much resembles the Greek hero.

For four terrific months just ended you could have found Dick Brophy at his desk in the Biltmore. He is a square solid man of thirty-seven, with short, stiff black hair that stands straight up; blue eyes, tight lips and a jaw like the front end of a river scow.

On his desk in front of him are three telephones, five baskets of mail, six push buttons and ten sharp pencils. Two speedy secretaries flank him and a high-geared assistant rushes in just as we arrive.

"Mr. So-and-So, representing the United Thumbnail Company," announces the assistant briskly. "Waiting outside. Seems excited. Claims that you have trespassed on his legal rights in using English thumbnails on your dog-biscuit boxes after the contract "

"Anyone else out there?" snaps Brophy.

All in a Whirl

The assistant glances at a list in his hand. "Oh, yes—eight more. Two claim they have appointments at ten. One says you promised to fly with him to Staten Island this morning at nine. Two are here to write magazine stories about the expedition. One lady claims she was promised the commander's autograph. One ——"

The telephone buzzes. A secretary answers. A second telephone buzzes.

"Colonel Gimcrack," says the first secretary.

"Admiral Tempest," says the second secretary.

"Whom shall I bring in?" asks the assistant's staccato.

A third telephone buzzes.

Richard "Leonidas" Brophy rises. His river-scow jaw and tight lips somehow relax enough to permit an unexpectedly pleasant grin. In a quiet and altogether unruffled tone he says to the secretaries,

Left to right—Standing: F. E. Meinholtz, radio consultant; Robert A. Smith, aerial survey consultant, Charles J. McGuinness; chief mate; Frederick C. Melvale, sailing master; Sydney Greason, chief steward; Wm. C. Haines, meteorologist; Lawrence M. Gould, geologist and geographer; John S. O'Brien, surveyor; Howard F. Mason, radio operator; Ralph F. Shropshire, hydrographer; Lloyd V. Berkner, radio engineer; Charles E. Lofgren, personnel officer and paymaster. *Seated:* Clair D. Alexander, supply officer; Edgar G. Barratt, consulting engineer; Thomas B. Mulroy, chief engineer; Richard G. Brophy, business manager; Commander Richard E. Byrd; George W. Tennant, chief cook; B. F. Pender, U. S. Shipping Board consultant, Victor H. Czegka, machinist.

Little moments in big lives

When you are working at top form and your head keeps your hand racing to "get the stuff on paper"—when fingers bear down and your pencil point goes flooee . . . that's when you'll really appreciate your Boston Pencil Sharpener. No laborious, untidy chipping with a penknife. No maddening breaking of leads. Three seconds and your hand is fitted again with a fast-writing point for its race with your head.

Model L enameled in green, with cutters of hardened steel, costs $1. Other models, adjustable for fat and lean pencils: $1.50, $3 and—$5 for the one with ball bearings. Slightly higher in the West. Obtainable from any store selling stationery. C. Howard Hunt Pen Co., Camden, N. J.

$1.00

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PENCIL SHARPENERS

DON'T WASH YOUR WINDOWS

Dry clean them with a Magic Brush. No water. No strenuous effort. Clean the outside without "sitting out".

Send $1.50 to Magic Brush Co., Inc. 266 Mt. Pleasant Av. Newark, N. J. Use a

MAGIC BRUSH

Money cheerfully refunded if not satisfactory.

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Make money with **Christmas Greeting Cards in Box Assortments.** $2.00 to $4.00 per hour easily earned. Our magnificent Assortment contains 21 high grade Christmas Greeting Cards and Folders, each with envelope. Steel engraving. French water colorings, sparkling metallic, gold and silver effects, panelling and bordering. Sells for $1.00, costs you 50c. Write immediately for particulars and free samples

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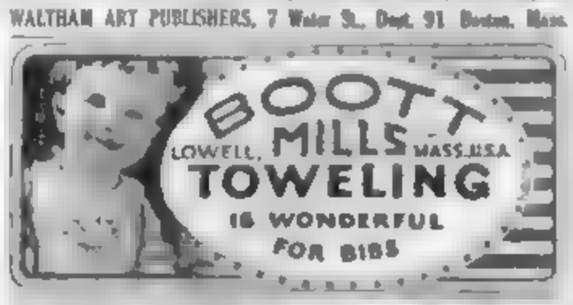

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MAKE Extra money selling our distinctive line of Personal Christmas Cards, made to ... striking designs! ...

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SCHOOL GIRLS Extra dollars and prizes—banjo ukes, wrist watches, ... may easily be yours. To earn them in your spare time write today to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST 746 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Photo shows the exact, air-tight fit of the Hesson Guard against the shoulder of the bowl. Lack of moisture cannot be shown but must be experienced.

One briar that *stays* just right—due to the Hesson Guard

PATENTED 12-22-25

Its fame is spreading—the pipe with dependable mellowness, even from the first smoke. With a shank *always* absolutely dry and spotless. Every Demuth Milano is now equipped with the Hesson Guard—an exclusive Demuth feature and the one construction that *keeps* pipes sweet.

The Hesson Guard is a rigid extension of the stem that screws tight against the shoulder of the bowl. It does not "catch the drip" but *prevents* condensation. There is no place for moisture to collect. The smoke is always full-flavored and untainted.

Demuth Milano pipes are already caked, mechanically smoked with real tobacco by the special Demuth process. Breaking-in is no longer a bother.

Every Milano pipe, like others of the well-known Demuth line, is made of choice materials with the best of workmanship. The two pipes shown below are Demuth Milano Smooth No. 1503 and Ripple No. 1657. Wm. Demuth & Co., 230 Fifth Ave., New York City; 173 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.; 216 Pine Street, San Francisco, California. Established 1862.

$3.50

with the

Demuth Milano *Hesson Guard*

PHOTO BY WIDE WORLD STUDIO, N. Y.

Sydney Greason, Chief Steward

"Tell 'em to leave their number." To the assistant he says, "Tell 'em I'm coming out."

This is the kind of thing Brophy has been going through for sixteen hours a day, seven days a week for twenty weeks. He got his training organizing chambers of commerce. But the Almighty gave him his patience and ability.

In four months Brophy collected over $400,000 worth of supplies and equipment that had been donated. He administered our cash accounts of over $400,000. He has at different times handled personnel, material, publicity, shipping, banking, policing, engining, repairing, doctoring and dogs. He is a born executive and a good shipmate. The biggest ice cake he ever saw was on a Jersey City ice wagon. But Dick Brophy is the kind that makes the wheels go round without regard to geographical latitude.

Another important member of our Home Guard is Edgar Barratt. Although he is a successful engineer, he deserted his business last summer to devote his whole time, *gratis*, to our expedition. He and his son, Roswell Barratt, designed and built the four portable houses we shall use on the Barrier. These houses must stand temperatures down to 75 degrees below zero and wind velocities up to 150 miles an hour.

Not content with that job, Barratt undertook to list and systematize our multitude of equipment items. With engineering precision, he has analyzed a major proportion of the materials that we are taking along. He gave up a trip to Europe and at his own expense took on two assistants when he found the job too much for him alone.

Telephone Girl and Stevedore

Roswell Barratt caught the same fever. He broke into his honeymoon last summer to get us alpine ropes in Switzerland and to interview Antarctic experts in England about ice conditions where we shall work. At first I thought I ought to apologize to the bride, until I found that she felt pretty much the same way as her husband about helping out.

And so it has gone. I wish I had space in this article to give each man the attention he deserves. I knew America stood for enterprise and enthusiasm. But I confess my eyes have been opened as they never have been before.

For instance, there is Dr. G. Layton Grier, president of the L. D. Caulk Co., in Milford, Delaware, who has at his own expense established a $10,000 dental laboratory in New York for the special purpose of examining and repairing the teeth of my men before they go south.

Mr. Bowman, of the Biltmore Hotel, not only personally subscribed $5000 to the expedition but donated five luxurious offices to us during the period of stress when we were getting ready to go.

There is young C. Daniel Alexander, who has been everything from a circus acrobat to an airman. Five months ago I told him there wasn't a chance of his going. But he was willing to stick around and be errand boy, telephone girl, clerk, stevedore and head usher. He got to be more and more useful. He devised a card-index file for our airplane parts—more than 4000 different mechanical items. Finally we felt that he simply had to go.

There is Captain McKinley, of the Army Reserve, our aerial mapping photographer. He has a wife and mother to support, yet he wanted to donate his services to the expedition. When I heard that he would have to borrow during his absence in the south in order to support his family, I made another arrangement for him.

There is Demas, who insisted on going on the North Pole trip. As there wasn't any job left, he consented to wait on table. He turned out to be such an excellent mechanic and shipmate that he is going with us now.

Joe Degnahl, one of our ground party of the flying squad, is the son of rich parents. Yet he was willing to go north on the Chantier as stoker. Since 1926 he has learned to fly. He will be first officer of the Eleanor Bolling, our second ship, while cruising south.

Heroes That are Unsung

Hansen heads the list of our radio men. He is the man who stowed away on the Chantier despite he was just due for promotion in the Navy. His fine work not only saved him from court-martial but won him a berth on the present expedition.

There is our steward, Greason, who used to be the steward of the golf club in Atlanta, Georgia.

He is a volunteer. He has been working day and night ordering the hundred tons of food we shall take. His wife came North with him and has been working elbow to elbow with him through all this summer heat.

There are Lofgren, personnel and pay officer, and Shropshire, coördinator and scientist, both of whom eat work. There is Russell Owen, of the New York Times, one of the outstanding journalists of the day and the man who will put our radio news stories together.

All these men I picked on probation. Each one had to prove himself, and those I've named have done so.

I wish I could write about them all, because I feel very deeply that our battle is being won by my men even as I write. What success we shall have will be their success.

This point has been a hobby of mine—probably always will be. The world loves to give its praise to the chance specialist. He who labors as long and diligently, though more obscurely, is so often passed over. How many times in exploration have the real heroes been left unsung.

My feeling is that our Antarctic venture is a finely modeled and adjusted mechanism; and that while a visible lever arm in human form may seem to work recurrent miracles, the integral parts down to the very last man of us are just as vital and deserve as much reward.

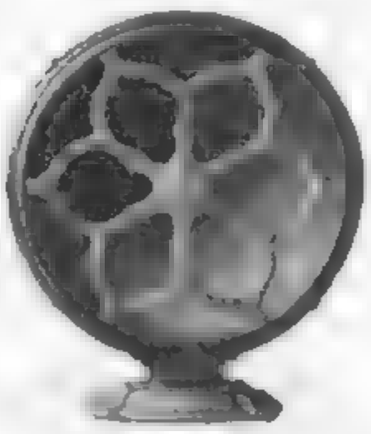
(Continued on Page 177)

ATWATER KENT RADIO

Model 40 A. C. More powerful, more sensitive. New sealed power unit Full-vision Dial. Requires six A C tubes and one rectifying tube. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. $77 without tubes.

$77
(without tubes)

IT *has to be right* IT IS!



"Radio's Truest Voice." Atwater Kent Radio Speakers: Satin finished Models E, E2 and E3, same quality, different size. Each $20.

EVERY Atwater Kent all-electric set has a reputation to maintain as "the radio that works—and keeps on working." Endless care guards this reputation—before *your* set is delivered. For example, before the public had ever heard of the 1929 Atwater Kent all-electric set we tested it for many days in a steel sky-scraper in the heart of New York. We wanted to be sure it would do its work under the most exacting conditions. It did.

It was tested in other places—in cities and suburbs and on farms.

Still more important, before it ever left the factory it had actually gone through 222 tests or inspections which *every set must pass in the process of manufacture.*

The more than 300,000 families who have chosen the Atwater Kent all-electric set know that this incessant care is worth while. It assures fine performance and frees the owner from care—and that means satisfaction for the owner and good-will for the manufacturer.

This house-current receiver, modern in design, painstakingly made, constant in action, proved in reliability—is offered as the highest achievement of radio at a moderate price.

It *has* to be right—more than 1,700,000 owners of Atwater Kent Radio know that Atwater Kent Radio *must* be right—and you needn't pay any more for fine radio reception.

Prices slightly higher West of Rockies

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On the air—every Sunday night—Atwater Kent Hour—listen in!
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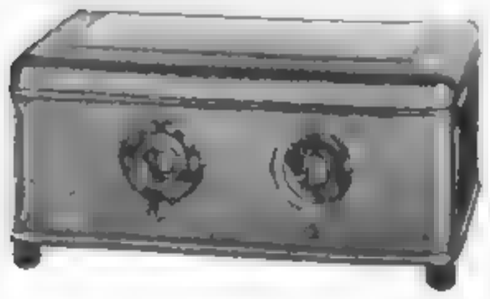
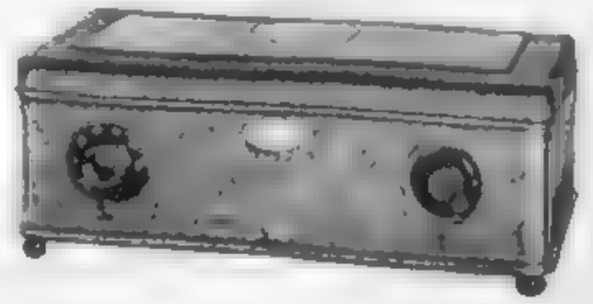


Model 35 A C. Similar electrically to Model 40 with [illegible] cabinet and speaker [illegible] tres. Many refinements in cabinet design [illegible] crowned full panel [illegible] Full-vision Dial with [illegible] Requires six A C tubes and one rectifying tube. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. Without tubes, $80.

Model 55 A C. Extra powerful, extra sensitive [illegible] Crowned full Panel [illegible] Dial for [illegible] Full-vision Dial with [illegible] Requires seven A C tubes and one rectifying tube. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. Without tubes, $100.



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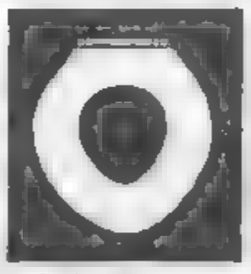
Scientifically designed to protect your health

America's supreme sanitary achievement

DURING the last six months a great many people have looked at their old-type and worn-out water closets with new understanding.



Ordinary seat—small opening.

Improved Madera seat—large opening.

They have been somewhat alarmed and considerably disgusted at what they saw.

Something had happened to open their eyes wide.

This "something" was the announcement of the Improved Madera, a toilet of such commanding hygienic superiorities that previous standards were no longer acceptable.

These superiorities of the Improved Madera are many:—

Its flushing is so powerful and its trapway so large that disposal is positive and complete, *even of the modern sanitary pad.*

Yet flushing is so quiet that it cannot be heard beyond the bathroom door.

Instead of the ordinary small, cramped, unsanitary seat which discourages regularity and complete elimination, the Improved Madera has a long seat with a long hygienic opening. It is clean and comfortable, inducing the greatest ease in this important physical function.

The entire bowl-surface beneath the long seat opening is covered with water—no easy-to-soil, hard-to-clean dry surfaces there.

The bowl and tank are of Durock, the finest and hardest vitreous china. Durock never develops those little criss-cross cracks to retain poisons and breed dangerous bacteria. Its glassy surface absorbs nothing, and can always be cleaned *white,* simply by wiping.

The fittings are the best made. They are quiet and do not get out of order.

The price of the Improved Madera is only $85. The installation cost is no more than for an ordinary water closet. *And because it needs no replacement or repairs, the final cost is actually less.*

Ask your plumber to show you the Improved Madera.

See, too, Maddock's famous Madbury Lavatory, also made of Durock. A wash basin which will not chip nor scratch, cannot be stained, even by iodine, and can always be kept spotlessly clean, merely with a damp cloth.

All Maddock fixtures are available either in white or in an exclusive and individual selection of Durock colors.

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Durock Bathroom Equipment
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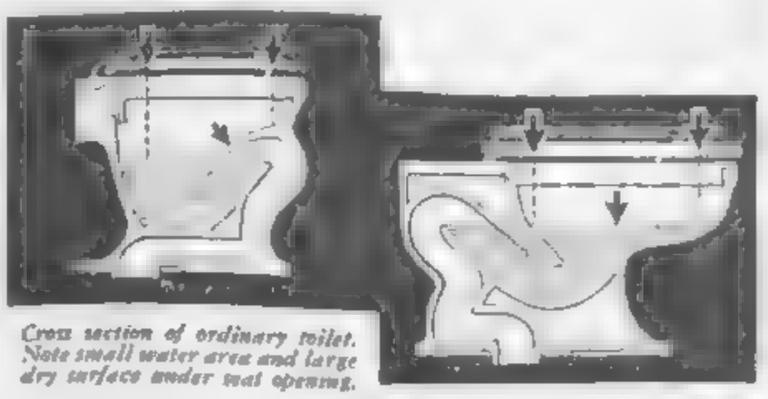

Cross section of ordinary toilet. Note small water area and large dry surface under seat opening.

Cross section of Improved Madera toilet. Note large water area and absence of dry surface under seat opening.

MADDOCK'S *improved* MADERA

(Continued from Page 174)

My expedition is an American enterprise. Far more than the public realizes, it is being financed and sent out by the whole country.

My hope is that when we return, the whole country will recognize the sacrifice and labor, time and energy my men have so unselfishly given for the advancement of science, that the Stars and Stripes may fly at the south as well as at the north end of the globe.

It is a disappointment that I cannot speak of all the organizations and private individuals that have helped us.

But I can only add that in this, my farewell message, we are all deeply appreciative. We go out, we hope, as did the crusaders of another country, with the prayers of our country, which we serve.

CONSERVATIVES IN OVERALLS

(Continued from Page 49)

rest of us managed to hold him off politics. George Taylor, however, kept his guilty look for quite a spell. Then one lunch hour he brought the subject up again himself. He fetched some papers out of his coat pocket and then he looked at Ed with fire in his eye.

"Call me that name again!" he said. "Just do it! And make it sound as mean as you like, and see if you can make me feel like a skunk any more. I got an idy last night and looked up all about it in the dictionary over't the free liberry. Copied down the definitions. Read 'em, Ed Barker; then pass 'em around."

The first sheet read:

Conservative. 1. A conservative agent or principle; a preservative; a preserver; a conserver.
2. A member of the Conservative Party; a Tory. *Eng.*
3. A conservative person; an adherent of conservatism.

"Them definitions ain't so clear and convincin' as they might be," admitted George. "So I dug up some more. Look at these here."

We read

Conservatism. Conservative principles; the disposition and tendency to preserve what is established; opposition to change; the habit of mind, or conduct, of a conservative.

"Funny about dang words," said George Taylor—"how they can knock you over when you don't think what they mean. Here Ed got my goat by callin' me a conservative, but if he'd called me a conservator I wouldn't 'a' thought a thing, except that maybe he was tryin' to be smart."

"Smart, nothin'," growled Ed. "Never heard of such a word. What the dangnation does it mean?"

"Here's the definition. Take a look, all of you."

We read:

Conservator. One who preserves from injury or violation; a protector; a preserver.

"It done me a heap of good to find that last one," said old George, "for I still couldn't help but feel some guilty about bein' a conservative in overalls. But there you are: A conservator is a conservative, only more so. And I can be a conservator with a clean conscience, for that word hasn't any blame. It's just bein' a home guard, that's all. Now, with that off our minds, we can talk free and comfor'ble once again. You mind, Ed Barker, we're goin' to talk automobiles and the like from now on. Politics has had its turn. You just stay shut up about politics."

Leaving it for a Bad Job

"Well, I give up," said Ed sadly. "I plumb give you up, George Taylor. You're simply one of the sleepin' masses the leaders is tryin' to arouse and educate. I've done all I could. A leader hisself couldn't do no more. Here I've told you all the inside facts which the rotten newspapers is hidin', but you're too bull-headed to be educated. Tryin' to argy with definitions from the dictionary! Them! As if they amount to anything against the inside facts. But you've proved to me what the trouble is, George Taylor—too many bullheaded conservatives in overalls. I guess it ain't no use. I give up."

"No use," said old George grimly. "Millions more just like I am. Conservatives in overalls, that's us. But not slaves in shackles. Now, then, talkin' of automobiles ——"

Ed Barker kept quiet and just looked contemptuous as the talk ran on. He still didn't have an automobile himself.

This Ed Barker was from the valley where I had lived until I was fifteen. Returning there for a visit in 1923, I had found conditions tremendously changed from those familiar to me when I was a boy. Each of the three banks in the valley town had collapsed under the depression beginning in 1920. Scores of ranchers had gone through bankruptcy and departed to look for jobs in lumbering and other manufacturing industries on the Coast.

Winning Through

A few talks with the old-time ranchers who owned the fertile and irrigable lands in the bed of the valley and who had weathered the storm convinced me, however, that the source of the disaster was nothing but the quitting of conservative traditions by the bankers and business men of the town. Easy Money for the Ranchers had become their rule. The business men were as bad in advancing credit on machinery, automobiles and furniture. The rock-ribbed conservative, the close-fisted solid citizen, who in other days had kept the finances of the region down to a cash-value basis, was entirely out of the picture.

As a result, the dry hills rolling up to the mountains from the valley, comprising land which had value only for grazing and which had served no other purpose in the old years of conservatism, were homesteaded and fenced, cleared and seeded, and they produced scanty crops of wheat. Their owners, ranching on a shoe string, borrowed from the optimistic and generous bankers and business men to keep going. Their debts increased. And so on for five years. Then, the smash.

The dry-landers, their cash sources closed, began to pull out. They had had nothing in the first place, the actual cash value of their holdings had always been little, and that little was what they lost when their power to borrow on inflated paper values was gone, though of course they had nothing to show for years of labor.

It was the pioneers of the valley and town, and their sons and daughters, who really suffered. They were the people who had developed the genuinely fertile land of the country and established the community. They could not afford to go through bankruptcy and depart to more favored regions; they had too much to lose. So there they were, in one lovely mess.

There they were, with the hill lands which had once made excellent range for cattle and sheep now a fenced waste of mustard and sunflowers, their money tied up in the deflated assets of the banks, their credit in ruins. Yet they were holding on and winning.

There was Tom Bain, in particular. He had moved to the valley from Kansas twenty-five years before and bought the hundred acres of irrigated land north of the ranch we were renting. He worked twelve hours a day, and often more, for ten years; and then he was in the clear, with his land all paid for, all under the plow, and he had a solid beginning for a herd of pure-bred beef cattle. In ten more years he was said

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pioneers in the field of automatic telephony, have now adapted the same time-proven switching mechanisms to a wide range of equipment that is proving indispensable to industry and commerce. Typical among such developments are those described below—all having as their background years of research and sound engineering practice.

S P E E D

WHEN time is the vital factor — when a few seconds delay may turn profit into loss, safety into danger,—the unfailing *speed* of Strowger P-A-X, the modern system of automatic interior telephony, is truly appreciated. And, while immeasurably valuable in emergencies, the importance of the perpetual saving of time in the daily routine must not be overlooked. This speedy operation—only five seconds required to complete a call—has won world leadership for P-A-X in almost every field of human endeavor.

And because speed is of equal importance in the handling of fire alarms, in the operation of signal systems, in the maintenance of railway communication—and in innumerable other fields—the adaptation of the same fundamental Strowger mechanisms to these various uses has already met with conspicuous success. The following are typical examples of Strowger Automatic Communication and Signalling Equipment:

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Strowger Railway Communication Equipment—Includes push-key senders for dispatchers' lines, trainmen's telephones and pole jacks, linemen's test sets, repeating coils, relays and allied equipment. Descriptive literature on application.

STROWGER AUTOMATIC
Communication, Control and Signalling Systems

Strowger Automatic Equipment includes Public Automatic Telephone Systems, P-A-X (Private Automatic Exchange), Watchman Supervisory Systems, Tele-Chec Systems (for Theaters), Industrial Fire Alarm Systems, Supervisory Control Equipment for Industrial and Commercial Devices, and Railway Signalling and Communication Systems.

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to be worth twenty-five thousand dollars. He still worked in the fields and rode the range. He was the most conservative of men in all of his business dealings, but he had the name of being the best neighbor in the valley. He kept one or more ranch hands all the year round, and three of these he helped generously in getting a start.

One of these men was Ed Barker. Ed worked two years for Tom Bain. He had a wife and five children, and they all lived in a comfortable house on the Bain ranch. Ed was a good worker, Tom Bain said, but he was always complaining about his hard luck. First off, when he'd get to talking with somebody who would listen, he'd tell how bad luck had struck him right from the start—yes, sir, right from the very first minute of his life.

"The infernalest man I ever knew to cuss about being born," said Mr. Bain, when I was visiting with him. "I never knew I had nerves, hardly, till Ed Barker went to work for me. Then I knew nearly all the time I had nerves, for he was always getting on them.

"He was a twin—that was his first hard luck. Seems that his folks had been powerful resentful over the comin' of a new baby, but finally they were reconciled and agreed that maybe they could stand one more mouth to feed. But only one. Yes, sir, this was to be the last one.

"Well, of course they went up in the air when the one more mouth to feed turned out to be two, in the shape of twins. Ed declares that right there is where hard luck hooked on him, never to let go. For, he says, it was bound to be the second of the twins born that his folks would resent and pick on, and of course the second twin had to be him. That was his luck.

"The first thing he could remember was his pa scowling and growling at him because he'd butted in where he was no way wanted and made two new mouths to feed, instead of one.

"Ed always got the worst of it from his folks on that account, he says; and so he left home as soon as he was big enough, and didn't get an education. Not having an education was more hard luck, for he didn't know enough not to marry the first girl who would have him; and after that, with babies coming one after the other, he had to keep his nose to the grindstone to make a living that would feed all the mouths. Never a chance, he said; never any luck.

"Well, I finally gave him a chance," said Mr. Bain. "'Twas more to get rid of him and ease my nerves than anything else. Gave him the money to file on a hundred and sixty up in the hills, sold him some stock and machinery on long time at nominal interest, helped him with building a house, and so on. Gave him extra work here. I thought he'd let up on the old song then, but he didn't."

Born Under the Double Cross

"Kept it up all the time. Dry-land ranching was no good, he'd say; by tackling it he'd just got himself in a fix where he would have to slave all the rest of his life without hope. And he'd eye *me* with a look that said I'd done him dirt by giving him what I thought was a chance. But his wife and kids appreciated having a home of their own and I felt pretty good about it.

"Then the war came. Ed rode high on the flush times. Borrowed at the bank. Bought a car and better furniture than I have myself, new machinery, and so forth—and all on time and at top prices.

"Well, it's no use to tell the story of the crash over again. I've helped Ed hang on, but I've reached the limit. I'm all tied up. Can't lay my hands on cash except when we sell cream and eggs. Won't have any money to winter on until I ship some cattle to Portland. Ed's got to pull out after the others and look for a job. Some land was never meant for the plow and some men were never meant for the business of ranching.

"Good lands can always be farmed at a profit, and they will make a profit, so long as they are not forced to bear the burdens of the shoe-stringers. I see that now, plain. That's what I've learned from experience.

"Sorry for his wife and kids. But I've done all I can. Looking at him, I can only sigh and wish with him that it hadn't been twins that time. Lord, how glad I'll be when he's off my mind!"

Mr. Bain said that so sorrowfully and I remembered so keenly how kind he had been to me when I was a boy that I rashly volunteered to get Ed Barker a job in the sawmill where I worked, when I returned to it from this visit.

In two months Ed Barker was free of the burdens of a dry-land ranch and was making his seven dollars a day on the green chain. He did right well at first, and even said once or twice that it seemed like luck had changed for him for the first time since he was born. The automobile talk stirred him, and he spoke of buying a flivver. Only, he said, that would make it seem like bad luck again, for then he would be the only man on the green chain who had such a measly automobile as a flivver. He guessed he'd wait until he could buy at least a secondhand six-cylinder touring car. Then maybe he could take a month off next summer and drive back to the valley in style and show those stick-in-the-mud ranchers like old Tom Bain a few things.

A Mutual Misunderstanding

But before that happy event could transpire Ed Barker got hold of some pamphlets and subscribed to a radical weekly. He'd already learned a good deal of the lingo, back in his ranching days, from the earnest, big-hearted leaders who were trying to organize the ranchers of the Northwest into a political league. And he didn't know any better now than to start talking it to everybody in the sawmill who would listen. Because of his bull voice and flow of language, and still more because his hard-luck stories had made everybody feel sorry for him, he was allowed to run on to the limit, until George Taylor shut down on him.

Ed Barker's ignorance saved him for so long. He had the ranch-country idea that all workingmen in factories and mills were radicals ready to go on strikes. And the sawmill men, in their turn, had the idea that all the ranchers of the country were struggling wretchedly under enormous debts, and they looked on the failures migrating to the cities and to manufacturing towns as they would have looked on shipwrecked sailors escaped from the sea. Ed Barker seemed such a hard-luck man.

A radical workingman, coming on the job to agitate, would never have spouted his ideas that openly, for he would have been tagged for what he was at once and have been shut up. He'd have known that and never tried to boost the big-hearted leaders, but he would have picked on the natural discontent that every man more or less feels in his work, no matter what it is, and tried to stir it into activity. Such a man wouldn't have called George Taylor a conservative; he'd have used another term that means exactly the same thing among workingmen—that is, "home guard." And George Taylor would have boasted that that was exactly what he was, just as he boasted of being a conservative after looking the word up in the dictionary. He'd have called the radical workingman a sorehead, invited him to tell his stuff to somebody who wanted to listen to it, and thought about it no more.

Most of the green-chain men, however, had a special sympathy for Ed Barker. Just as farmers and ranchers formed judgments of workingmen in manufacturing centers by sensational stories of strikes in the newspapers, so did these workers in the lumber industry judge agricultural conditions by the sensational newspaper stories of the smash-ups in agricultural centers. In the first instance, of course, it was like forming a judgment of all automobile drivers on the basis of one serious smash-up at

(Continued on Page 181)

In this new type of powered vehicle

the dead load comes to life— *and works*

WATCH the load on a Relay Truck! It does something new—something different—something that spells more dollars earned and more money saved in your trucking operations.

For the first time in automotive history the dead load comes to life and *works*—works in starting—works in stopping—works on the rough stretch, in traffic and in the emergency. Now the load puts its weight to the wheels and *pulls* for higher average speed, for cushioned safety and smooth riding, for more ton miles of profitable hauling on any road.

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Your own eyes will convince you of the decisive performance economies of Relay Surmounting Action. You can actually see how this new principle of locomotion harnesses the weight of the load and the momentum of the truck for multiplied power in the emergency—for smoother, safer transportation—for the most powerful starting and stopping traction ever known in motor vehicles. A single demonstration gives you "eye-testimony" of more ton miles per day, longer truck life, greater tire mileage and higher speed transportation with utmost safety to truck, load and pedestrian.

Watch Relay! It's the outstanding development in trucks today. It's making and saving money for transportation users in every field of commerce and manufacture. Ask your Relay distributor—or write the factory today—for details of the Relay 10 point demonstration.

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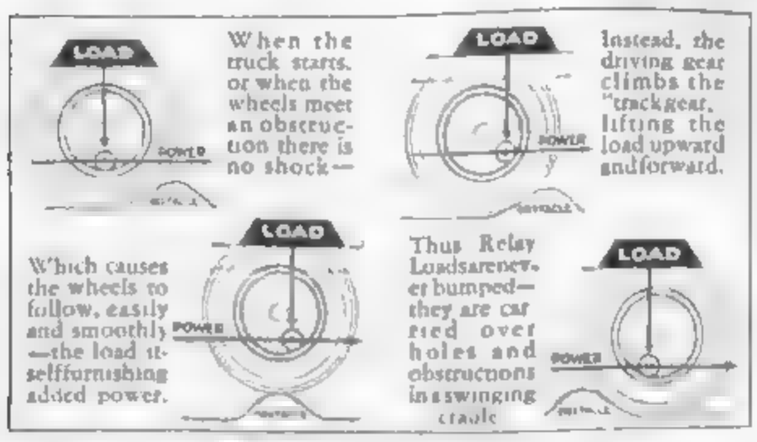
LOAD
POWER
When the truck starts, or when the wheels meet an obstruction there is no shock—
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POWER
Instead, the driving gear climbs the "track gear, lifting the load upward and forward.
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Which causes the wheels to follow, easily and smoothly—the load itself furnishing added power.
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DON'T FOOL YOURSELF

Since halitosis never announces itself to the victim, you simply cannot know when you have it

They talk about you *behind your back*

And rightly so—halitosis is inexcusable.

HALITOSIS (unpleasant breath) is the one unforgivable thing because it is *inexcusable*.

"But how is one to know when one has halitosis?" both men and women ask.

The answer is: *You can't know.* Halitosis doesn't announce itself to the victim. That's the insidious thing about it. So thousands go through life ignorant of the fact that they are offending others to whom they desire most to appeal.

Don't fool yourself about this matter. Eliminate the risk entirely by using Listerine systematically. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others. Keep a bottle handy in home and office for this purpose. It puts you on the polite—and popular—side.

Listerine ends halitosis instantly, because, being an antiseptic, it attacks the bacteria which cause it. Then, being a deodorant, it destroys the odors themselves. Even those of onion and fish yield to it.

For your own best interests, use Listerine every day.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
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The new baby—
LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM
—you've got a treat ahead of you.
TRY IT

READ THE FACTS
⅓ had halitosis

68 hairdressers state that about every third woman, many of them from the wealthy classes, is halitoxic. Who should know better than they?

LISTERINE

The safe antiseptic

(Continued from Page 178)

a grade crossing. And I myself, for one, knew that in one agricultural region which had been hit hard the real ranchers—the men who owned the lands worth cultivating and who had developed them intelligently—had held on and were clearing away the financial wreckage. And in the older farm centers, where conservative traditions had stood up, there was little wreckage. Tom Bain had proved that to me.

But all that most of the men in the sawmill town knew about agriculture was what they read in the newspapers.

"The pore dang farmers," said George Taylor one day when there was a lull in the rush of lumber on the green chain. "I can't help but feel sorry for 'em. There's Ed Barker now. He's a sample. Never had a chance. Born and brung up in a farm country. Never no luck. Always had to slave for a bare livin'. Then, after slavin' and savin' to get himself some land, there comes a smash and he loses all he's got. Tens of thousands in the same fix; givin' up and leavin' the ranches and farms. Migratin' to the cities. Read about it in the papers ever' day. Don't know what the country's comin' to. Can't hardly blame pore Ed for bein' radical like he is."

I tried to tell George Taylor that it was a mistake to judge farmers generally by Ed Barker. I said it was my idea that the reason for all the city jokes about hicks, hayseeds and country boobs in general rested on a false judgment of country people and country life—a judgment formed from the only acquaintance that most city people had with those of the country. City people often knew only the farm failures and weaklings—the men who had been whipped in the hard business of tilling the soil and the young men who went to the cities to find an easier living. The country kept its best. And I went on to tell George about Tom Bain and others who were ranchers body and soul and were strong men in both.

"I'd like to see you pity Tom Bain to his face," I said. "I'd just like to see you try it. And he'd throw a fit if he had any idea that the workingmen of this sawmill town were judging ranchers by Ed Barker."

But my argument only made George Taylor sore. I was trying to make out that farmers were better than workingmen, he said, and better off. They never were. He wouldn't swap places with this Tom Bain or any other farmer alive. Not much. He knew when he was well off. I couldn't fool him a particle.

A Little Cash is a Heavy Burden

And so he went down the platform to talk to Ed Barker and enjoy pitying him. That was what I figured out, anyway; and sure enough, when I moseyed down their way I could hear Ed Barker more than laying it on.

"Yes, sir, George," he was saying, "you got it right. A man can't know what hard luck is until he's been through what I have. I'm bitter, I admit. But I claim I got a right to be."

"I don't blame you pore farmers for bein' bitter," old George said, "but you want to remember you're a workin'man now, with nothin' but fine times ahead. You want to learn to be a home guard, like the rest."

"Well, it wouldn't be so bad," Ed admitted mournfully, "if I only had an automobile like the rest. I'm makin' my seven a day and savin' money. I could buy a used flivver, but that's beneath a seven-dollar-a-day man, acshuly. I've got a dream of some day havin' a fine six-cylinder car that won't be beneath me. But my wife keeps naggin' me to buy a home. Seems like all's got to be hard luck. I save some money and right away it's a burden. Starts my wife to naggin'. Keeps me a-worryin'. Yes, sir, there I am."

"It's too bad, Ed. You've certainly always had hard luck."

"That's it, George. Hard luck since the first minute I was born."

Sympathizing that way, and wanting to help, George Taylor got the troubles of Ed Barker more and more on his mind. Old George began to talk to the rest of us about how it was the duty of well-to-do workingmen like us to help the hard-luck farmers like Ed Barker. And I knew that if he kept getting softer about the poor farmers, before long he'd be helping Ed along in some way or another, just as Tom Bain had done.

It's always the way. A man who has had hard luck ever since the first minute he was born is pretty sure to get help every way he turns, while a man who is as bad off, but has never had what he would call hard luck, has to get on the best way he can. People like to help in a neighborly way. There's no pleasure like it. The only trouble is to find somebody who is willing to let you enjoy yourself on them in that way. Ed Barker had been willing all his life. So he was in no way embarrassed when George Taylor offered to give him a lift.

Ed Gets a Break

That was a month before the presidential election. These days Ed was wearing more of a worried and depressed look than ever. This was the real cause:

At last he had three hundred dollars saved from his wages on the green chain, and in the bank. It was proving to be more and more of a burden. Ed Barker had capital to invest and he was learning the responsibility felt by the capitalist. Every evening at home there were long, involved discussions as to what should be done with this growing sum of money. Ed's wife insisted that now there was enough to make a first payment on a home, and that they should invest it in a home without delay. Ed insisted that now he had enough to pay at least a third on a fine six-cylinder automobile, and he declared he'd blow up if he couldn't do it. But his wife was winning the argument. She didn't realize how keenly Ed felt the social lack of an automobile among the prosperous workingmen of the green chain. He felt himself giving in, however, and that was what made him look so worried and depressed.

George Taylor, of course, thought that Ed's sad looks were the net result of all his afflictions of hard luck. At last they were telling on him. He seemed to George to be giving up hope altogether. George Taylor felt sorrier and sorrier for Ed Barker. And finally he declared that he was going to give the poor cuss a chance; at last, he said, Ed Barker should have a piece of good luck come his way for a change.

One of George's renters had quit him at that time, and he was trying to decide whether to spend a few hundred dollars on having some needed repairs made on that particular house or to sell the place at a bargain. In the first case he would be put to a lot of trouble and he would have to hire most of the carpentering and painting done. But if a man like Ed Barker had the place he could fix it up himself in odd times and in a few months have a fine little home.

So he told Ed that he would sell him the place at a bargain, ask for no down payment, and require the payments only in installments of twenty dollars a month. Ed was already paying that much in rent for a poorer house. The terms offered him were extra liberal, especially when you consider that George Taylor was naturally such a conservative man. It wasn't good business for him, but he by no means thought of giving charity. If he was stretching his liberality a little, it was just by way of being neighborly.

Ed and his wife jumped at the bargain, of course. The deal was made and the next morning Ed was swaggering when he came to work. He'd lost his worried, depressed look, but he was still serious. He was a property owner now, he said, and he had money in the bank, besides. He didn't mention the fact that George Taylor had refused a first payment with the understanding that Ed was to buy material for repairs in lieu of that and make a good home for his family. What he did mention was that he had made a shrewd business

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The Harley-Davidson franchise is paying many men 100% and more annually on their investment. It is a true *triple-profit* business.

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deal. Made him wonder if he didn't have a business head, after all. Might have done real well in the real-estate business. Maybe that was another sample of his hard luck, he said—him living so long without thinking of trying the real-estate business, and now this deal with George Taylor showed what a talent he had for it.

Old George frowned some at that, but he didn't say anything. He frowned still more the next morning when Ed drove up to work in a used but shiny six-cylinder car.

George remarked that it was none of his business, he guessed, but it certainly showed poor judgment buying a car this near winter, and with Ed's new place needing so many improvements. That was all George Taylor said until the lunch hour, when Ed Barker grinned at him in a patronizing way, and said:

"This here Romper Six I bought has the most power in high of any car I ever saw She's certainly had fine care. Better'n a new one, acshuly. Say, George, I'd like to make a bet I can outpull your sedan up the Pilot Butte road."

That left old George gasping.

"Let's talk about politics for a change," said somebody else, with a wink at the rest of us.

"That's it," said Ed. "Try to get smart when a man makes a remark about his property. Now, as I was sayin', this Romper Six has got such a sturdy rear end, as the salesman said; that's why it can have so much power in high. George's sedan, now, is differ'nt. First place, it's a heavier car. Second, as the salesman showed me, George's kind of car ain't got a sturdy rear end like mine has and ——"

"Hell's bells!" snorted old George this time. He got up and went off by himself, where he could cool off.

That afternoon George Taylor told me that from now on he was going to go the whole hog in being a conservative. He was done with neighboring. What he might have expected from a farmer anyhow, he said.

"But look here," I said. "Didn't I tell you not to judge farmers by Ed Barker? But you were bound to pity 'em before and now you're bound to swear at 'em. You ought to be fair, anyhow."

Paid Back in Kind

"It does irk me," sighed old George, "to give a man a good deal, to treat him like a friend, and then have him set down and slander my car right to my face."

"Anyway," I said, "Ed's stopped talking about the earnest, big-hearted leaders. He seems to be through with politics."

"By hickory!" old George exclaimed. "You give me an idy! I'll get even with that son of a gun yet!"

He didn't say how, but the next day I saw plain enough. Old George went to telling during the lunch hour how he'd heard from somebody in the office that the owners of the lumber company were afraid that the radicals were going to carry the election after all; and if they did, it would mean shutting down the mill, for business would be disorganized all over.

"Glad I've saved enough in the conservative times to tide me over the radical times," said George. "There'll be hell to pay for them that ain't saved their money."

"Is that so?" said Ed Barker. He looked depressed and worried again. "Do you acshuly think there's a chance of that?"

"So I've heard," said old George solemnly. "Looks mighty black to me."

The others took their cue from George Taylor, and from then to election day they led Ed Barker a life. He didn't dare to argue against it when the talk went around during the lunch hour about how it certainly looked like the earnest, big-hearted leaders had at last made a winning fight and that the farmers and workingmen would be free of their shackles after election. Ed would try to look pleased, but he would say that according to the newspapers the radicals didn't have a chance. He hoped they'd get in, of course, but it didn't seem like they had a chance.

"The rotten newspapers are hidin' the inside facts," old George would come back. "But the owners and managers know them, and you bet they're scared. It looks bad for the old sawmill."

About Face!

Poor Ed got so worried and depressed that he entirely quit bragging about his car, and finally he had little to say at all, except to remark every so often that hard luck had always followed him and he expected it always would.

Election day he looked like a sick man all through the eight hours. At lunchtime he could hardly eat a bite and he looked so bad that the rest of us tried to cheer him up. But he wouldn't listen. He was tired of talk. Ed Barker wanted to know.

After supper that night he didn't even take time to change from his overalls before heading uptown for the newspaper office, where he could learn the returns as soon as they came in. George Taylor and I were alongside him when the news was flashed that millions of farmers and workingmen had voted for conservatism again.

Ed Barker's bull voice returned to him then. His yell rose above all the roar of the crowd. Then he saw us and he felt so good and relieved that he didn't care what we thought. He slapped George Taylor on the back.

"I knowed it!" he yelled. "I knowed it, George Taylor! Hard luck had to leave me sometime! Got a sure four years of work ahead now! I'll have a home paid for then and a sedan that beats yourn, George Taylor! You wait and see! I'll be a man of property and I'll have money in the bank! Hard luck's left me for the first time since the minute I was born! Hooray!"

He was so happy that old George didn't have the heart to ask him about his shackles.

"Well, I'm pleased to see I got a new feller conservative in overalls," said George Taylor and let it go at that.

Local Boy Makes Good

By WESLEY STOUT

NEW YORK is the scene of the great bull market which still is snorting as this is written, but New York has had little to do with it beyond collecting its commissions and clucking its tongues. The men who are supposed to have called the tune are William C. Durant, Arthur Cutten, two or more of the seven Fisher brothers, and Joe Toplitzky, all outsiders. How accurate this roster is, probably no one can say surely, but all named were very large operators on the bull side and all profited hugely.

William C. Durant was born in Boston and reared in Flint, where as a young man he founded and developed the great Durant-Dort Carriage Company. In 1905 he organized the Buick Motor Car Company, and three years later General Motors; then lost control, regained it and lost it again. He is supposed to have attempted to regain it a second time, but to have found the wealth of the Du Ponts and others too much for him. The lowest estimate of his winnings in the present market is

(Continued on Page 185)

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"The Pathfinder of the Air"

(Continued from Page 182)

$100,000,000. However much of an exaggeration that may be, he certainly is one of the very wealthy men of America again, and richer than ever before.

Arthur Cutten is a native of Guelph, Ontario. He began as an errand boy in a Lake Street hardware store in Chicago, and became the most spectacular operator on the Board of Trade. In 1925 he paid an income tax of $540,000 following on a bull operation in July wheat. Then he switched to the stock market with bull movements in Quaker Oats and Baldwin Locomotive. The Fisher Brothers are Detroiters, important factors in General Motors. Joe Toplitzky, least known of the group, is a Los Angeles man who made a considerable fortune in land there.

On the night of April nineteenth at the Biltmore Hotel there was a dinner given in a private room which only one newspaper reported the next morning. According to the Times, it was given to Mr. Durant, who was sailing the next day, by his associates in the market, and the guests were stated to have been Mr. Cutten and his nephew, Ruloff Cutten, his New York representative; Frederick and Lawrence Fisher; Matthew C. Brush, born in Stillwater, Minnesota, and three New Yorkers, each a stock-market trader, George Breen and Duncan Holmes of the Chase Securities Company and Joseph Higgins of Eric & Dreyfuss.

Other newspapers denied the story later in the week, declaring on the authority of those present that Mr. Durant was not at the dinner and that it was purely a social affair in honor of Mr. Toplitzky. Those present also resented the implication that it was possible for any group of traders to have managed such a tremendous upward sweep of prices. By good judgment, they argue, they anticipated and took advantage of basic conditions.

The greatest stock-market operator of his day was, by common consent, Bernard Baruch, born in Camden, South Carolina, and son of a doctor who emigrated from Poland and wore the Confederate gray as a field surgeon with Longstreet's corps. When Mr. Baruch quit the street, Jesse Livermore of Boston cracked the whip. Whether Mr. Livermore took no part in the 1928 market or whether he took a beating on the bear side still is a matter of speculation in the street, but he has been overshadowed since Durant became the herd bull.

And whoever did or did not stage the show, there is no dispute about the fact that the great bulk of the public buying which made such a market possible came from the country at large. It has been a small town in the United States this year that lacked some citizen who was playing the market. The wire houses were swamped by the orders that poured in from wherever wires lead.

Heading the Big Board

Among the brokerage firms that executed an enormous volume of orders were Hayden, Stone & Co., Hornblower & Weeks and E. A. Pierce & Co. Charles Hayden, head of the first house, is one of the biggest figures in the street, chairman of Rock Island, among many other responsibilities. He is a Bostonian and three of his five partners are outsiders. Richard F. Hoyt also is from Boston, Clarkson Potter is from Kansas City, and Claude W. Peters comes from Moncton, New Brunswick. Steele Mitchell, manager of the stock department, was born in Oakland, California.

The only local man among the six partners of Hornblower & Weeks is Herbert C. Sierck, born in Hoboken. John W. Prentiss is from Bangor, Maine; James S. Dunstan from Houghton, Michigan; Alfred R. Meyer from Kansas City, and Charles T. Lovering and James A. Payne from Boston.

Five out of fourteen general partners of E. A. Pierce & Co. were born in Greater New York, the other nine in Orrington, Maine; Toronto; Quebec; San Francisco; Lexington, Mississippi; Waupun, Wisconsin; Scotland; Geneva, New York, and Jackson, Tennessee.

Wall Street is as inescapable a reality in New York as is the railroad in a division-point town, and the job-hunting youth of the city drift into the street much as boys in a railroad town turn to the shops, round house or superintendent's office. The army of clerks, runners, customers' men, floor men, and the rest of the rank and file of the street, therefore, are recruited very largely within five-cent carfare

Yet fewer than half of the eighteen presidents of the Stock Exchange since 1880 have been native sons. The present chief executive, E. H. H. Simmons, was born in Jersey City, and seven of his predecessors were local men But New England has sent nine men and Germany one to head the big board in that time. The new secretary, Ashbel Green, was born in Tenafly, New Jersey, and used to be in charge of the leased-wire service of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. It was the knowledge that he acquired on that job which led the Stock Exchange to enlist his services in 1913 in the war it was waging on the bucket shops.

The president of the Curb Market, William S. Muller, and two of the other four officers are local men. George S. Whiting, vice president, comes from Pottersville, in Warren County, New York. The secretary, Alfred B. Sturges, is from Danbury, Connecticut.

Serving the Local Man

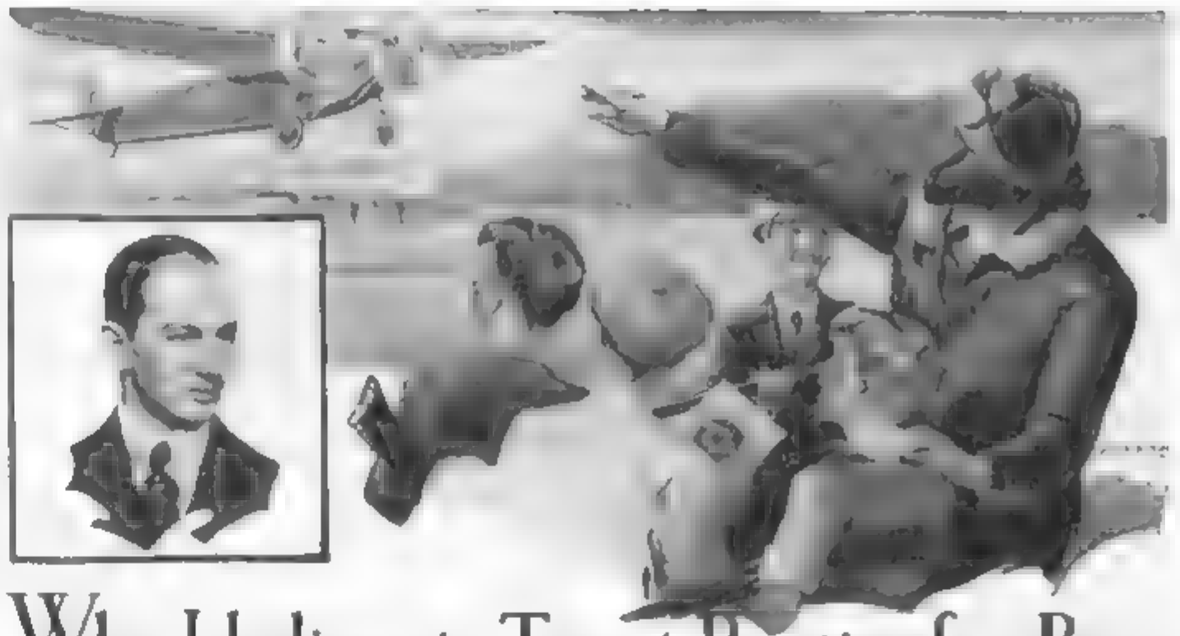
Whether a New Yorker rides on Mr. Hedley's Interborough Subway or on Mr. Dahl's B-M-T, he pays his nickel to an outsider. Frank Hedley was born in England and succeeded Theodore Shonts of Pennsylvania and Iowa. Gerhard M. Dahl came to the city in 1912 from Cleveland. He was born in Ft. Howard, Wisconsin, and at the turn of the century was city attorney of Waupaca, Wisconsin. The president of B-M-T, W. S. Menden, is an Indianian from Evansville, and the other four principals all are outsiders.

Frederick T. Wood, president, and Louis H. Palmer, vice president and general manager of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, both are Williams College men, the former born in Bangor, Maine, the latter in Chicago. Slaughter W. Huff, president of the Third Avenue and other surface lines, is from Albemarle County, Virginia.

Nicholas F. Brady, president of New York Edison and United Electric Light & Power, and director in more than fifty corporations, was born in Albany. He is the surviving son of the late Anthony N. Brady, who built up the Brady fortune. The senior vice president of New York Edison is Thomas E. Murray, also of Albany. George B. Cortelyou, native son, who was stenographer to President Cleveland, secretary to McKinley and Roosevelt and rose to be Secretary of the Treasury, heads Mr. Brady's Consolidated Gas Company. The senior vice president, Walter R. Addicks, is a Philadelphian.

The president of Brady's Brooklyn Edison, which is about to be merged with Consolidated Gas, is Matthew S. Sloan, born in Mobile, who came from New Orleans in 1917. There are three local men among its seventeen executives, if W. F. Wells, first vice president and a native of Rahway, be counted a New Yorker.

Few men of the stature of James Gilbert White in American and international finance and engineering are as little known. The head of J. G. White & Company, the J. G. White Engineering Corporation and the J. G. White Management Corporation, is the son of a village minister in Pennsylvania. Born in Milroy, he moved to Nebraska, where he taught physics in the state university. His son, James Dugald White, aged thirty-eight, born in Kearney, Nebraska, is vice president of the parent concern and director of the others. The



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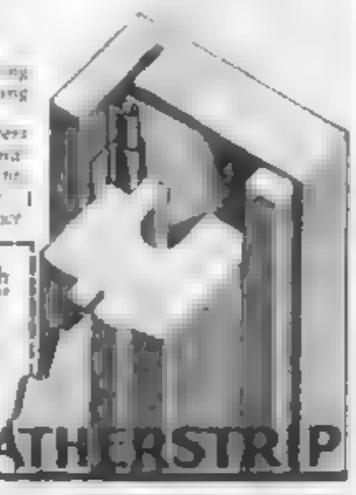

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lone New Yorker among the fourteen executives of the three companies is Gano Dunn, president of the engineering corporation. The three are probably the world's greatest engineering-financial combination. A hydroelectric installation in Italy, a dam in Abyssinia, a railroad in South America and the National Toll Bridge Company in America are four jobs now in progress.

The vast Henry L. Doherty & Co. is almost wholly an importation. Mr. Doherty, who was among the first to build a home on the roof of a skyscraper, is a native of Columbus, Ohio. The chairman of the executive committee, W. A. Jones, is from Webb City, Missouri, and the other ten members were born in Kansas, Ohio, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania or Massachusetts. Thirteen of fourteen staff advisory officers are outsiders. Among the twenty-two administrative officers who are not also members of the executive committee, fourteen are non-New Yorkers.

Sidney Z. Mitchell, chief of the great Electric Bond & Share Corporation, is a naturalized New Yorker. His associate, Clarence E. Groesbeck, was born in Frankfort, Illinois. The new Allied Light & Power Company, a consolidation of the interests of Hodenpyl, Hardy & Co. and Stevens & Wood, Inc., has, as chairman, Bernard C. Cobb, who came from Boston by way of Saginaw, Michigan. Public-utility properties with combined assets of upward of $500,000,000 are brought under one management here. George E. Hardy, president of Hodenpyl, Hardy & Co., is a native of Grand Rapids, a center of public-utility combinations. Jacob Hekma, vice president and native of Holland, represents the large Dutch interests in the business. Frank L. Dame, president of the North American Company, is a Bostonian who learned about public utilities while managing street railways in the Northwest.

The president of American Waterworks, H. Hobart Porter, is a New Yorker and graduate of the Columbia School of Mines, and was long in the field in Arizona and New Mexico. W. R. Voorhis, second in command, was born on a farm near Indianapolis. The head of Long Island Lighting, Empire Power and United Gas & Electric is Ellis L. Phillips, born on a farm in Herkimer County, New York. The other day he gave $500,000 toward the completion of the thirty-six-story Broadway Temple, institutional church, which is rising in Washington Heights, the peak of Manhattan. He was the first wealthy man to back the Broadway Temple project and he personally selected the site.

A Messenger Delivers the Goods

There are eighteen major executives of the New York Central lines; two were locally born. Patrick E. Crowley—Pull Eighty Cars Crowley—who became president in 1924, was born in Cattaraugus sixty-four years ago and went to work at twelve as a five-dollar-a-month messenger boy for the Erie. A. H. Harris, vice president in charge of finance, who was promoted to the chairmanship of the executive committee on the death of Chauncey Depew, is a Rochester man. The general counsel, R. J. Cary, is from Milwaukee.

Leonor Fresnel Loree, president of the Delaware & Hudson and controlling a string of Southwestern roads, to whom the Pennsylvania Railroad paid $63,000,000 not long since for his holdings in Wabash and Lehigh Valley in order to forestall a fifth Eastern trunk line, is a native of Fulton City, Illinois. The Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York elected him president in May. William H. Williams, who resigned in May as Mr. Loree's lieutenant in the D. & H., and is chairman of the Gould lines and the Wabash, was born in Athens, Ohio. F. W. Leamy was promoted to succeed him. He was born in West Rutland, Vermont, and went to work for the road as station agent there. Coming to New York in 1905, he became a stenographer in the president's office when David Wilcox was head of the road.

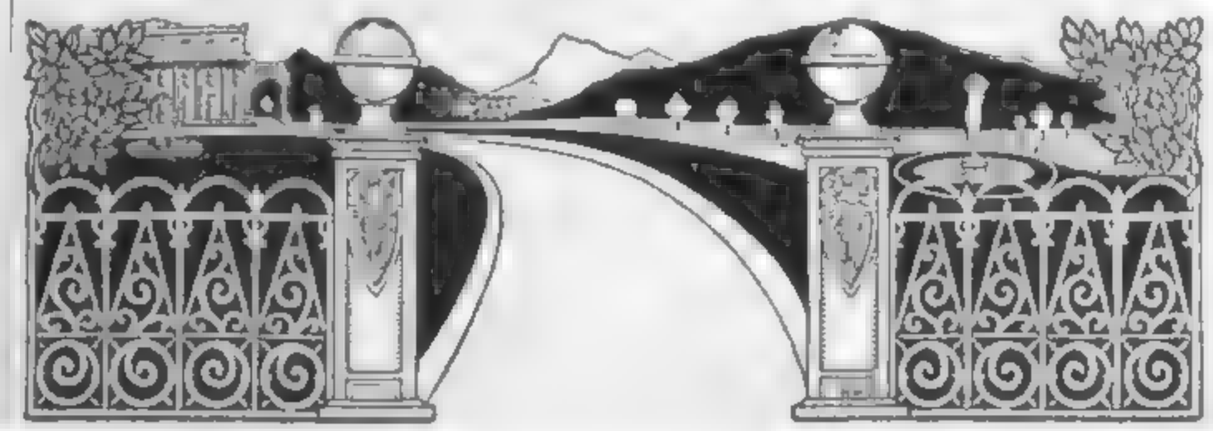
From Foreign Shores

J. M. Davis, president of the Lackawanna, came from Anderson County, Texas, by way of Baltimore. The vice president and general manager, E. M. Rine, is from Brilliant, Ohio; the other vice president, P. J. Flynn, from Granville, New York. When F. D. Underwood, born in Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, left the presidency of the Erie recently, J. J. Bernet, born in Brandt, New York, took his place. The operating vice president, Charles E. Denney, is a Washingtonian. G. F. Brownell, vice president and general counsel of the Erie, is an Iowan from Des Moines. The vice president and secretary, G. H. Minor, was born in Deposit, New York, and was a teacher of mathematics in Park College and Northwestern University before he took up law.

R. E. M. Cowie, president of American Railway Express, is a native Scot. There is one New Yorker among the ten chief executives of the Central of New Jersey. By coincidence, the chairman, W. G. Besler; the president, R. B. White, and the vice president, Arthur Hamilton, all were born in small towns in Illinois. George Le Boutillier, Pennsylvania vice president and head of the Long Island road, is a Cincinnatian. The other railroads entering New York have their headquarters elsewhere, but various foreign roads have executive offices in the city. Robert S. Lovett, chairman of Union Pacific, was born in San Jacinto, Texas. Edward N. Brown, chairman of the Frisco and Pere Marquette, is from Barbour County, Alabama. Howard Elliott, chairman of Northern Pacific, was born in the city, but wandered far afield before he returned in recent years. Angus D. McDonald, vice president and controller of Southern Pacific, is from Oakland.

Though New York has flourished as a port for three centuries, the town boys make no great showing in ocean transport. Philip A. S. Franklin, president of the International Mercantile Marine, and his ranking vice president, J. H. Thomas, are Marylanders.

Both Carlos W. Munson, chairman, and Frank C. Munson, president of the Munson Line, were born in Havana. Asmus Leonhard, first vice president, is a Dane. The two Kelloggs, Franklin M. and Chester B., vice presidents, are from West Hartford, Connecticut. Edgar F. Luckenback was born in Kingston, New York. Joseph P. Grace, president of W. R. Grace & Co., is a New Yorker. His father, founder of the firm, was an Irish lad who worked his passage from Cobh on a sailing ship and became mayor of New York. David A. Burke, general manager of the United States Lines, was born far upstate at Cobleskill. H. H. Raymond, president of the Southern Pacific's Mallory Line, is a down-easter from Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.



JOHNSON CHAIR CO.

BETTER CHAIRS FOR THE OFFICE

Put posture on the pay roll

DOCTOR H. N. BUNDESEN

People who sit all *day* should sit all *right!* Here's a tip that adds both to body comfort and efficiency. Of interest not only to the worker. But to the man who signs checks.

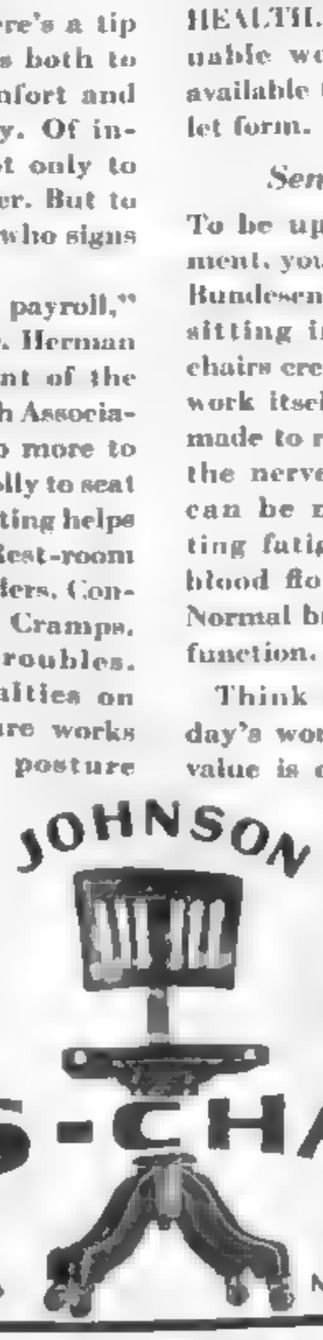
"Put posture on the payroll," say authorities like Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, President of the American Public Health Association. When it costs no more to seat people *right* it is folly to seat them *wrong*. Wrong sitting helps promote wrong work. Rest-room losses. Intestinal disorders. Constipation. Headache. Cramps. Liver and kidney troubles. And far graver penalties on women. Wrong posture works *against* you. Good posture works *for* you. Too little is known of the difference. To answer a crying need Dr. Bundesen has devoted to posture an entire edition of his weekly, EVERYBODY'S HEALTH. This valuable work is now available to all in booklet form.

Send for it; FREE

To be up to date in management, you must be posted on Dr. Bundesen's findings. Know how sitting in the wrong kind of chairs creates more fatigue than work itself. How a chair *can* be made to relieve instead of annoy the nerve centers. How chairs can be made to banish sitting fatigue. To allow normal blood flow in legs and torso. Normal breathing and intestinal function.

Think of people ending the day's work still fit! Surely the value is obvious. Send for Dr. Bundesen's posture study now. It is of enormous importance to *any* executive.

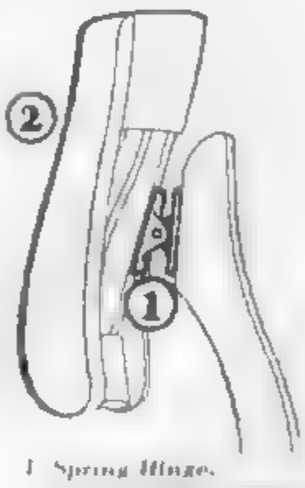
Address: Johnson Chair Co., 4401 West North Ave., Chicago.



POS-CHAIR

BRINGS DEAD MINUTES TO LIFE

THE *ONE* POSTURE CHAIR THAT WORKS IN ALL SITTING POSITIONS . . . .



1 Spring Hinge.
2 Form-fitting Back
Patented features

Plenty of posture chairs work with the help of the sitter. The trick has been to make the chair do it all. To make the chair the stimulus for right sitting. That's why Johnson Pos-Chair has won official endorsement. Its patented spring hinge automatically keeps the back-support conforming to the spinal curve. Without an effort from the occupant.

Besides this automatic adjustment four manual adjustments custom-fit this chair to anyone. It is only natural that Johnson's 60 years' experience should solve the question of posture chairs.

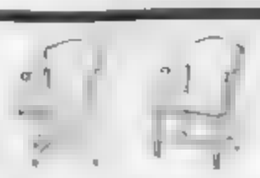
At a price no higher than any good clerical chair.

Bring yourself up to date on this vital subject. Let the nearest dealer demonstrate Pos-Chair in your office.

Johnson Chair Co.
CHICAGO

The Bank of England

The Stratford



The Oxford

FLASHINGS!

What in the world *are* flashings?

...*and* why use ANACONDA *Sheet Copper*?

ANACONDA

This trademark is the stamp of your assured Copper, Brass and Bronze

FLASHINGS are strips of metal used to waterproof a house where the roof comes in contact with chimneys, dormer windows or other projections. Flashings hardly show and may seem unimportant . . . but a roof is only as good as its flashings. If metal that rusts is used, within a few years it will cause you no end of trouble. When it rains, mysterious leaks, due to rust, will occur. Woodwork, ceilings, walls and furnishings may be damaged. And worst of all, to correct the difficulty you must tear up part of the roof to renew the flashings.

On the other hand, flashings of Anaconda Copper *can't* rust. They will last as long as the house. It is sheer extravagance to put in flashings of a less durable material.

Gutters and rain-pipes also are subject to attack from rust. Inferior metals fail within a few years. Rust holes develop and water leaks through and stains the side of the house. This cannot

happen with gutters and rain-pipes of Anaconda Copper. They will last indefinitely, trouble-free, expense-free.

$24 are saved each year in an average size house equipped with gutters, rain-pipes and flashings of Anaconda Copper through freedom from repairs and replacements. Send for the interesting, free booklet "Rust-proofed" which explains the economy of Anaconda Copper, Brass and Bronze. Address The American Brass Company, Waterbury, Conn.

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

A lot to pay for a needless mistake

DINNERS have been cold for two hours, tempers are on edge; worry is taking its toll—mental and physical—which will inevitably be reflected in tomorrow's work. All this costly expenditure of nervous energy and time to find a needless mistake—which would never have happened in the first place if the daily work had been done on a Monroe.

First-time accuracy would have been secured with the Monroe Adding-Calculator as it retains the factors of each problem for an instantaneous check at the time it shows the answer.

Get All the Figures
With this One Simple Machine

The new Series 3 Monroe is the machine for all the figuring in every office—the adding-calculator of universal use.

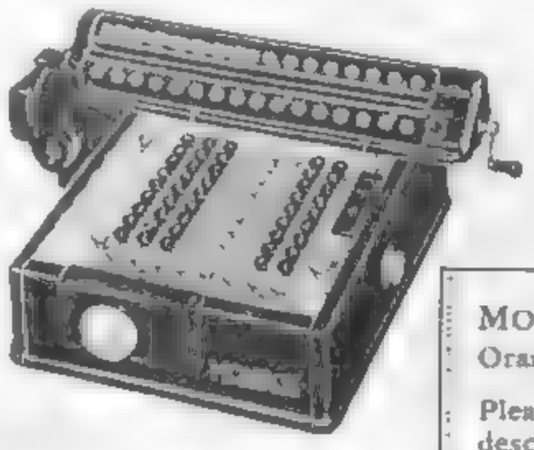
It divides, multiplies, subtracts—as easily as it adds.

It will figure invoices, payrolls, costs, inventories, estimates, percentages, commissions, interest charges, ratios of turnover or depreciation, without the necessity of setting levers to change from one mathematical operation to another.

Automatic visible proof, step by step, eliminates rechecking.

Your own figures
are the best test

Let's see what a Monroe will do with your figures. We'll put the Series 3 in your office and show your clerks how to use short-cuts that have been worked out in businesses similar to yours. No obligation whatsoever to buy if you don't think the Monroe will save you time, money and labor. Telephone the Monroe office in your city or write our home office.



SERIES 3 AUTOMATIC
MONROE ADDING-CALCULATOR

MONROE
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR

MONROE CALCULATING MACHINE COMPANY, Inc., Orange, New Jersey
Branch Offices in all principal cities of the United States and throughout the world

Send this coupon

MONROE CALCULATING MACHINE CO., INC.
Orange, New Jersey

Please send me a copy of "A Giant Stride Ahead", describing the New Series 3 Monroe Adding-Calculator.

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Firm .

Address .....

Now . . . . . a Photograph from across the Country as easily as from across the Street

YOUR local commercial photographer can now give you a photographic service that extends from one Portland to the other; from the Great Lakes to the Gulf.

No matter what the subject may be, or where it is located, just tell your local man what you require. Through the national network of the Photographers Association of America, he will see that you get quick, dependable, economical service.

Your local photographer transmits the order to his associate in the distant city. He attends to all details, shoulders all responsibility, relieves you of every worry and delivers the finished print direct to you.

Sponsored by

THE PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

OFTEN you have wanted a photograph of some subject in a city a hundred or a thousand miles away. This has meant trouble, disappointment, delay. Now, a co-operative service sponsored by the P. A. of A., does away with all the difficulty. You simply call in the local man who makes your commercial photographs, and he assumes full responsibility for any distant photograph you may desire.

PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA INTERNATIONAL

PHOTOGRAPHS Tell the Truth

The Poets' Corner

Love Letter to Hans Christian Andersen

THE kitchen chair speaks to the bread knife,
"Why have you no legs?"
The bread knife answers, "And you no teeth?"
It was a quarrel on a summer day.
It ran on till winter
And on to another winter and another.
In the cellar ultimately
The kitchen chair said,
"Your teeth are gone."
And the bread knife—
"I see you have no legs."
It was quiet in the cellar, they found,
No yammering of people, no soup nor nuts,
A pile of coal, old mops and broken tools,
These they could talk with, and mostly
None of them talked at all.

—*Carl Sandburg.*

Seven Eleven

AMONG the grackles in a half circle on the grass
Two walk side by side on two legs apiece.

Tree tops bent in the wind and bird nests shuddered.
This was why and only why the grackles sat in a half circle.

Seven grackles came at first and sat in the half circle.
Then there were eleven came with two legs apiece and sat in.

They might have been crap shooters full of hope and hot breaths.
They might have been believers in luck, first seven, then eleven. —*Carl Sandburg.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

Spur Tie

All tied for you

50¢ - 75¢ -

$1.00

Sets the pace for bow-tie SMARTNESS . . .

Janet Gaynor
and
Charles Farrell
Co-starring in the Frank Borzage-directed Fox Film, "Street Angel."

WHY bother to tie your own? Today's smart dressers wear Spur Ties — all tied for you by expert feminine fingers. But everyone thinks you did.

On in a jiffy, always fresh-looking, unmussed by fingering, admired everywhere.

Patterns that no other bow tie can offer. Because Spur Tie introduces the exclusive creations of leading silk mills. New fall colorings for sport or business; also plain blacks or whites for formal wear. All displayed on the better haberdashery counters everywhere. Styles for men. Styles for boys.

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FREE BOOK! . . . Hurry for your copy . . . *Every movie-goer wants a copy of this 48-page rotogravure book, "Off the Lot," filled with photographs and stories of your favorite film stars. For your copy, write to Hewes & Potter, Inc., 65 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.*

Insist on seeing this red label. It is tucked in the knot in the back of every genuine Spur Tie.

The Spur Tie worn above is the Farrell pattern, a 75¢ band bow. The Spur Tie shown actual size is the Gaynor pattern, a De Luxe Dollar Bow. Spur Tie is always neat and fresh-looking because the patented invisible feature keeps it from rolling, curling or wrinkling.

SPUR GARTERS, SPUR SUSPENDERS, SPUR BELTS—QUALITY HIGH AND SMART AS SPUR TIE

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Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

INSTINCTIVELY you turn to Johnston's for the thoughtful little gifts that social usage dictates . . . The Choice Box bespeaks its quality before it is opened . . . and each delightful piece confirms your first impression of its goodness . . . *twenty-two different kinds, no two alike* . . . An assortment of which Johnston's is proud —reflecting credit on your good taste and discernment . . . . Packaged one to ten pounds: at $1.50 the pound. There are Johnston agencies in all good neighbourhoods

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"Lifetime" pen in green or black, $8.75

Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

Skrip, successor to ink, abolishes pen clogging

By a score of scientific tests this new product of ours establishes itself as probably the greatest improvement ever made in writing fluids. Washable Skrip for school and special work demonstrates a smooth and brilliant color, yet washes out of clothing easily. Permanent Skrip, for record work, tenaciously holds its legibility. Both flow freely and evenly at all times, without flooding, dry quickly on the paper, but will not dry on the pen point or clog the flow. See that your fountain-pen is given a chance to use this great fluid. Skrip makes all pens write better and the Lifetime° pen write best. Try it today.

Washable Skrip—15 and 25 cents a bottle—in blue, green, violet, red and black
Permanent Royal Blue Skrip—25 cents a bottle

At better dealers everywhere

Jet Glass Lifetime Desk Fountain-pen Set, $10

Blue Cap Leads 15 cents

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LSB

Your Big Help for Housecleaning

Use Old Dutch and protect your home with

Healthful Cleanliness

Because of its marvelous efficiency and distinctive cleansing qualities Old Dutch is YOUR BIG HELP for housecleaning. It assures Healthful Cleanliness, safety and complete satisfaction for all general cleaning throughout the home.

A little Old Dutch on a damp cloth or sponge quickly removes dirt and finger marks from enamelled or painted woodwork. You simply wipe the surface gently, no scrubbing necessary; Old Dutch and a few strokes of the mop make floors spotlessly clean and free from tracked-in impurities. You'll like Old Dutch for cleaning metals, fixtures, etc. It is perfect for porcelain and enamel, marble and tile; it does not scratch. Ideal for all housecleaning requirements.

Old Dutch brings *Healthful Cleanliness* into every nook and corner because it removes the dangerous invisible impurities as well as the visible dirt and grime. Old Dutch is distinguished for its efficiency and quality. Its flat, flaky particles, which the microscope reveals, remove all dirt, and by a process similar to "adsorption," take up the invisible impurities as well.

This drawing of a highly magnified particle illustrates how these particles, like tiny erasers, remove the dirt in a clean sweep without scratching. Old Dutch does not contain harsh, scratchy grit. Doesn't harm the hands.

This drawing of a highly magnified gritty particle shows how grit scratches. Scratches not only mar the beauty of surfaces, but are lodging places for dirt and often dangerous impurities. Avoid harsh, scratchy grit. Use Old Dutch.

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